Collier's

OVEMBER 15, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

WHERE THE R.A.F. FAILED

BY REAR ADMIRAL HARRY E. Y.

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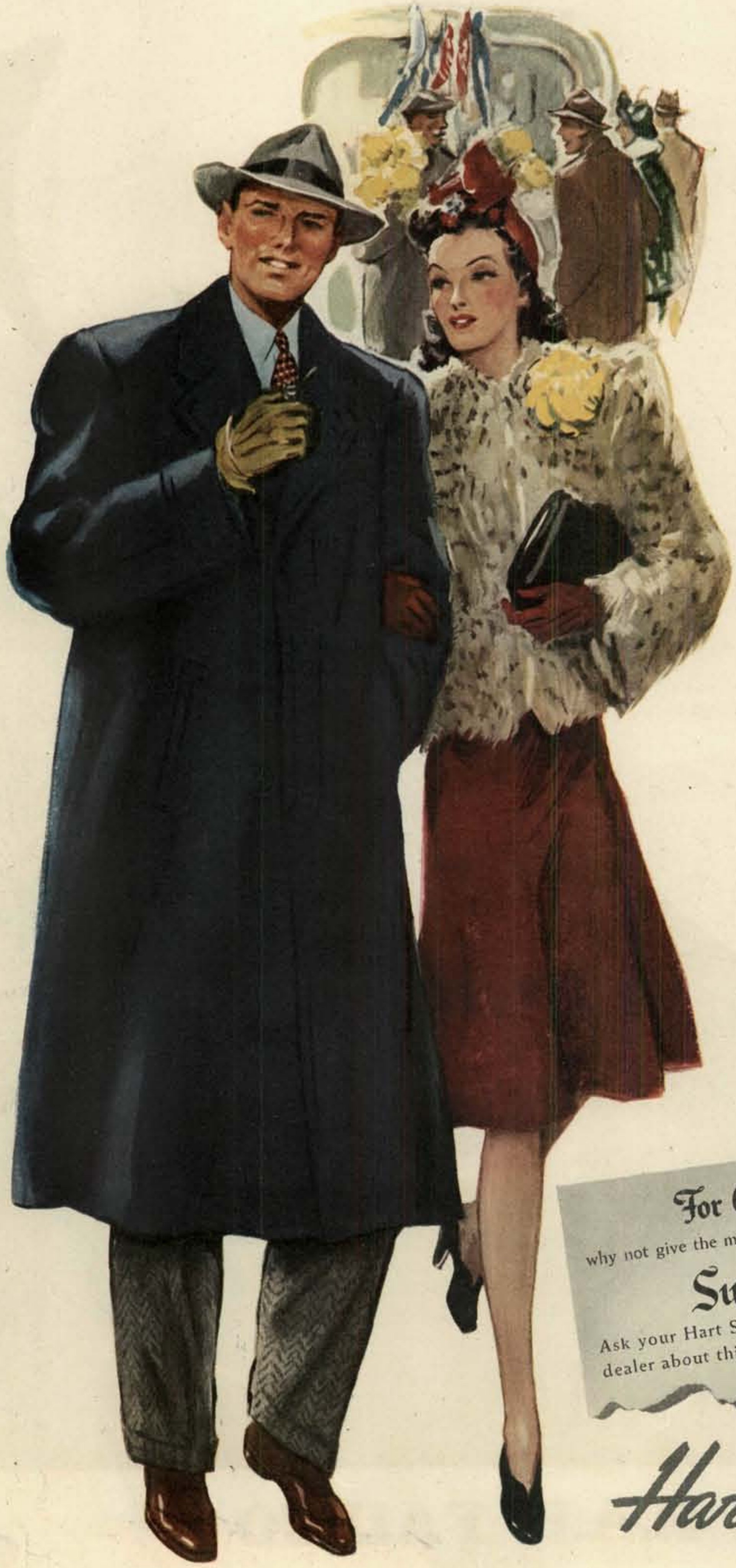
Don't be an UNSNUG HERO



keep snug, warm and smart in the famous

Rarepack Coat

About the only decoration an unsnug hero ever gets is a *cold* medal . . . and that's no help to a frigid chest. *But Rarepack is!*

LET THE WINTRY WINDS blast away. If you're wearing a Rarepack you're bound to be snug. For Rarepack has extra fibers to keep the cold out, and the warmth in. (The man who is in charge of our Department-of-Figuring-Things-Out-By-Means-of-The-Slide-Rule tells us that Rarepack has 25,184 fibers to every inch! Many more than most other coats with which Rarepack is sometimes compared!)

RAREPACK WAS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED from the very beginning as a coat that would embody the maximum of luxury, warmth and wear with the minimum of weight.

A study of all available fibers resulted in a blend of rare guanaco and sturdy wool with silky, insulating alpaca and smooth, rich mohair . . . and this combination complements and strengthens the value of each fiber used.

ALL IN ALL, Rarepack is a warm, lively material that is unusually resilient . . . and that will give extraordinary wear!

So don't be an unsnug hero this fall! Drop into your nearest Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer today and try on Rarepack . . . the extra-fiber, extra-light, extra-smart coat that keeps you extra-warm . . . at no extra cost.

For Christmas
why not give the man in your life a
Suitificate
Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer about this novel gift idea!

The Trumpeter Label
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND.

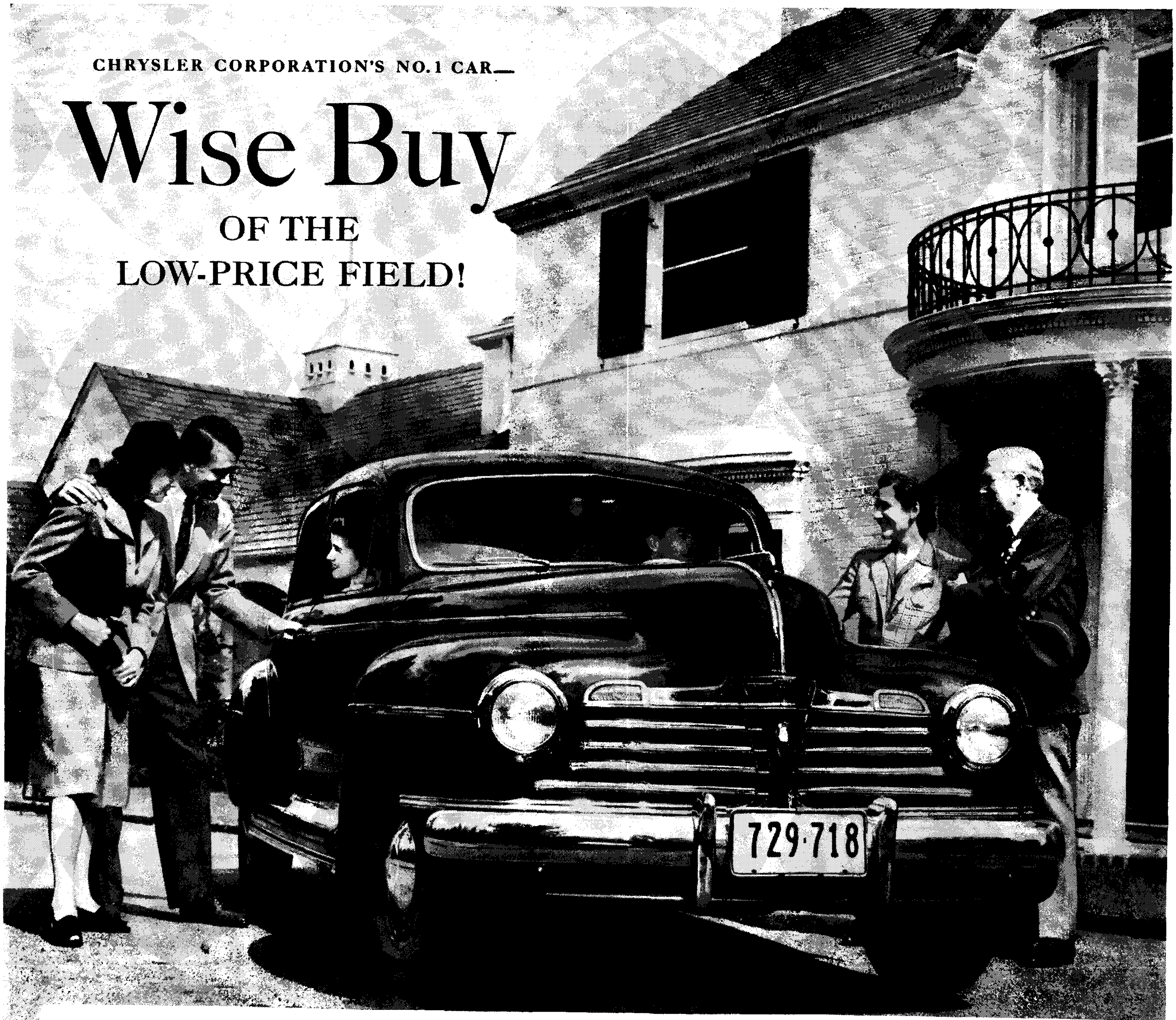
Hart Schaffner & Marx

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR—

Wise Buy

OF THE

LOW-PRICE FIELD!



Handsome tailoring and exceptional roominess distinguish the interior of Plymouth's Finest.

Most powerful of "All 3" low-priced cars—and with new economy!

YOU MAKE a sound long-time investment when you choose Plymouth's Finest! In performance, beauty, economy—in increased value—it's the finest low-priced car in history!

You enjoy the greatest power of "All Three" low-priced cars—a full 95 H.P.—and new economy! The big engine cruises along with fewer revolutions per mile—saving gas, lengthening engine life!

Plymouth's Finest is styled to *stay* beautiful. And the wide, low-slung design makes possible a marvelous new ride—extremely soft, smooth and steady.

See Plymouth's Finest at your nearby Plymouth dealer's. Drive it! You'll discover that it is away out ahead in performance. All prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' HOUR, THURSDAY NIGHTS, C.B.S. NETWORK

★ ★ PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION ★ ★

Army Tanks • Anti-Aircraft Guns • Aircraft Parts
Army Vehicles • Passenger Cars • Trucks • Marine
& Industrial Engines • Diesel Engines • Oilite
Bearings • Airtemp Heating & Air Conditioning.

Buy Wisely—BUY PLYMOUTH

THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST

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NOVEMBER 15, 1941

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COVER WALTER BOMAR

ANY WEEK

A FOOTBALL referee with a passion for anonymity informs us that he has appealed to the OPM on behalf of brass and steel whistles. He admits that no whistle manufacturer has asked him to intercede but that he has "the best interests of lovers of football at heart." As we get it, OPM is about to decree that the brass and steel, to say nothing of the nickel, that go into whistles for football referees shall go to make tanks, battleships and guns, and for one we're glad of it. "Whistles not made of steel, brass and nickel," our referee says, "lack command, carrying power, authority. Unless the official is able to emit a shrill, piercing command the players are apt to pay no attention. Once when I was refereeing a bitter game between Fordham and St. Mary's something went wrong with my whistle—a plastic affair which I had to pick up at the last moment owing to theft by a souvenir-hunting lover of football. Before I could get the attention of the players, not one but twelve fouls and rule infractions had been committed by the boys in their youthful zeal." But we shall have nothing to do with his complaint. We hope he has to use a small tin whistle that can't be heard five feet away. We, too, have the best interests of lovers of football at heart. As far as we're concerned there's entirely too much whistling by football officials. Every time the going gets nice and criminal on the field one of those officials blows a whistle—and we're against it.

FRANK GERVASI, who has literally watched this war around the world—the North Atlantic, England, Africa, the Near East, India, Thailand, the Far East and back by way of Manila and San Francisco—has just about finished an article which we shall send to a young fellow from Philadelphia who is now in the Army—in Hawaii. We mentioned something along this line two weeks ago but the Philadelphian's letter spurs us to emphasis. This American soldier was picked up by the draft in the neighborhood of Twelfth and Tasker streets, Philadelphia. As we remember Twelfth and Tasker streets, it is the home grounds *of quite a number of excellent citizens.* But it isn't a semitropical paradise and we are casting no aspersions. His letter from Honolulu is bitter with recitation of the hardships of army life. So we promise him Mr. Gervasi's story wherein he may read of the army life of British, French, Italian and German lads of his own age dying slowly in sand that poisons, heat that maddens *and loneliness that does unspeakable* things. They have a tough time too, kid—almost as tough as you have amid the beauty of the lilies and the *dolce far niente* of Waikiki where the peace of the night is broken only by the plang of the ukulele and the thump of hula feet.

IN PURSUANCE of the policy of this department, we are paying no attention to such cracks as one just received from Mr. Jacob Blanquette of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Blanquette says that "the Italian army in retreat is the Fascist army in the world." We are much more interested in domestic crises. We're advised, for example, by Mr. W. W. Tuttle of Worcester, Massachusetts, that there is a nation-wide scarcity of diapers because that particular kind of cloth is in great demand by our soldiers. They use it to clean their rifles with—when they get the rifles. Likewise, according to Mr. James Rayen of Pittsburgh, there's a road intersection in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, with one finger-board advising you that you have but five miles to go to be in Paradise. However, another arrow directs the traveler to Panic, only three miles away.

IN THE meantime we shall concern ourselves with a problem of an education officer in one of our draftee camps. One of the lads, from the Virginia mountains, was having quite a little trouble with his studies. Presently the officer decided that the lad's eyes needed attention. The doctors gave the boy tests and discovered perfect eyesight. It wasn't until some time later that they turned up the real reason why the soldier wasn't doing so well in class. He couldn't read or write.

FOR this week's romantic episode, we offer you the idyl of Señor Dairo Ingeliste, a talented and handsome young fellow of Belo-Horizonte, the lovely capital of the state of Minas Geraes, Brazil. We have it from our Rio de Janeiro agent. Señor Ingeliste, a light in his eyes and a song in his heart, went to call upon his sweetheart. Now the parents of the young lady were going calling and, as it would be quite out of the question to leave the young people in the house alone, their integrity notwithstanding, the old folks assigned a trusted servant to chaperon the lovers. For a while a decorum of the first order obtained, Señor Ingeliste discoursing learnedly upon the situation at home and abroad, his young lady yessing him with maidenly demureness and trying gallantly not to fall asleep. The duenna sitting hugely near by had nothing to do but approve and take belts at mosquitoes. But presently, what with the moon, the fragrance of the garden and the dulcet sounds of night, Señor Ingeliste let the Germans have the Ukraine and swept his sweetheart into his strong arms. The duenna, remembering her instructions, released a series of piercing shrieks, each one designed to attract the attention of the police. To calm her, Señor Ingeliste released his mouse, or young lady, for a moment and slapped the outraged servant stiff in the name of love. He then took a fresh grip on his loved one and was about to burst into song when the duenna revived, gave a look and started screaming for the gendarmes again. This time Señor Ingeliste not only banged the enemy of love on the button but hurled her into the scullery, locking the door on her. From beneath the kitchen sink, the single-minded, tough-chinned protector of her employer's fairest flower let go with deafening demands for the police, the army, the fire department and whosoever else might feel inclined to take a hand. They arrived in appalling numbers, dragging Señor Dairo Ingeliste off to the jailhouse where, as far as our agent knows, he still languishes. This, we think, is a pretty tale. We're giving it to you as a sort of bonus although heaven knows our fiction department gives you your money's worth. We almost forgot to tell you the end of the piece. The battered duenna was fired next day because the police, galloping through the house, broke a much-prized marble figure of Aphrodite.

AND YET some people cannot be satisfied. We have a complaint from Mrs. Jennie D. Stabbel of Miles City, Montana. The subject of her complaint is Navy Secretary Frank (Hard) Knox. For some months after Colonel Knox took over the Navy, says Mrs. Stabbel, every still and newsreel picture of him showed him laughing immoderately—"a jolly old sea dog roaring in the teeth of the gale from his office air conditioner." Suddenly the Secretary's temper (anyway his photos) underwent a change. Mrs. Stabbel wants to know why, of late, one can't get a smile out of Mr. Knox. Glowers have replaced his grins. Scowls have succeeded howls. Mrs. Stabbel wants the facts. We're sorry that we can't help. All we can offer is a hint from one of Mr. Knox's lieutenant commanders. "The Secretary," said he, "loves war and peace with equal fervor, depending on which is the handiest." W. D.

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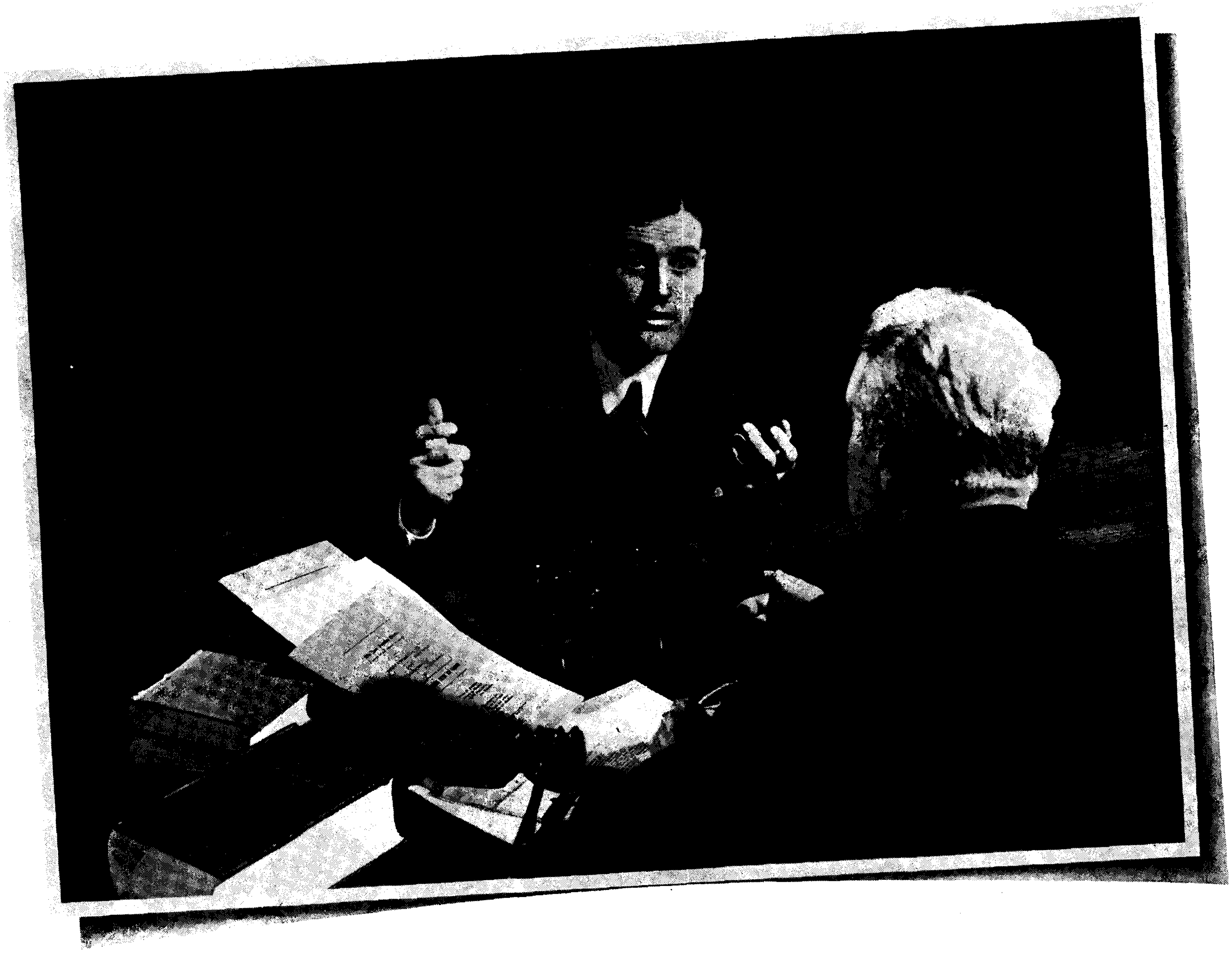

"BUT I'LL LOSE MY JOB!"

How a moment of carelessness at the wheel —plus a little-understood law— threw a crack salesman out of work.

Even though he knew he had been driving too fast when the accident happened, Dan Scott wasn't worried. Just getting started in his new territory, he owned no property. He figured he was "judgment-proof."

But his confidence vanished when he talked to his lawyer. Because of a new state law, he would lose his right to drive unless he could satisfy the judgment which was likely to be entered against him.

When the court judgment was entered against him and he couldn't pay, they took his driver's license away. He was dazed. "But I'll lose my job if I can't drive!" he protested. "How can I cover my territory?"

Don't gamble with your right to drive! If your driver's license is important to you—if your car and the right to drive it are essential in your business or profession—protect that right!

If you have an accident, Liberty Mutual will pay just claims within the limit of your policy, quickly and fairly. Skilled investigators and adjusters will work to safeguard your home, your savings, and your job. Wherever and whenever you need their help, they will act as "Your Friend on the Highway."

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Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet showing how careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City and State*____________________

Make of car____________Year________

Meats so good... skin so tender*...

THEY MERIT THE NAME

Swift's Premium

Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, buttered acorn squash, orange and cranberry relish, water cress garnish.

Have you tried the new larger "DINNER" size?

Made of fine meats ... cuts of beef and pork so juicy and tender, you'd relish them *in any form*. Carefully blended, deftly seasoned, these better-flavored meats give Premium Frankfurts a quality that is extra delicious . . . fit for a king!

*Skin "tendered" in pineapple juice All the savory, flavorful meat juices are retained, yet the skins are so delicately tender, they cut at the touch of your fork! An exclusive Swift process (patent pending) that leaves no trace of the pineapple flavor.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires until each Premium Frankfurt is filled with spicy, appetizing aroma; rich, juicy, "done to a turn." Simmer 5 to 8 minutes.

"They are delicious for dinner," says MRS. LOWELL THOMAS

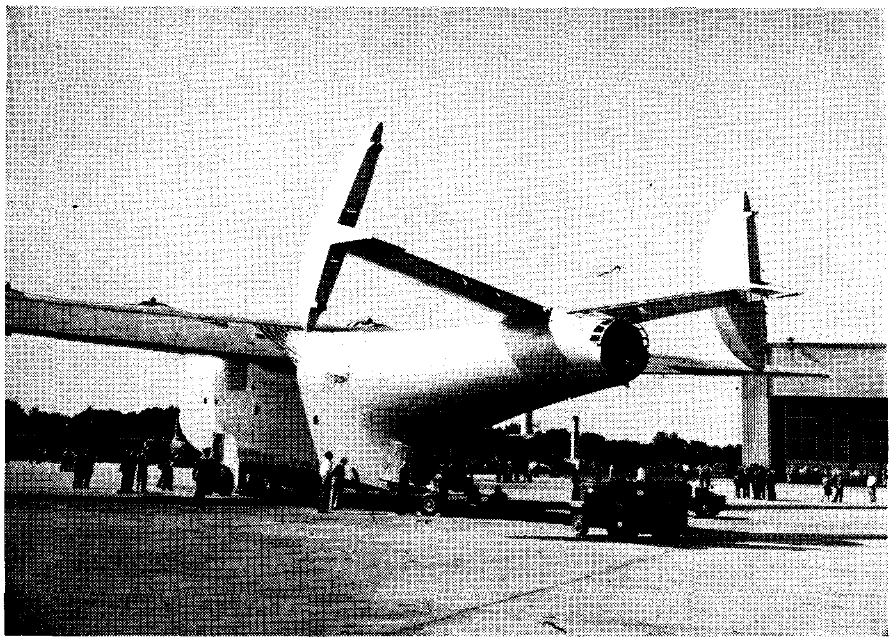
● Mrs. Lowell Thomas is quick to notice her family's reactions to her menus. And she has noticed that Swift's Premium Frankfurts bring forth enthusiastic comments *every* time she serves them.

IN 2 SIZES — Swift's Premium label on every 4th link

Swift's Premium
STANDARD SIZE
Swift's Premium
NEW DINNER SIZE

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" Table-Ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Lunch Meat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Leona . . . Liver Cheese . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of quality!

WING TALK



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Different and efficient: the tail of the Navy's big XPB2M-1

SCHEDULED for first flight tests this month is the 70-ton Navy Martin XPB2M-1 long-range patrol bomber, the Navy's counterpart of the Army's mammoth Douglas B-19. Sitting alone on its beach gear and viewed from a distance, it appears conventional in design—a high-wing monoplane with the four engines in the leading edge, and a rugged hull for heavy sea operations. But the tail assembly is different. It is tacked onto the top side of the rear fuselage a few feet forward of the rear gunner's turret, and it looks as if a puff of wind would blow it off. But it was tried out in earlier Martin models—there's no guesswork here.

Instead of being perfectly horizontal, the stabilizer has a steep V-shaped angle, known as a dihedral in the trade. The rudder fins, instead of being vertical, are toed in. By designing them at these angles the Martin engineers not only have raised the horizontal surfaces above the turbulent air of the propellers and high out of the water, but the toe-in provides greater rudder-fin efficiency and in effect increases the size of this part of the tail. No use dragging along extra area if you don't have to.

BACK in the days when automobiles had to be cranked, a few people tried it with the brakes off. They found how easy it is to get run over by their own cars. And there are two pilots, one in South Carolina and one in Maryland who no longer have licenses to fly because they spun the props of their airplanes without someone in the cockpit and without blocks in front of the wheels. They didn't get a scratch, but people have been run over by their own airplanes (and chopped up by the props), so there's a regulation.

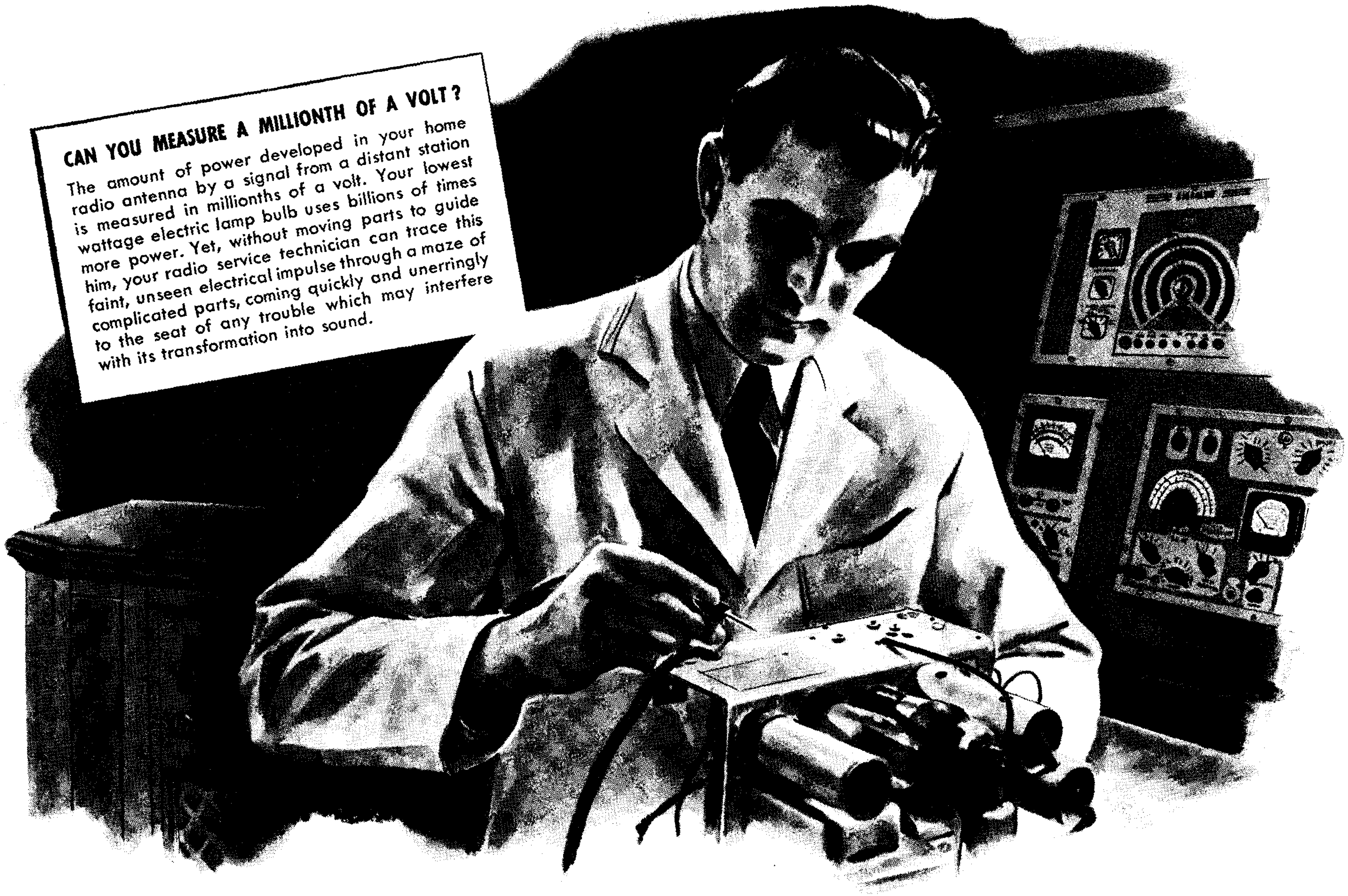
AIRPORTS rapidly are becoming self-contained communities with restaurants, barbershops, branches of downtown department stores and now banks and stockbrokers' offices. It is only natural that the latter two should be at the financial center of the universe, New York, and its La Guardia Field.

The bank at La Guardia is a branch of the Empire Trust Company. In the first week it banked $200,000 in deposits. The stockbrokers' branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane is a very elaborate setup. The principal active stocks are automatically registered on the board by means of a teleautograph system. Another board is so arranged that through a code system the attendant dials the head office and in twenty seconds the board shows the latest sale of the stock desired and its high and low for the day.

IN THE early days of scheduled air transportation, a healthy percentage of passengers were deadheads. Most anyone who had a friend around an airport could get a pass. The airlines knew that the deadhead of today was the paying passenger of tomorrow. And the deadheads could be relied upon to talk up the wonders of air transportation. Now the airlines are restricted in the same manner as the railroads, and the free tickets are limited to company employees and their families and government officials having supervision over air transportation. More than 275,000 such legal deadheads were transported over the domestic airlines during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1941, or about eight per cent of all passengers carried. And the people who paid cash to fly during that period totaled 3,207,134.

THERE'S a young man out in Iowa who has had his private pilot certificate lifted for 60 days for flying his plane with a passenger while the dual controls were fully operative. Nothing happened; nobody got hurt. But in the recollection of government inspectors, as well as in the government records, are many fatal accidents directly attributable to a passenger freezing the controls inadvertently or through fright. Your reporter has vivid recollections of how, inadvertently, he sent a Navy plane diving toward earth when an old-fashioned news camera on his lap worked its way against the stick in the back cockpit while he gleefully watched the ground rush up at him. Violent tugs on the stick by the pilot brought the passenger to life and from then on he formulated and executed a policy calling for the removal of the controls so that he could concentrate on his aerial assignments without killing himself.

F.R.N.



CAN YOU MEASURE A MILLIONTH OF A VOLT?

The amount of power developed in your home radio antenna by a signal from a distant station is measured in millionths of a volt. Your lowest wattage electric lamp bulb uses billions of times more power. Yet, without moving parts to guide him, your radio service technician can trace this faint, unseen electrical impulse through a maze of complicated parts, coming quickly and unerringly to the seat of any trouble which may interfere with its transformation into sound.

Your service man will make your old Radio

PERFORM BETTER – LAST LONGER

Periodic attention by a competent service man will make your radio or phonograph perform better and last longer. This means real economy and greater personal enjoyment for you. Even more important, it means keeping your radio in proper working order during these critical times when the family radio set forms an essential, and perhaps even vital, link in our national defense.

New radios or radio-phonographs, although finer than ever, will be fewer this year due to shortages of certain materials. Consequently, if you are unable to obtain one, the matter of service for your old radio looms more important than ever before.

Because of the excellence of modern radio construction, many set owners have come to expect too much in the way of continued performance. All too often the matter of service is neglected—until the receiver stops operating entirely. Actually, it is no wiser to wait for this to happen than it is to wait for your automobile to break down completely before having it overhauled. Just normal usage over a period of time causes tubes and other parts to wear out, robbing you of the kind of efficient reception that makes listening a pleasure.

Every year or 18 months, depending upon how much your set is used, a routine service check-up by a competent technician is highly important. It is an inexpensive way of correcting minor troubles and finding out whether additional repairs are advisable. For example, your service man may be able to reduce noise by cleaning or replacing worn volume or tone controls, or by removing dust from variable condensers. He may make it easier to separate crowded stations by re-aligning highly sensitive tuned circuits. Often he can reduce noise and improve sensitivity, selectivity and fidelity of tone, simply by replacing weak or worn tubes. He may diminish interference from powerful nearby stations by repairing or replacing your antenna (which probably hasn't been inspected since it was put up). He may quiet noisy phonograph motors by oiling and adjustment... Quickly, efficiently and economically, he will make any changes or repairs that you desire — with a resulting improvement in radio performance that will often amaze you.

Regardless of the make or model of your old radio, it is his job to help you get the most out of it — to make it operate satisfactorily over a long period of time. Call him today. Keep your radios working — and keep them working well!

RCA MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., Camden, N. J.
A Service of The Radio Corporation of America.
In Canada: RCA Victor Company, Limited, Montreal

Music for each other
VICTOR RECORDS
AND
RCA VICTROLA

RCA Test Equipment enables radio service technicians to follow the same modern methods used in RCA radio manufacturing and in the RCA Laboratories. It paves the way for fast, accurate, more economical work. Look for RCA equipment in the shop of the dealer you patronize!

Probably half of all old radios now in use could be greatly improved, simply by replacement of tubes that have become weak or worn through long hours of use. When replacing yours, be sure and insist on genuine RCA Tubes—the choice of leading dealers and service technicians.

Cunningham
Radiotron
RCA Victor
Radio Tube
His Master's Voice

IS ONE OF THESE HAIR PROBLEMS YOURS?

If your hair lacks lustre . . . if it's dry, hard-to-manage . . . or if loose dandruff sheds on your shoulders . . . here's good news: 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments will make a glorious improvement.

TWO STEPS TO LOVELIER HAIR AND RELIEF FROM DRY SCALP

NEVER . . . NEVER . . . just take it for granted that you don't have Dry Scalp. This nuisance often begins inoffensively—goes unnoticed until dull, dry hair and loose dandruff give real cause for concern.

No fear of this, though, if you'll let 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic be your guard. Its special properties make it ideal for keeping your scalp in condition . . . your hair looking its loveliest. Here's all you do:

(1) BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to stimulate scalp circulation.

(2) AFTER EACH SHAMPOO—and before each date—brush just a little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic over the surface of your hair with your fingertips, and press the wave in place. Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . for softer, more beautiful hair . . . for the good of your scalp and wave.

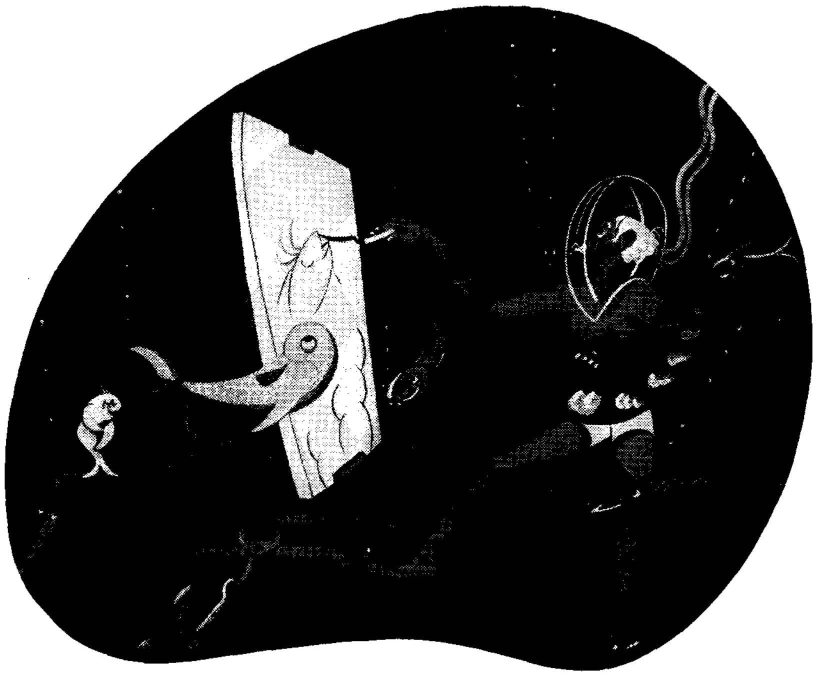
'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

40¢ and 70¢

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous and well-groomed. Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A number of the most beautiful paintings of ocean-bed life have been produced by artists working in the water on the sea bottom, sometimes at a depth of fifty feet. In such cases, the painter wears a diver's helmet, uses an oiled canvas stretched over plate glass on a metal easel and applies his colors with a palette knife.

No wedding ring may be legally worn in the British Isles unless it has been hallmarked by one of the six assay offices. Yet thousands of married women, unaware of the law, the Wedding Rings Act of 1855, wear rings that are not legal. *—By Nathan Wolff, Ray Brook, New York.*

Although the stars have been scientifically studied for hundreds of years, not one was ever measured until December 13, 1920, when the diameter of Betelgeuse was determined with the aid of a special type of interferometer at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California.

A rule in the by-laws of the International Typographical Union of North America bars any member of a subordinate union from being eligible for election as a delegate if his wearing apparel "does not bear at least five union labels." *—By Walter P. Githens, Hamden, Connecticut.*

Numerous restaurants in China have had so many customers depart suddenly without paying their checks, owing to air-raid alarms, that many restaurant owners now make the customer settle first, by buying tokens as he enters and using them to pay for each dish as he is served.*—By Wah Cheung, Kweiyang, China.*

America's outstanding case of human fertility was that of Mrs. Mary Austin, who gave birth to thirteen sets of twins and six sets of triplets, or forty-four children, within thirty-three years. Incidentally, a total of sixty-one babies were born to her two sisters.*—By Mrs. Lindsey O'Bryon, Buffalo, New York.*

Some snails require so little nourishment that they have eaten nothing for five years at a time. On the other hand, some moles are so voracious that they have died of starvation when deprived of food for only ten hours.

Housing more than five hundred monks, the Sam-ding Monastery on the Yam-dro Lake in Tibet is the only institution of its kind in the world that is headed by a woman—one Dor-je Pa-mo.*—By Charles Nixon, Ithaca, New York.*

When a foreigner becomes engaged to a girl in Holland and he cannot afford to come or send for her at the time, they hold wedding ceremonies and are legally married, on the same day and hour in their respective countries, to each other's glove.

Owing to some unknown meteorological condition, sound waves sometimes "jump" great areas. For example, the explosion of an ammunition station in Holland in 1923, although heard for a distance of 530 miles, was inaudible between 65 and 115 miles.

The Shakespeare Garden in Lightwoods Park, Birmingham, England, is one of the most comprehensive flower beds of its kind in existence, having more than 200 of the 214 plants that he mentions in his dramas. Visitors can even buy a guide book containing the names and locations of the plants, the plays in which they are mentioned, the speakers of the lines and the words spoken.

Who's Who in America automatically lists an Army officer when he becomes a general, lieutenant general, major general or brigadier general, and a Navy officer when he becomes an admiral, vice-admiral or rear admiral.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

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G. J. MECHERLE, Founder and Chairman of the Board

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"IT'S not an easy matter for young men—especially young men with families—to scrape up money for life insurance.

"I know that because I was young once myself. I went through, then, exactly what you're going through now.

"You're likely to keep postponing this important step. Far too few young men are protecting their families with a sound life insurance program—even a minimum program.

"That is why State Farm Life Insurance Company, after years of building, is offering a new policy—called The Chief Policy—that makes protection so easy to buy that qualifying young men can own it *at once.*

"We call this policy The Chief Policy because it meets the *chief* need—protection.

"During the years the need is greatest, The Chief Policy gives your family $2,000 protection for only $10 a year after the first year. And the first year premium is only $15!

"To qualify, you must be in the insurable age group from 16 to 35, and in good health."

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2. Only men in this age group who are members of families owning a State Farm Policy will be solicited at the present time.

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NOTE: The Chief Policy is guaranteed legal reserve life insurance. It is only one of State Farm Life's widely diversified plans for people of all ages, in all circumstances.

Applications for The Chief Policy will be accepted only through State Farm Agents licensed for life insurance underwriting and who have been specifically authorized to accept applications for The Chief Policy.

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Bloomington, Illinois C-111

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DEVOTION TO DUTY IS A TELEPHONE TRADITION

High morale, devotion to duty, ingenuity in meeting new circumstances and the ability and will to work with each other and with the public are traditional characteristics of telephone employees.

Times like these not only demand these characteristics, they serve to create and extend them.

Now, more than ever, the creed of telephone workers is expressed in these simple words . . . "We'll do our best to get your call through."

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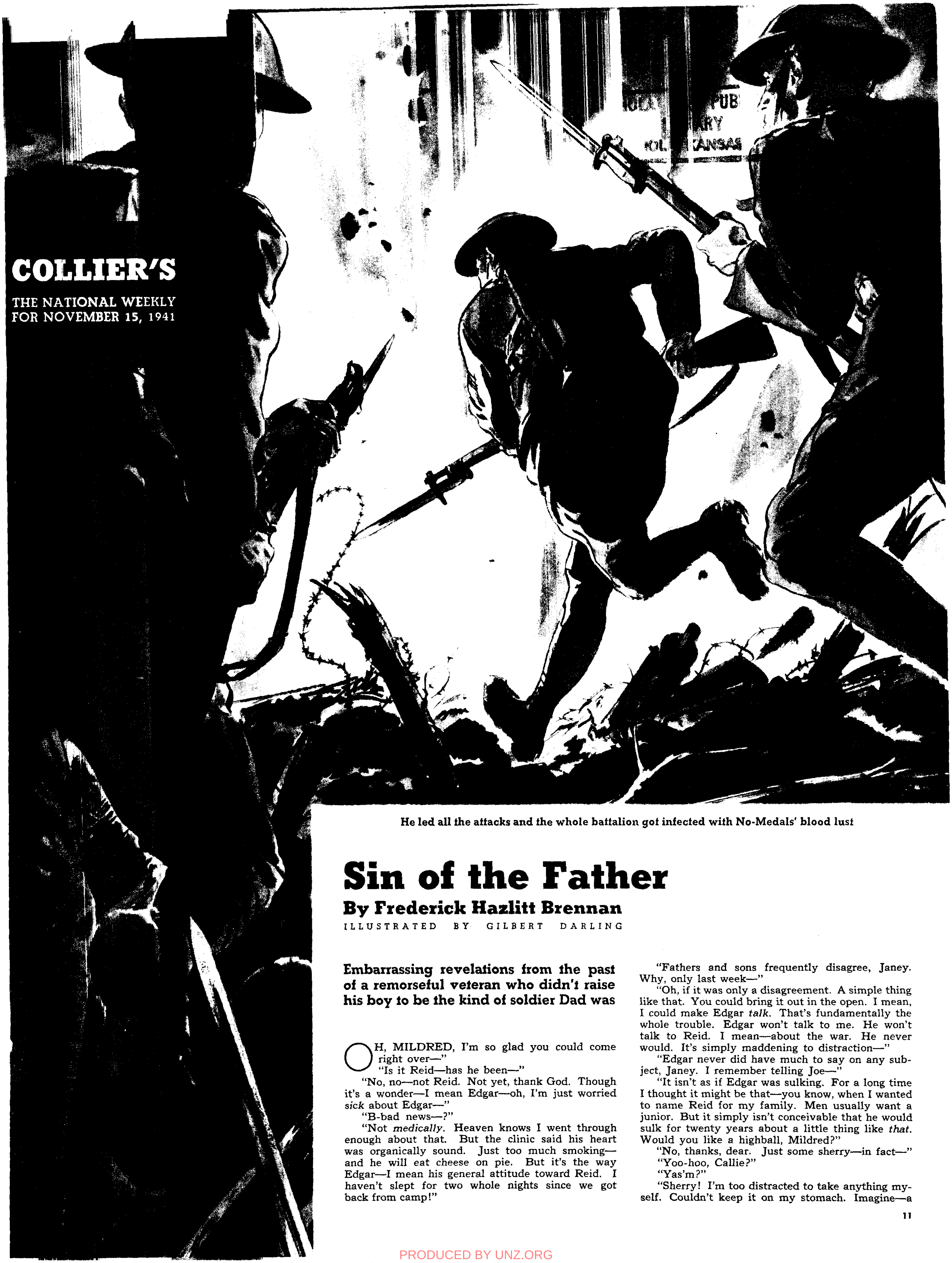
"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" *is broadcast every Monday evening over the N. B. C. Red Network.*

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 15, 1941



He led all the attacks and the whole battalion got infected with No-Medals' blood lust

Sin of the Father

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Embarrassing revelations from the past of a remorseful veteran who didn't raise his boy to be the kind of soldier Dad was

"OH, MILDRED, I'm so glad you could come right over—"

"Is it Reid—has he been—"

"No, no—not Reid. Not yet, thank God. Though it's a wonder—I mean Edgar—oh, I'm just worried *sick* about Edgar—"

"B-bad news—?"

"Not *medically*. Heaven knows I went through enough about that. But the clinic said his heart was organically sound. Just too much smoking—and he will eat cheese on pie. But it's the way Edgar—I mean his general attitude toward Reid. I haven't slept for two whole nights since we got back from camp!"

"Fathers and sons frequently disagree, Janey. Why, only last week—"

"Oh, if it was only a disagreement. A simple thing like that. You could bring it out in the open. I mean, I could make Edgar *talk*. That's fundamentally the whole trouble. Edgar won't talk to me. He won't talk to Reid. I mean—about the war. He never would. It's simply maddening to distraction—"

"Edgar never did have much to say on any subject, Janey. I remember telling Joe—"

"It isn't as if Edgar was sulking. For a long time I thought it might be that—you know, when I wanted to name Reid for my family. Men usually want a junior. But it simply isn't conceivable that he would sulk for twenty years about a little thing like *that*. Would you like a highball, Mildred?"

"No, thanks, dear. Just some sherry—in fact—"

"Yoo-hoo, Callie?"

"Yas'm?"

"Sherry! I'm too distracted to take anything myself. Couldn't keep it on my stomach. Imagine—a whole day at camp with Reid, and that man acting like a human clam. I don't believe he spoke one whole sentence. Poor Reid—well, I thought he would simply sink through the floor—"

"Why? We've always thought Reid and his father were unusually close—"

"Not on *that* subject. The war, I mean. Reid wanted to quit Harvard last fall and go into the Navy flying—whatever they call it. I put my foot right down. I said, simply, 'Reid hasn't the proper temperament to fly those airplanes. He is an intellectual, scholarly type—why, he'd be killed in one week's time,' I said. What I went through with that boy. Merely because Sammy Clain and the Westerhout boy—Screwball, they call him—and a very pat description—well, I said, 'I don't care what those wild hooligans want to do, you are not going to fly airplanes.' Oh, we had it hot and heavy—"

"What did Edgar say?"

"Edgar? Why, that's just the point. He didn't say one single word. Instead of taking my side, he shut up like a human clam. I said, 'Look, Edgar, you were in the last war. You were in France. I want you to tell Reid from your own wealth of experience just how dangerous those airplanes are.' But do you think he would? Not one helpful word of advice could I get out of him. It was simply heart-rending. 'Listen!' I said. 'Reid is your son, as much as mine. Don't you love him?' And do you know what his very illuminating reply was?"

"What?"

"He said 'Let the kid decide for himself.' Just as though a twenty-year-old boy, who has always led a sheltered, scholarly type existence could decide such a matter of life or death."

"But I thought Reid—"

"He did. Oh, yes, he traipsed right off to Pensacola—without telling me a word. All the time, I thought he was safe in school. Edgar denies it, but I have my suspicion. Where did Reid get the money to go to Florida? Well—I had the laugh on both of them. They put young Master Reid in a chair and spun him around—and he got *dizzy*—or didn't get *dizzy*—I forget which it is. Anyway, they wouldn't accept him for training. I could have told them that his temperament was all against it—to say nothing of the middle-ear infection he got at Bar Harbor, after the measles—"

"Edgar told Joe—"

"What was that, dear?"

"I forgot. It was confidential—"

"That's just the trouble, Mildred! Everything is confidential to be kept from *me*. When I think what happened at camp, my blood fairly boils—"

"*At camp?* Why, I thought you said Reid was going to claim students' deferment—"

"So I did, my dear! I will say this for Edgar—he did not egg Reid on into waiving exemption. But Edgar's always been so strange about the great public issues of the day—I mean, especially, war. Do you know, Mildred, that not once when we were going together, after he came home from France, and not once during our married life has Edgar ever spoken one word about his experiences in the last war?"

"Just the opposite from Joe. He's always—"

"But not my darling Edgar. He simply will not discuss it. He's so mild and gentle—I sometimes wonder if—no, that's disloyal. That's an unworthy thought."

"Joe and I have often sort of wondered—p'raps some entirely innocent jam. Not that Edgar would ever fail to do his duty—or anything like that—but a lot of the boys got into entirely innocent jams—"

"Mildred!"

"Oh, of course we're prob'ly mistaken—"

"I LOVE Edgar dearly, Mildred. Wild horses could not draw from me one mean thought or unworthy suspicion. But that's just where the trouble comes in. That's really why I just had to see you—to talk to someone. That's what created the tension between Reid and Edgar."

"H-how do you mean—just how, exactly—"

"Surely, you know yourself how it is, my dear. Reid naturally worshiped his father. But Edgar never would tell Reid just what he did in France. Even when Reid was a little boy and Edgar's memories were still fresh, I remember Reid would ask, 'How many Germans did you kill, Pop?'—and natural, normal hero-worshiping questions like that. You'd think, wouldn't you, that Edgar would have said something to relieve Reid's natural and normal curiosity?"

"You should hear Joe brag to Wilma. According to Joe, he won the battle of Château-Thierry all by himself—"

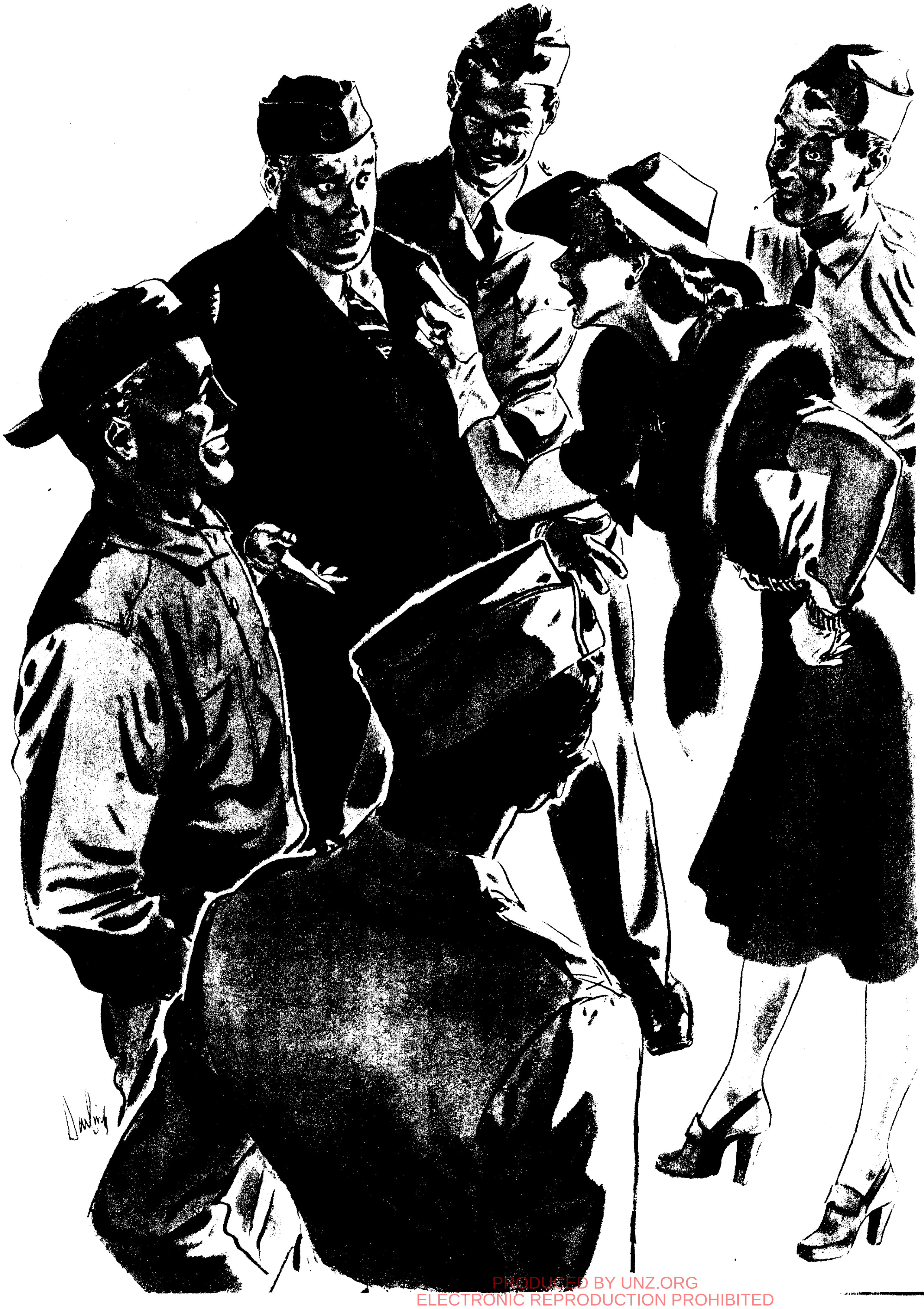
"Not Mr. Edgar Ralston! He'd always turn it off with some—oh, Mildred—"

"Yes?"

"I remember now. It all comes back to me now! Once, just once Edgar told Reid, 'I did nothing to be proud of.' Yes, those were his exact words. And it all fits in with Edgar's attitude that day at the camp. Oh, of course—because, I remember what Reid said during that big rowdydow over his flying airplanes. Oh, of course—"

"You can't go by what a kid says, Janey. If I were you—"

(Continued on page 70)



"I had to settle that Legion man's hash. I pushed right into the group. I certainly ticked that big galoot off"

Life by the Pint

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

War is not all killing. Behind the battle front Russia's doctors, both great and small, fight to save the wounded, while Russian women line up to donate precious blood

CORPORAL ALEXIS MATVEEV lay on his side. The doctor had just taken 25 grams of fluid from his spinal column. When the brain has been injured the spinal column generates an overproduction of fluid and this has to be removed. Alexis was breathing easily and no fear showed in his large gray eyes. Two weeks before, he had been found in the mud outside Bryansk with a large piece of shrapnel in his brain and one chance in a thousand of living. Now he was in the hospital under the care of one of the world's greatest brain surgeons, Dr. Nikolai Ivanovitch Grastchenkov.

The doctor talked soothingly to the young soldier. Then he removed the dressing from the boy's skull. It is easy to look at a bullet wound because the skin, as though ashamed of its weakness, closes quickly over the hole. It is not easy to look at a shrapnel wound because the shrapnel, being jagged and dull, tears as well as cuts. Alexis had been operated on three days before. The wound was ugly and nearly half the brain lay exposed. But the wound wasn't ugly to Grastchenkov. He smiled as he looked at it; he took a probe and touched the brain and, surprisingly, the boy did not even wince. But I did.

"The brain is a wonderful organ," the doctor said, seeing the look on my face. "It is so wonderful that it is not capable of feeling pain. Skin, muscles, bones —these give pain but not the brain."

He put the dressing back with quick, deft fingers, told Alexis that he'd be back fighting in a month or two. Then we left.

Grastchenkov, who studied in Cambridge and later at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, performs miracles every day at the hospital which is part of the Central Institute of Experimental Medicine. The brain and the spinal column are his special provinces. In Russia he is acknowledged master in these fields. He is blond, looks younger than his forty years, and his hands are large and capable. Though his eyes are grave he has a quick smile. He looks like Spencer Tracy.

Only serious cases are brought to him. Day after day he removes shrapnel and bullets from brains or spinal columns. Then he supervises the long convalescence necessary to final recovery.

"Here's the bit I took from the brain of Alexis," he said when we were back in his office. "Pretty big, isn't it? Weighs about seven grams. But he will be all right. The shrapnel lodged in the left lobe of the brain. It affects his speech. It also paralyzes his right side. But once his wound is healed we'll go to work on that. I have a few men here who had exactly the same type of wounds. They're learning to talk and to walk and to write again with the right hand."

There are no wards in the hospital run by Grastchenkov. He does not think a crowded ward is conducive to mental recovery. The neat, clean rooms hold four people. We went into a room where four patients were learning again to talk and to read and to walk. They took turns reading aloud, laughing at one another's mistakes, and they laughed, too, when one stumbled as he tried with the pride of the wounded to show the doctor that he could walk the length of the room. Here was Captain Kafelev, who had been wounded in the fighting near Mogilev. He sat in a wheel chair looking small and schoolmasterish with his neatly trimmed black beard. But within two months he will be almost recovered and able to do light work. Sergeant Peter Zinchenko, who was brought in with a large bit of steel helmet lodged in his brain, talks normally, but his left side is still paralyzed. He was wounded outside of Smolensk.

"Was it bad there?" I (*Continued on page* 84)

SOVFOTO

The Metshnikov Institute's 2,000 guinea pigs are one of the weapons in Russia's continuous fight against the epidemic diseases that are always more dangerous in wartime. Below, a Red Army soldier goes to a base hospital. Problem of Russian doctors is complicated by the very high percentage of shrapnel wounds

SOVFOTO

Gilmore the Gamin

By Kyle Crich

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COL
BY WALL KER

The checkered career of Virginia Gilmore, who served as a grease monkey, rode a bike to Mexico and wound up, quite surprisingly, in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD was a thing of beauty this summer and we don't refer to the climate. The climate of Hollywood was invented for octogenarians, cameramen and ex-residents of Iowa. Except for the cloudbursts in January, every morning the same silly sun comes out and suffocates the same silly people. The beauty we have in mind is female beauty and the place is now glutted with it.

Among all those peach-blown infants and Park Avenue models, Virginia Gilmore is a standout. She has the figure of a startled goober and the face of a seraph. And yet when she came to Hollywood she was the worst-looking mess that ever entered the city limits. Surprised?

"Mr. Goldwyn put one hand over his eyes when he saw her," say the informants, "and with the other he waved her away, crying 'please, please.' "

Eventually, however, he put her under contract, where she still remains, but she has never done a picture for him and serves merely as a minor Goldwyn investment, being loaned out to other studios at a profit. She is currently appearing in Swamp Water at 20th Century-Fox, having her hair tinted a straw color and looking somewhat like an albino.

The best way to treat the Gilmore story is chronologically. She was born in Los Angeles, her original name was Sherman Poole, and she has had a tough life, first and last. Because her parents were divorced, Mamma took little Sherman and moved up to San Francisco. Mamma worked as an artists' model for a while and then married a Chevrolet dealer. When that broke up, Mamma married a Packard dealer.

"Always automobile men," says Virginia. "Very strict about that."

But Mamma was also a remarkable woman, who saw to it that her little loved one was well dressed and didn't starve. Virginia managed to get through high school and then talked her way into the University of California.

"Rotten high-school grades," admits Gilmore, "but I convinced them they needed me in the dramatic course."

Actress Becomes Grease Monkey

The university had no regular theater but the plays were produced in the gymnasium and Virginia did all right. The direction was good and she was successful in Irwin Shaw's Bury the Dead and other plays. But after two years it was found that even the ferry fare from San Francisco to Berkeley was a burden and she departed the hallowed precincts forever.

For the next two years, believe it or not, she had a regular job greasing cars at her stepfather's garage. It wasn't just an advertising idea. She wore the jumpers, she crawled under the cars, she got oil and grease in her hair.

"You can't fool me on an automobile," she says grimly. "I can fix any part on any auto that was ever made. Say the word and I'll name you all the parts right now."

About that time she had some photographs taken for a Christmas gift. Mom fixed her up pretty, patted her on the shoulder and sent her down.

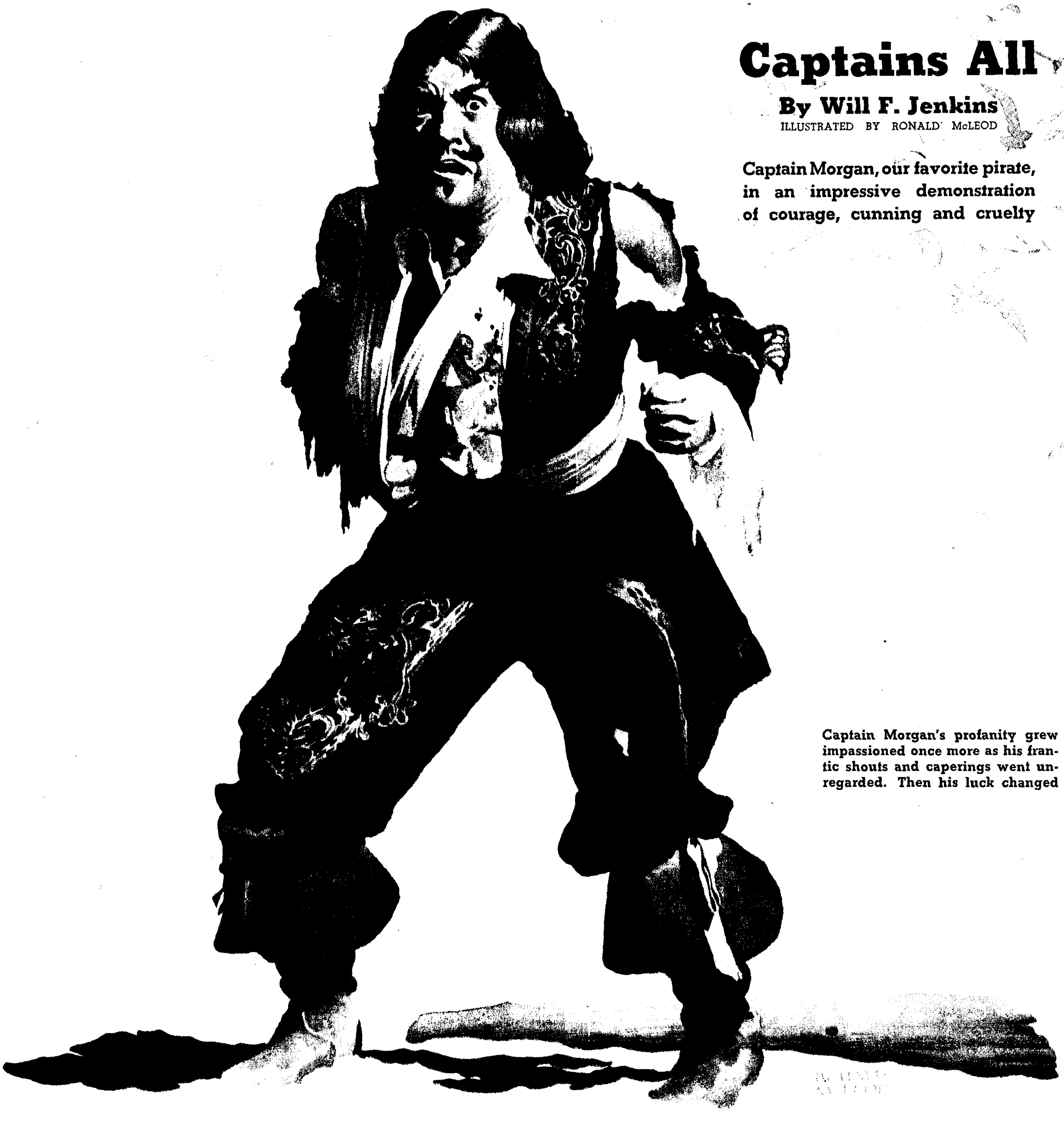
(Continued on page 64)

Captains All

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Captain Morgan, our favorite pirate, in an impressive demonstration of courage, cunning and cruelty



Captain Morgan's profanity grew impassioned once more as his frantic shouts and caperings went unregarded. Then his luck changed

THE Espiritu Sanctu was out of sight now, heading south in the early morning to prey on the little coasting vessels Captain Morgan had considered not worth the looting. He sat on a bit of driftwood and cursed his late ship, and his late crew, and the infinitely blue Caribbean all about him, and even spared a few picturesque phrases for the plate ship Santa Lucia, which by failing to turn up for capture and looting had precipitated the mutiny of Captain Morgan's men. They had marooned him; left him on this desolate sand cay with a pistol bullet in his shoulder and their finest maledictions, to die as lingeringly as possible. And Captain Morgan swore because he could see no hope of disappointing them.

The islet was at most a half mile in one direction by a quarter mile in the other. There was one small indentation which was almost a bay. There was tussock-grass here and there. There was a sizable sand dune to windward which might provide shelter from the worst of a gale. But that summed up the sand cay.

The sea was infinitely blue. The sky was bluer. Long blue waves came foaming up over a sand bar and then on to the cay itself. Gulls flapped and squawked above the sea. A stiff breeze blew steadily in the wake of the waves. Now so soon after sunrise, it was cool and refreshing. Presently it would be hot. By midday the island would be a furnace. By nightfall—what with his wound—Captain Morgan should be half-mad with thirst. And in a certain indefinite number of days he should deteriorate into no more than a blackened, mummified corpse.

But the fates had not reserved this ending for Captain Morgan at this particular time. It may be that his future exploits with the Belle-Marie—that ship not yet diverted to his uses and the yet-unthought-of lootings and zestful treacheries she was to make possible—were part of some ironic scheme of things so far unfathomed. In any case, the sun was no more than three hours high when, quite improbably, the faintly jagged horizon to the westward was broken by a small and stationary speck. By that time Captain Morgan's throat was parched and his temper exhausted. The sun was blistering and the heat of

(Continued on page 40)

The Pattern of Things

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

TAKI'S eyes glistened so with the wonder of it all he scarcely saw the road ahead. *His* hands were clasping the wheel! *His* hands were driving a prince of the blood on the autumn pilgrimage! He, Taki, was head chauffeur now. He, Taki, son of a ricksha puller and grandson of a ricksha puller.

Taki looked quickly, apprehensively, at his hands. Buddha grant them skill! Great skill! Buddha grant they make no error! Ah, no, Buddha—merciful, all-benevolent Buddha—never an error!

The morning was a fan picture, piercing blue sky, blood-red maple leaves, and red-striped ceremonial cloth. The lofty Minister of the Right was sitting on the prince's right; and the lofty Minister of the Left was sitting on the prince's left, while everyday humble people, whole villages of people, paddy workers, carters, charcoal burners, one-counter merchants, were standing along the roadway, bowing.

Taki saw himself telling his sons of the day. He would gather their two precious heads close and begin the words, "Only think! The autumn pilgrimage to the ancestors' shrine at Isé." His wife would be there, calling him "My World!" in her respectful, wifely way. And listening, too, would be the China-widowed aunt, the China-widowed sister, the country cousin, and the two girl children—all the eight mouths Taki fed under his roof. This was no summer's day honor. It was important honor for a man not yet forty! Important honor for all the generations of the family yet to come!

Last night there had been the congratulation feast to celebrate this head-swimming promotion. The old uncle from Hakata had come bringing presents, and the half uncle, the clerking cousin and his pale, underfed wife. A relative of theirs driving a prince of the blood—own cousin of the emperor! The majordomo of the estate had come, bowing impeccably, congratulating impeccably, and giving the impeccable present of raw sliced fish. And others had come—the chrysanthemum gardener, the gatekeeper, the head cook. Oh, the bell at Taki's gate had clamored sweetly all through the evening with the many comings of these congratulating guests.

Suddenly, Taki felt the cough upon him, the hard, consuming cough that had kept him from being an army driver. Rising, suffocating. But to cough was to take his hands from the wheel. To stop the car. He couldn't stop here. He couldn't. It would show disrespect to the prince.

Taki clamped his lips shut. His face glistened with the effort. His eyes strained and dimmed.

He knew vaguely that he slowed the car for the sharp turn. He knew vaguely that he had lost sight of the police escort; that the road forked here, that he took the road to the left, the wider, more traveled one.

The number two chauffeur turned to look at him, troubled. Taki made an effort, cleared his throat with a gasping gulp, and looked around. It was deep country, a winding valley; surely the deliberate pace was excusable.

They passed through a village. Its garlands were out, its lanterns and red-striped banners hung—but the street was deserted! Where were the townspeople? Several startled heads came poking from doors at the sound of his horn. A policeman jumped from his box, aghast. And back of them, as they left the town, were groups of excited, gesturing men.

Oafs! Taki condemned. Churls! Sick-headed fools! Not being ready when the prince passed! Hadn't the governor of the province painstakingly instructed each village the exact, the precise time to assemble?

But what was this? Another empty village. Another decorated main street, but nobody bowing. Only yellow dogs and hens asleep in the dust! It was unbelievable. It was a mirage. Oh, the indignity to the prince! The rudeness, the impudence!

And the next town was the same.

Taki knew now what had happened. The cruel, overwhelming truth burst in upon him. Three towns could not have made so gross a mistake. He had done it.

He had taken the wrong road at the fork. He should have gone to the right. That was the *going* road. This was the *coming-back* road. The prince's car was not expected here for another two hours. Taki's face flamed; his ears burned; he gulped for breath. He, Taki, had embarrassed his prince.

No word was spoken in the car. Taki drove grimly, with despair. At the first shrine the abbot and forty priests were standing waiting. No one of those faces there recognized the hideous ten-minute error. But each knew who had made it.

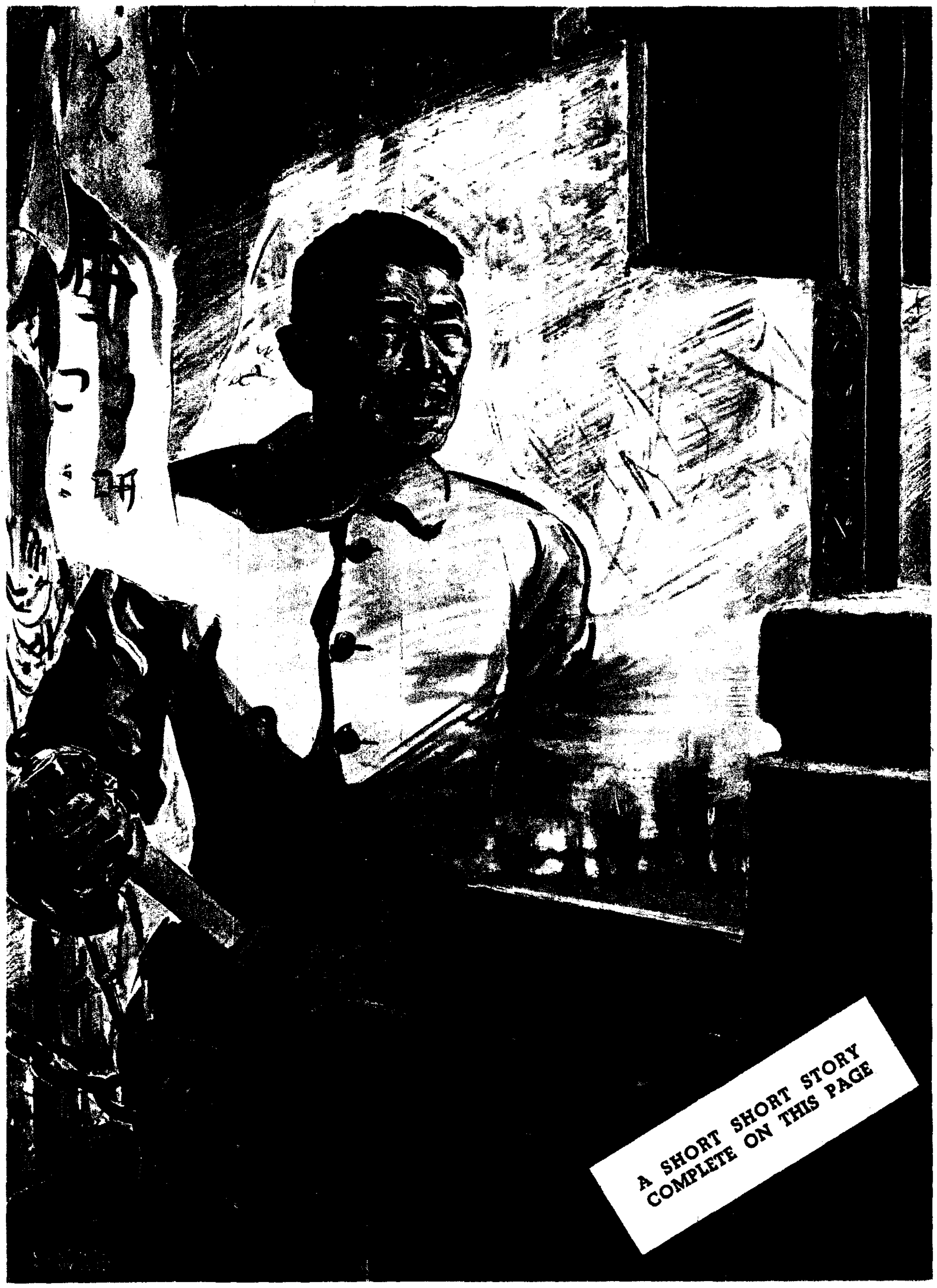
Taki stood bowing while the prince and his retinue moved into the shrine. There was only one apology he could make.

"You will take the car home!" Taki said tonelessly to the number two chauffeur, who was bowing reverently there beside him. The number two nodded, knowing then from Taki's set face that he would take the car home.

TAKI didn't go to the main shrine, but to the little one up the mossy stone steps, past the waterfall and the stone lanterns. He knelt there before the old altar for the time it takes a man to say his last prayers; to tell the ancestors of the apology he is making, to commend his sons to Buddha, to commend his wife, his daughters, and the others of those eight mouths that ate his rice.

Tears stood in his eyes as he finished. He wiped them away brusquely. He must not fail in his apology. His hand must not slip. Still kneeling, he plunged the knife into his abdomen, and pulled it across before he fell.

After all, there is the correct pattern of things, isn't there?


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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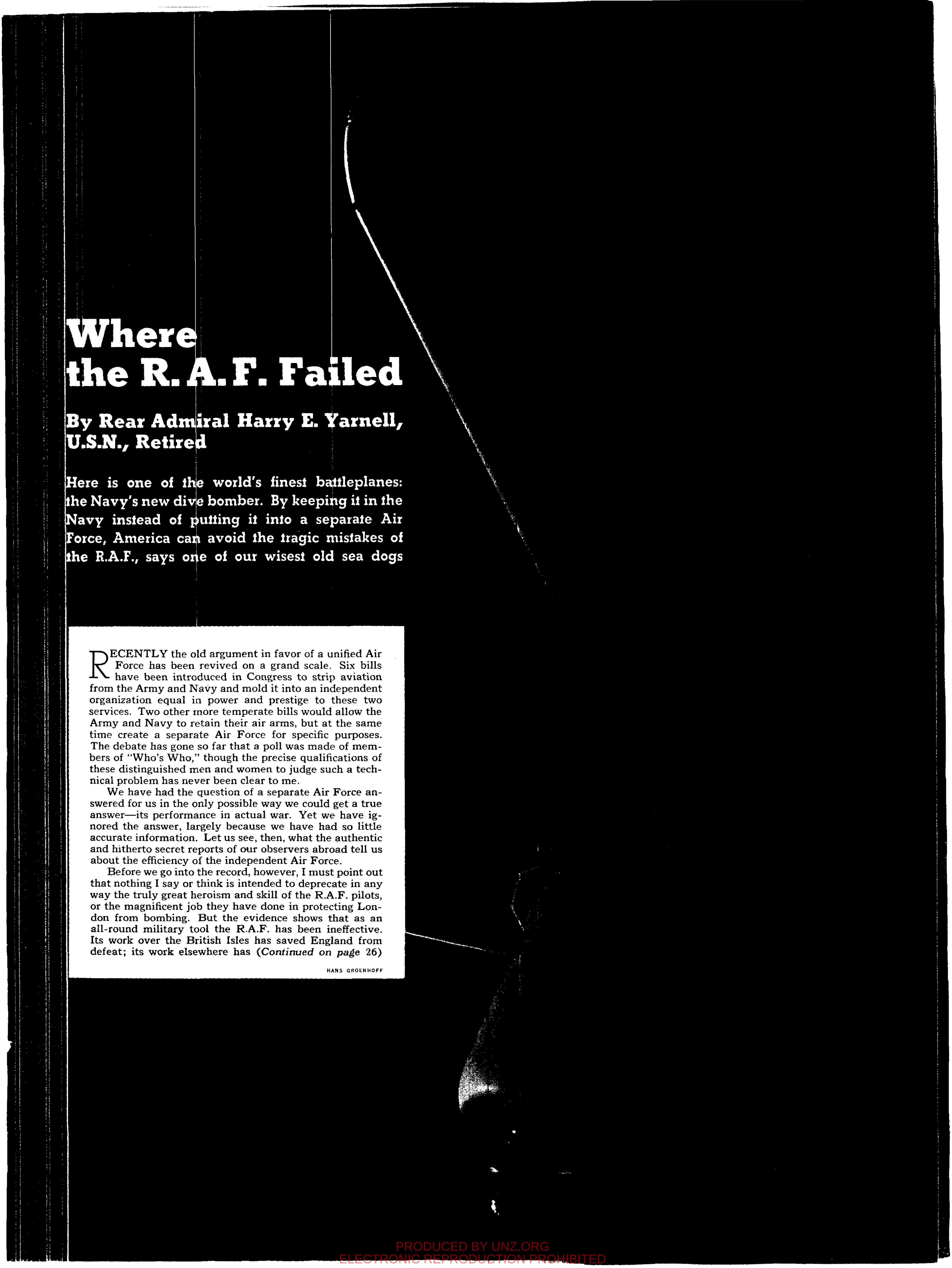


Where the R. A. F. Failed

By Rear Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, U.S.N., Retired

Here is one of the world's finest battleplanes: the Navy's new dive bomber. By keeping it in the Navy instead of putting it into a separate Air Force, America can avoid the tragic mistakes of the R.A.F., says one of our wisest old sea dogs

RECENTLY the old argument in favor of a unified Air Force has been revived on a grand scale. Six bills have been introduced in Congress to strip aviation from the Army and Navy and mold it into an independent organization equal in power and prestige to these two services. Two other more temperate bills would allow the Army and Navy to retain their air arms, but at the same time create a separate Air Force for specific purposes. The debate has gone so far that a poll was made of members of "Who's Who," though the precise qualifications of these distinguished men and women to judge such a technical problem has never been clear to me.

We have had the question of a separate Air Force answered for us in the only possible way we could get a true answer—its performance in actual war. Yet we have ignored the answer, largely because we have had so little accurate information. Let us see, then, what the authentic and hitherto secret reports of our observers abroad tell us about the efficiency of the independent Air Force.

Before we go into the record, however, I must point out that nothing I say or think is intended to deprecate in any way the truly great heroism and skill of the R.A.F. pilots, or the magnificent job they have done in protecting London from bombing. But the evidence shows that as an all-round military tool the R.A.F. has been ineffective. Its work over the British Isles has saved England from defeat; its work elsewhere has (*Continued on page* 26)

HANS GROENHOFF

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN SIDNEY HOWARD, a retired English barrister, loses his only son when the boy, a member of the R.A.F., is killed. Restless, lonely, longing for peace and quiet, he leaves England and goes to Cidoton, a French village where, in days gone by, he had spent many a happy vacation.

There, in that tranquil spot, the old man (he is nearly seventy) tries to forget the war. . . . The Germans overrun Holland and Belgium; they drive on toward France. Not at all alarmed, Howard nevertheless feels that his place is at home; old though he is, he may be of some use to his country.

Before he leaves Cidoton, an Englishman—a man named Cavanagh, who, employed by the League of Nations in Geneva, feels that he should not leave his post, come what may—asks him if he will take his two children, Ronald and Sheila, back to England with him.

Howard is very fond of Cavanagh's wife, a guest at the hotel. He promises to take the children under his wing. . . . The journey toward the Channel is none too easy. In Dijon, where the trio share a small hotel room (the only one obtainable), Sheila becomes ill. It is then, when the old man is desperately in need of a friend, that he finds one: touched by his plight, a chambermaid takes the children in hand, and acts as nurse, maid, counselor.

The maid has her troubles, too. Her brother, Henri Tenois, a widower living in England, has entrusted her with the care of his daughter—Rose (whom she calls "*la petite* Rose"). She finds it difficult to make both ends meet for the two of them. . . . "*La petite* Rose" is a shy little girl with long black hair. Seeing much of her, in a short time, Howard realizes that she is a lovely little person. . . .

The French railway authorities take over the hotel. Howard is notified that he and the children must go elsewhere. The old man makes frantic efforts to hire an automobile; cars are available—but no "petrol"! Returning to the hotel, he encounters the maid. She is sobbing. "Is anything the matter?" Howard asks. "I am dismissed," the woman replies. "The hotel is closing. I do not know how we shall live."

Howard is deeply distressed. But what can he do? So, after a few words of meager comfort and of optimism, he goes to his room. The children are sleeping; Sheila is feverish. Anxious, worried, the old man undresses and goes to bed—on a mattress laid on the floor by the maid.

III

WHEN Howard awoke, the dawn was bright. The children were awake and playing in the bed; he lay for a while simulating sleep, and then got up. Sheila was cool, and apparently quite well.

He dressed himself and took her temperature. It was very slightly above normal still; evidently whatever it was that had upset her was passing off. He washed them both and set Ronnie to dress himself, then went downstairs to order breakfast.

The hotel routine was already disarranged. Furniture was being taken from the restaurant; it was clear that no more meals would be served there. He found his way into the kitchen, where he discovered the *femme de chambre* in depressed consultation with the other servants, and arranged for a tray to be sent up to his room.

That was a worrying, trying sort of day. The news from the north was uniformly bad; in the town people stood about in little groups talking in low tones.

The girl from the desk met him as he went upstairs. He could keep his room for one more night, she said; after that he must get out. She would try and arrange for meals to be sent to the room but he would understand—it would not be as she would wish the service.

He thanked her, and went on upstairs. On the landing he met the *femme de chambre*. She hesitated, then stopped him.

"Monsieur is leaving tomorrow?" she said.

"I have to go away, because they want the room," he replied. "But I think the little girl is well enough to travel. I shall get her up for lunch, and then this afternoon she can come out for a little walk with us."

"Ah, that will be good for her. A little walk, in the sun." She hesitated again, and then she said, "Monsieur is traveling direct to England?"

He nodded. "I shall not stay in Paris. I shall take the first train to St. Malo."

She turned her face up to him, lined and prematurely old, beseeching: "Monsieur—it is terrible to ask. Would you take *la petite* Rose with you, to England?"

He was silent; he did not quite know what to say to that. She went on hurriedly: "I have the money for the fare, monsieur. And Rose is a good little girl—oh, she is so good, that one. She would not trouble Monsieur, no more than a little mouse."

Every instinct warned the old man that he must kill this thing stone dead—quick. Though he would not admit it to himself he knew that to win through to England would take all his energy, burdened as he was with two little children. In the background of his mind lurked fear, fear of impending, absolute disaster.

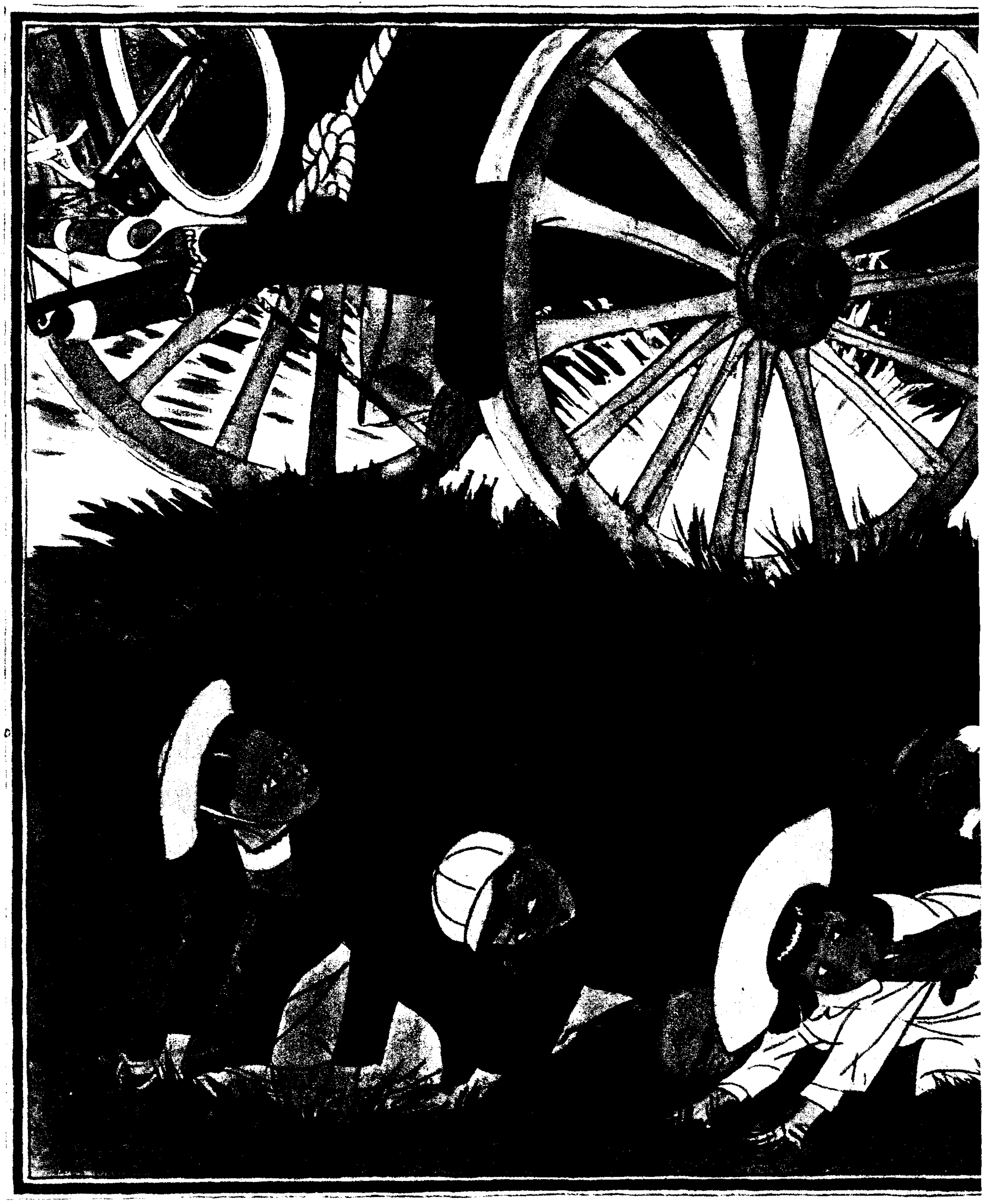
He stared down at the tear-stained, anxious face, and temporized. "But why do you want to send her to England?" he asked. "The war will never come to Dijon."

The woman said, "I have no money, monsieur. Her father is in England, but he cannot send money to us here. It is better that she should go to England, now. In England she would be safe. Here in Dijon, I am afraid." She began to cry again.

He patted her awkwardly upon the shoulder. "There," he said. "I will think about it this afternoon. It's not a thing to be decided in a hurry." He made his escape from her, and went down to the street.

Once out in the street, he quite forgot what he had come for. Absentmindedly he walked toward the center of the town, wondering how he could evade the charge of another child. Presently he sat down in a café and ordered himself a *bock*.

From his chair upon the pavement he stared out upon the quiet, sunlit *Place*. Bad times were coming for the French; he and his children must get out of it, damn' quick. If the Germans conquered they would bring with them, inevitably, their trail of pillage and starvation, gradually mounting toward anarchy as they faced the inevitable defeat. He must not let his children be caught in that. Children in France, if she were beaten down, would have a terrible time.



It was bad luck on little Rose. He had nothing against her; indeed, she had helped him in the last two days. He would have found it difficult to manage Sheila if Rose had not been there. She had kept the little girl, hardly more than a baby, happy and amused in a way that Howard himself could never have managed alone.

It was a pity that it was impossible to take her. In normal times he might have been glad of her; he had tried in Cidoton to find a young girl who would travel with them to Calais. True, Rose was only eight years old but she was peasant-French; they grew up very quickly. . . .

Was it impossible to take her?

Now it seemed desperately cruel, impossible to leave her behind.

He sat there miserably irresolute for half an hour. In the end he got up and walked slowly back to the hotel, desperately worried. In his appearance he had aged five years.

He met the *femme de chambre* upon the landing. "I have made up my mind," he said heavily. "*La petite* Rose may come with us to England; I will take her to her father. She must be ready to start tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock."

THAT night Howard slept very little. He got up at about half past five, and shaved and dressed. Then he awoke the children; they were fretful at being roused and Sheila cried a little, so that he had to stop and take her on his lap and wipe her eyes and make a fuss over her. In spite of the tears she was cool and well, and after a time submitted to be washed and dressed.

Ronnie said sleepily, "Are we going in the motorcar?"

"No," said the old man, "not today. I couldn't get a car. We're going in a train."

"Is that the train we're going to sleep in?"

Howard shook his head patiently. "I couldn't manage that either. We may have to sleep in it, but I hope that we'll be on the sea tonight."

"On a ship?"

"Yes. Go on and clean your teeth; I've put the tooth paste on the brush for you."

Presently there was a tap upon the door, and the *femme de chambre* was there bearing a tray of coffee and rolls.

Behind her came *la petite* Rose, dressed in her Sunday best with a large black straw hat, a tight black overcoat and white socks. She looked very uncomfortable.

Howard said kindly in French, "Good morning, Rose. Are you coming with us to England?"

She said, "*Oui, monsieur.*"

The *femme de chambre* said, "All night she has been talking about going in the train, and going to England, and going to live with her father. She has hardly slept at all, that one." There was a twist in her smile as she spoke; it seemed to Howard that she was not far from tears again.

"That's fine," he said. He turned to the *femme de chambre*. "Sit down and have a cup of coffee with us. Rose will, won't you, Rose?"

The woman said, "*Merci, monsieur.* But I have the sandwiches to prepare, and I have had my coffee." She rubbed the little girl's shoulder. "Would you like another cup of coffee, *ma petite?*"

She left Rose with them, and went out. In the bedroom Howard sat the children down, each with a buttered roll to eat and a cup full of weak coffee to drink.

The children ate industriously. The *femme de chambre* came back with several large, badly wrapped parcels of food for the journey and a very large wine bottle full of milk. "There," she said unsteadily. "Nobody will starve today!"

The children laughed merrily at the poor joke. Rose had finished, and Ronnie was engulfing the last mouthful, but Sheila was still eating steadily. There was nothing now to wait for and the old man was anxious to get to the station for fear that they might miss a train. "You don't want that," he said to Sheila, indicating her half-eaten roll. "You'd better leave it. We've got to go now."

"I want it," she said mutinously.

"But we've got to go now."

"I want it."

He was not going to waste energy over that. "All right," he said, "you can bring it along with you." He picked up their bags and shepherded them all out into the corridor and down the stairs.

At the door of the hotel he turned to the *femme de chambre*. "If there is any difficulty I shall come back here," he said. "Otherwise, as I said, I will send a telegram when we reach England, and Rose is with her father."

She said quickly, "But Monsieur must not pay for that. Henri will send the telegram."

He was touched. "Anyway, it will be sent directly we arrive in London. *Au revoir, mademoiselle.*"

"*Au revoir, monsieur,* good luck." She stood and watched them as he guided the three children across the road in the thin morning sunlight, the tears running all unheeded down the furrows of her face.

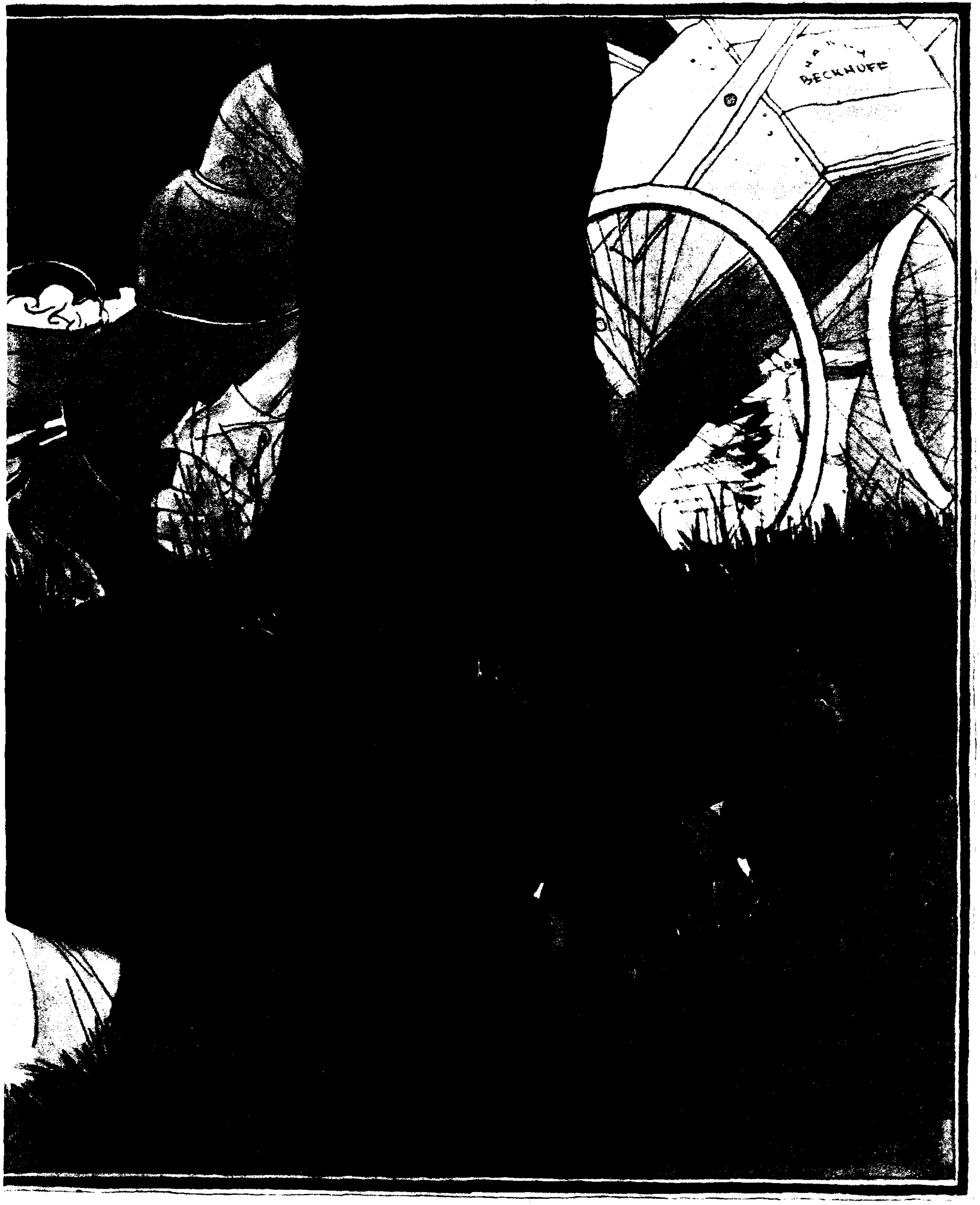
In the station there was great confusion.

THE train they took went slowly, stopping at every station and occasionally in between. From Dijon to Tonnerre is seventy miles; they pulled out of that station at about half past eleven, three hours after leaving Dijon. The children had stood the journey pretty well so far; for the last hour they had been running up and down the corridor shouting, while the old man dozed uneasily in a corner of the compartment.

He roused after Tonnerre, and fetched them all back into the carriage for lunch of sandwiches and milk and oranges. They ate slowly, with frequent distractions to look out of the window. But presently they were full. He gave them each a cup of milk, and laid Sheila down to rest upon the seat, covered over with the blanket he had bought in Dijon. He made Rose and Ronnie sit down quietly and look at Babar; then he was able to rest quietly himself.

He was dozing a little when the train pulled in to Joigny soon after one

(Continued on page 73)



There was no time to do anything nor was there anywhere to go. He shouted to Rose to lie down, quickly. Then the machines were on them

Even the most closely guarded stake horses are not safe from the vicious practice of doping. Here's Whirlaway; his cough syrup contained morphine

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The horses themselves are honest enough, but the crooked trainers and owners who dope them are ruining both the thoroughbreds and the sport. The government and honest racing commissions are doing their best to stop it

QUIETLY sucking on a bottle of cola, a man walked into the stall of a thoroughbred race horse not long ago, at one of the many U. S. tracks where proprietors like to say they are in the business only to improve the breed.

The colt in the dim stall spotted the bottle in the man's hand and suddenly went as insane as a horse can go. It plunged to the far corner of the stall, kicking at the partitions and whinnying shrilly.

The man with the bottle walked out of there and later that day placed under arrest the trainer of that particular colt. The charge was violation of the Harrison Narcotic Act. The man with the bottle was known around the stables as an assistant trainer, but in truth he was a government dope sleuth running to ground a strong hunch that the trainer had been hopping up that colt with a narcotics formula mixed into bottles of that particular kind of cola drink.

The anguish of the colt, to whom the sight of such a bottle had come to mean postrace horrors, was enough evidence for the government man, who soon seized the stable's dope cache.

Thus the office of Harry Anslinger, chief of the Treasury Department's Narcotic Bureau, rid the turf temporarily of another criminally inhumane louse. One more defenseless thoroughbred was for the time being released from the ravages of the aftereffects of the "drench." The remaining criminals in the so-called Sport of Kings were given another warning to clean house. Some took the warning.

But other trainers, assistants, grooms and unscrupulous chemists and veterinarians—the despair of the honest men in the game—were too busy to take the warning. They were too busy trying to dream up a narcotic mixture which would make their horses run faster and yet not be detected if the tracks took a saliva test of the primed horse after the race. When police recently seized Joe Bedelli, a distinguished New York public enemy, they found in his effects a well-nigh perfect horse-doping formula, according to Anslinger. It blended the "junk" with citrus juices to beat the saliva test.

In California this season, government men and the state's fearless racing commissioner, Jerry Giesler, discovered that many horses were being pepped up with caffeine mixed in cough syrup. One stable had 17 gallons of the stuff.

The saliva test failed to detect the caffeine. It was discovered by expert sleuthing, as was the morphine in the cough syrup a veterinarian now under suspension in Florida prescribed for the redoubtable Whirlaway at Hialeah last February.

A Shot for the Great Whirlaway

The harmless-looking cough syrup which Trainer Ben Jones fed his beloved Whirlaway was found to contain one-eighth grain of morphine per ounce. A. L. Raphael, one of Anslinger's men, made the discovery. He quickly determined, of course, that so far as the famed Calumet Stable was concerned, Whirly was being treated only for a cold. It is patent that the three-year-old champion needs artificial prodding about as much as does a comet. However, the vet was nabbed, pleaded guilty before a Florida Racing Commission tribunal, and was given a long suspension.

Tampering with race horses falls roughly into three classes. There are the narcotic formulas for making them run faster, the narcotic formulas for slowing them down, and the non-narcotic formulas concocted from such lethal exhilarators as caffeine.

As for the first, the principal drug used is heroin. Experienced horsemen will tell you that no drug or formula or stimulant will make a horse run faster than it is able to run when it is physically fit and wants to run. But the shrewder formulas will lift a sluggish horse to his peak more often than not. However, no guarantee goes with even the zippiest "Speedball." It is like taking a drink of whisky. Usually it gives you a lift; sometimes it gives you a sag. Anslinger believes that heroin or a mixture which stresses heroin may improve a sluggish horse as much as six lengths over a mile!

The use of depressant narcotics is normally confined to mobs attempting to put over a betting coup. In order that their horse may win, they must get to the better horse in the race, or to the better horses, and give them something to slow them down. They must work fast and furtively, for even the stables that are not adverse to pepping up their horses with dope will hound the stooges of mobsters who want to slow them up.

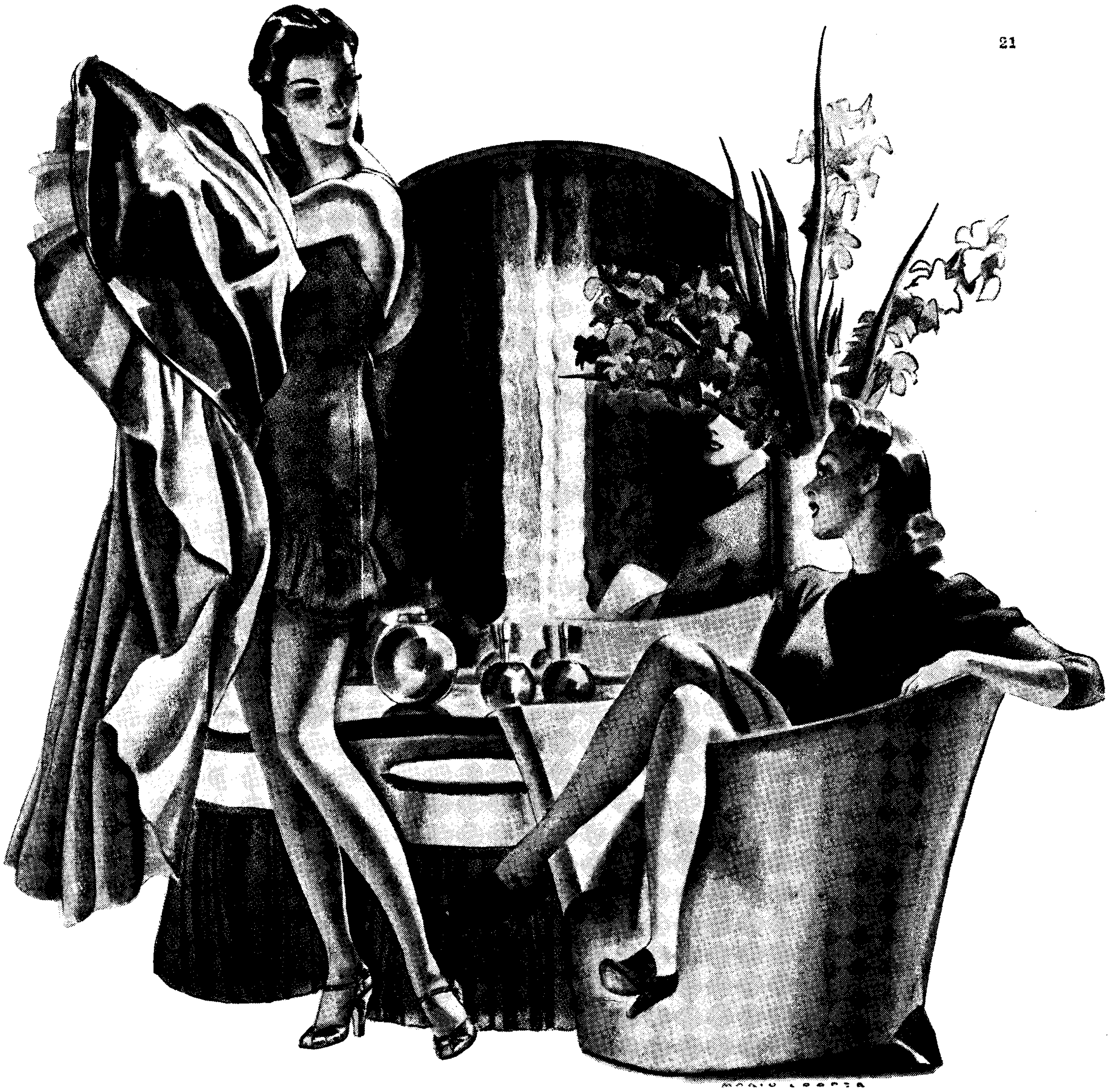
In line with the above, the horse Sun

(Continued on page 78)

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



She must have spoken with great emphasis. "Amyas will marry Elsa only after I am dead," she said

The Story Thus Far:

MEREDITH BLAKE, an amateur chemist, serves tea to a small group of guests at his English country house. Later, after his guests—his brother, Philip; Amyas Crale, an artist who lives not far away, and his wife, Caroline; Elsa Greer, a beautiful girl, whose portrait Crale is painting; and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister—have left, he notes that a bottle of coniine (a poison) has disappeared from his laboratory.

The following day, while Crale is in his garden working on the portrait of the Greer girl (with whom, as everyone knows, he is madly infatuated), he drinks some beer which his wife gives him—drinks it, *and dies of coniine poisoning!*

The evidence is strong against Mrs. Crale. Charged with the crime, she is tried, convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. One year later, she dies. But before she dies, she writes a letter—to be read by her young daughter, "Carla," when she is twenty-one—in which she asserts her innocence.

Sixteen years after the trial, Carla reads the letter; after which, she employs Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, who is living in London, to dig up what he can about the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

Poirot wastes no time. One by one, he interviews all of the witnesses who are still living. And presently he is in possession of some remarkable documents—written accounts of the celebrated affair by the following persons: Meredith Blake, Philip Blake, Lady Dittisham (Elsa Greer—following the murder, the girl had begun collecting husbands), and Cecelia Williams, who had been Angela Warren's governess at the time of the tragedy.

In their reports, the two Blakes disagree—Philip asserts that, undoubtedly, Caroline Crale poisoned her husband; while Meredith expresses his strong belief that Amyas committed suicide (as Caroline had contended at her trial). Lady Dittisham, in her account, says that Amyas had loved her, had planned to secure a divorce and marry her. She says, furthermore, that his wife (in a jealous frenzy) had, on at least one occasion, threatened to kill him.

Cecelia Williams' re[illegible]llections prove interesting to the Belgian. The woman had, obviously, loved Caroline Crale—and disliked her husband. Discussing Elsa Greer, she says: "One day, in the drawing room, Miss Greer had the impudence to say, before us all, that she was going to marry Mr. Crale. She actually talked about marrying a married man—and she said it to his wife!"

IX

I WAS very, very angry with Mr. Crale. How dared he let this girl insult his wife in her own drawing room? If he wanted to run away with the girl he should have gone off with her, not brought her into his wife's house and backed h[illegible]n her insolence.

In spi[illegible]hat she must have felt, Mrs. Cra[illegible]not lose her dignity. Her husband came in just then and she immediately demanded confirmation from him.

He was, not unnaturally, annoyed with Miss Greer for her unconsidered forcing of the situation. Apart from anything else, it made *him* appear at a disadvantage, and men do not like appearing at a disadvantage. It upsets their vanity.

He stood there, a great giant of a man, looking as sheepish and foolish as a naughty schoolboy. It was his wife who carried off the honors of the situation. He had to mutter foolishly that it was true, but that he hadn't meant her to learn it like this.

I have never seen anything like the look of scorn she gave him. She went out of the room with her head held high. She was a beautiful woman—much more beautiful than that flamboyant girl—and she walked like an empress.

I hoped, with all my heart, that Amyas Crale would be punished for the cruelty he had displayed and for the indignity he had put upon a long-suffering and noble woman.

For the first time I tried to say something of what I felt to Mrs. Crale, but she stopped me.

She said, "We must try and behave as usual. It's the best way. We're all going over to Meredith Blake's to tea."

I said to her then, "I think you are wonderful, Mrs. Crale."

She said, "You don't know. . . ."

Then, as she was going out of the room, she came back and kissed me. She said, "You're such a great comfort to me."

She went to her room then and I think she cried. I saw her when they all started off. She was wearing a big-brimmed hat that shaded her face—a hat she very seldom wore.

Mr. Crale was uneasy but was trying to brazen things out. Mr. Philip Blake was trying to behave as usual. That Miss Greer was looking like a cat who has got at the cream jug—all self-satisfaction and purrs!

They all started off. They got back about six. I did not see Mrs. Crale again alone that evening. She was very quiet and composed at dinner and she went to bed early. I don't think that anyone but I knew how she was suffering.

The evening was taken up with a kind of running quarrel between Mr. Crale and Angela. They brought up the old school question again. He was irritable and on edge and she was unusually trying. The whole matter was settled and her outfit had been bought and there was no sense in starting up an argument again, but she suddenly chose to make a grievance of it. I have no doubt she sensed the tension in the air and that it reacted on her as much as on everybody else. I am afraid I was too preoccupied with my own thoughts to try to check her, as I should have done. It all ended with her flinging a paperweight at Mr. Crale and dashing wildly out of the room.

I WENT after her and told her sharply that I was ashamed of her behaving like a baby, but she was still very uncontrolled and I thought it best to leave her alone.

I hesitated as to whether to go to Mrs. Crale's room, but I decided in the end that it would, perhaps, annoy her. I wish since that I had overcome my diffidence and insisted on her talking to me. If she had done so, it might possibly have made a difference. She had no one, you see, in whom she could confide. Although I admire self-control, I must regretfully admit that sometimes it can be carried too far. A natural outlet to the feelings is better.

I met Mr. Crale as I went along to my room. He said good night, but I did not answer.

The next morning was, I remember, a beautiful day. One felt when waking that surely with such peace all around even a man must come to his senses.

I went into Angela's room before going down to breakfast, but she was already up and out. I picked up a torn skirt which she had left lying on the floor and took it down with me for her to mend after breakfast.

She had, however, obtained bread and marmalade from the kitchen and gone out. After I had had my own breakfast I went in search of her. I mention this to explain why I was not more with Mrs. Crale on that morning as perhaps I should have been. At the time, however, I felt it was my duty to look for Angela. She was very naughty and obstinate about mending her clothes and I had no intention of allowing her to defy me in the matter.

Her bathing dress was missing and I accordingly went down to the beach. There was no sign of her in the water or on the rocks so I conceived it possible that she had gone over to Mr. Meredith Blake's. She and he were great friends. I accordingly rowed myself across and resumed my search. I did not find her and eventually returned. Mrs. Crale, Mr. Blake and Mr. Philip Blake were on the terrace.

(*Continued on page* 30)

Willy's Place

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

The tides of football ebb and flow for Willy Kleeps. He's out of the game for good, but he's still just as happy in the restaurant business

BIG WILLY KLEEPS, the former football star—the sand-lot boy who once made history with the Giants and the Green Bay Packers—rubbed the top of the bar with a damp cloth. He rubbed it slowly while he listened to the little man who said, "You never know your friends until you need a friend." The little man had reference to the obstacles involved in acquiring a beer without a dime.

"That's this town for you," said Willy. "You never know it in this town."

A lot of things you don't know in this town, he thought, until it comes to dollars and to cents. He looked about his premises—The Gridiron Bar and Grill—the whole ten thousand dollars' worth of it. Friends? He could recall Grand Opening Night, the year before, this time of year, with souvenirs in the form of little footballs, with "The Compliments of Willy Kleeps" upon them, and a Chinese kitchen in the back, with many items on the menu, such as Foo Goo Puy, and other fancy things, but not so much as twenty plates of Foo Goo Puy consumed in twelve months come and gone. It wasn't Willy's fault, of course. It was the fickle mob that persecuted him. They told one another day and night that "Willy Kleeps is a bum." It just was life, and the wretched joy that little men can find in tearing down the great. Meanwhile, they drank their beers and ate their food in Benny Palermo's place.

"You draw a nice glass of beer," the little man said, looking in his glass. The glass was empty. Willy filled it up again. I'm glad somebody likes it, Willy thought. He knocked the high, rich collar off it with a celluloid stick. "I seen your sign when I was coming down the road," the little man, whose name was Bertie, said. "I seen where it said Willy Kleeps." He grinned and sipped the beer. "It's like talkin' to Dempsey or Babe Ruth. You know? Except I didn't figure you would be behind the bar yourself."

"Well, it's a slow night," Willy said.

Bertie asked him, "Could you use a feller around the place?"

Willy shook his head. He pointed to the kitchen in the back. "I've got a Chinaman I want to fire," he said. "Except I owe 'im four weeks' pay. You like chow mein?"

The little man ate chow mein for a while and Willy rested with his legs stretched out behind the bar. He was a man made large, with heavy shoulders sloping into mammoth arms, with hands that were incredible and meant for throwing footballs, and his chest was as deep as the paunch beneath his chest, and it all weighed heavily on his feet. He sat there looking at his Dartmouth ring. He had never been to any college as a student, but he liked his Dartmouth ring. He'd won it from a tackle on the Green Bay Packers, in a dice game played in 1933. He liked the way the ring looked against the pinched fat of his little finger. He rubbed it on his apron, made it shine.

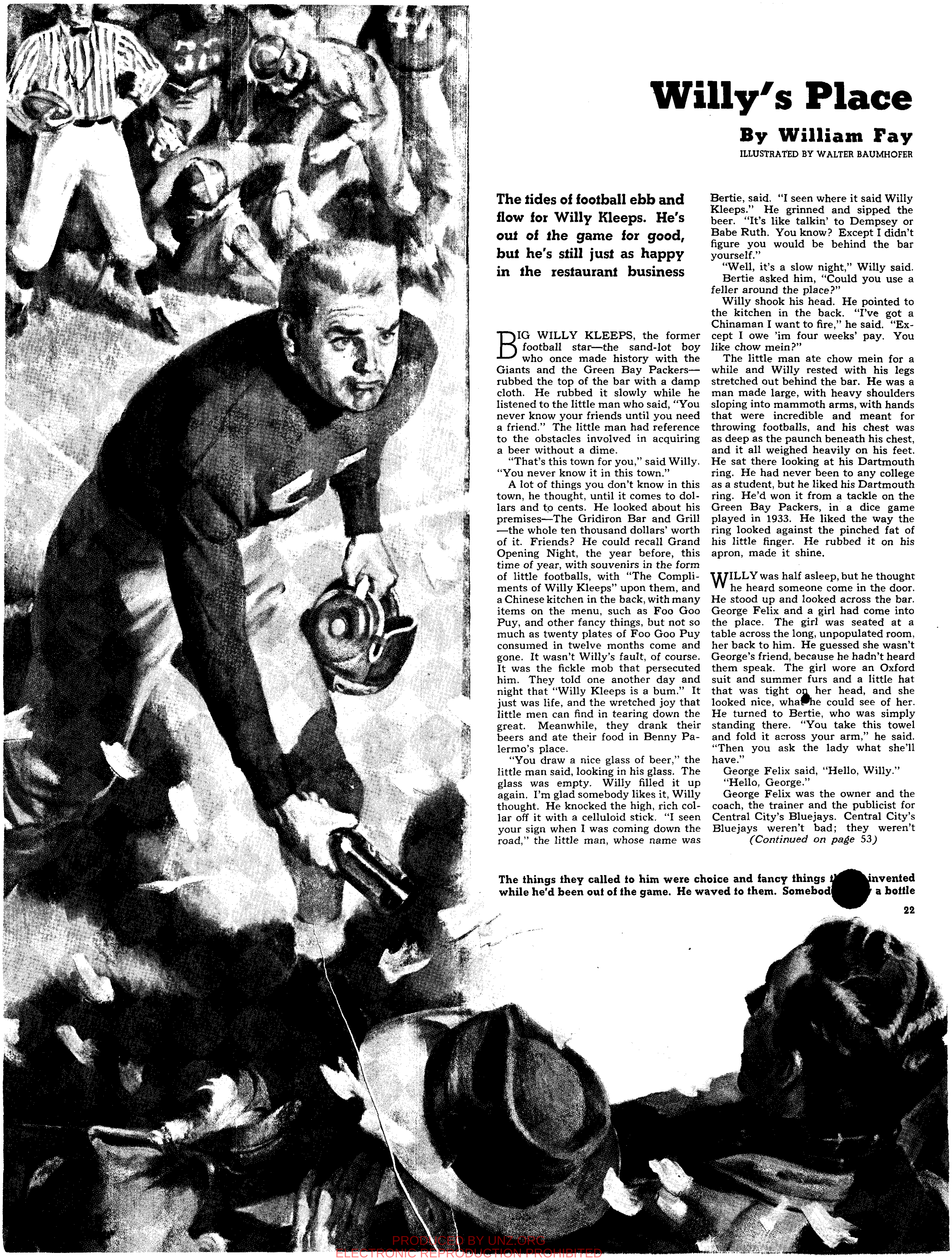
WILLY was half asleep, but he thought he heard someone come in the door. He stood up and looked across the bar. George Felix and a girl had come into the place. The girl was seated at a table across the long, unpopulated room, her back to him. He guessed she wasn't George's friend, because he hadn't heard them speak. The girl wore an Oxford suit and summer furs and a little hat that was tight on her head, and she looked nice, what he could see of her. He turned to Bertie, who was simply standing there. "You take this towel and fold it across your arm," he said. "Then you ask the lady what she'll have."

George Felix said, "Hello, Willy."

"Hello, George."

George Felix was the owner and the coach, the trainer and the publicist for Central City's Bluejays. Central City's Bluejays weren't bad; they weren't

(Continued on page 53)



The things they called to him were choice and fancy things t[illegible] invented while he'd been out of the game. He waved to them. Somebod[illegible] a bottle

RED SQUIRE

By Patricia Strauss

About Sir Stafford Cripps, wealthy and aristocratic Socialist, who became Great Britain's "Christian in the Kremlin"

THE compulsion of the Honorable the Right Honorable Sir Stafford Cripps, K. C., M. P., British Ambassador in Moscow, to say what he thinks is right, and criticize what he thinks is wrong, has kept him in political hot water since he first entered the House of Commons as Solicitor-General in the Labor Government of 1929-31. It finally resulted in his expulsion from the Labor Party.

He was the despair of the party chiefs. They were delighted when lean, austere Cripps stood up in the House of Commons and, with invariable courtesy, made the most devastating attacks on the policy of the Conservative Government. But they were considerably disconcerted when he turned his serious, unsmiling attention to the Labor Party and subjected it to equally trenchant criticism. Not in whispers behind committee-room doors, but publicly. Labor chiefs urged him to be "loyal." But he did not understand party loyalty. "I am loyal to my principles," he said, "not to any party machine." When it expelled him the Conservative press said the Labor Party had "blown its brains out."

One of the first things Winston Churchill, "black sheep" of the Conservative Party, did when he became Prime Minister in May, 1940, was to send for Cripps, "red sheep" of the Labor Party, and ask him to go to Moscow. It was the most difficult job Churchill had to offer, and Cripps was the only man of ambassadorial caliber in England the Russians would trust.

When fifty-two-year-old Cripps left to take up his bleak task in a lonely neutral capital, people whispered that it would be the end of him. It was even suggested that Churchill had sent him to Moscow to "get rid of him." Cripps himself was bewildered. He said to a friend soon after he arrived in Moscow, "Of all the various occupations I thought I might follow, that of ambassador never was among them. When anyone here addresses me as 'Your Excellency' I involuntarily glance over my shoulder to see whether some excellency is standing behind me."

Conservatives in England have always regarded Cripps with a mixture of vexation and admiration. By birth, background and bank balance he should have been a "natural" for the Conservative Party. He is a well-tailored, well-poised, well-traveled aristocrat. Youngest son of the wealthy Lord Parmoor and a product of exclusive Winchester College, he violated class traditions and became a popular working-class leader.

Cripps did not suddenly become a Socialist by tripping over a hungry child in a dark doorway, nor from any personal grudge against the world. With his sister and three brothers he grew up at Parmoor, the beautiful family estate in Buckinghamshire, in an atmosphere of gracious affection and gentle culture. From their father the children inherited the old tradition that wealth carries with it responsibilities of public service. His brothers remember him as a rather lonely child. While they spent their school holidays hunting and shooting, he went off to remote corners of the grounds and spent whole days working alone.

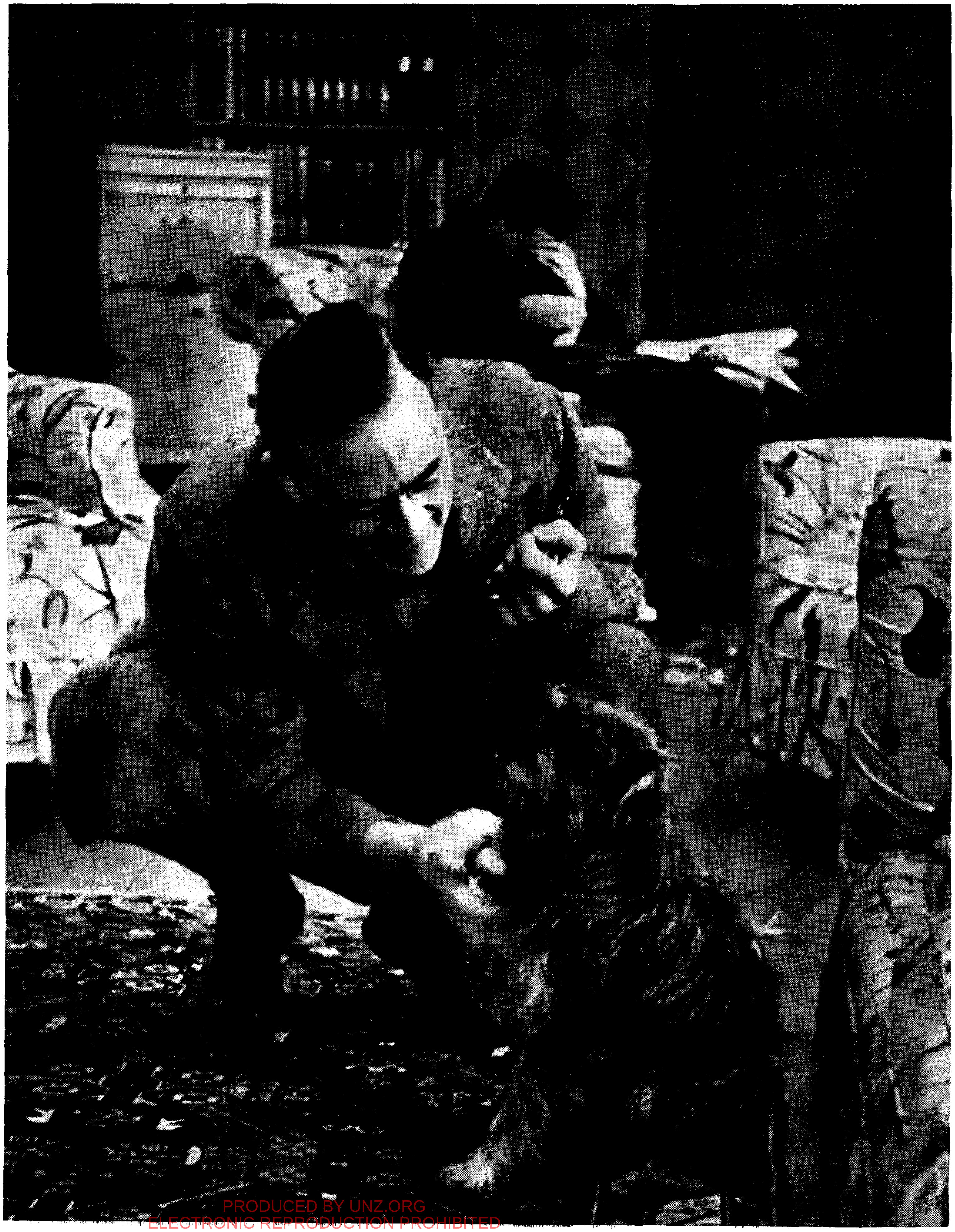
Cripps' aunt, Beatrice, married Sidney Webb. They are now Lord and Lady Passfield, but they are internationally known as "the Webbs," father and mother of English Socialism. Their books have converted numerous earnest young students to Socialism, but they did not convert their nephew.

His father, Lord Parmoor, a leading lawyer and Conservative M. P., was also an eminent churchman. He made great efforts to live his life as a "practical Christian," and inculcated the ideal into his children. Young Cripps responded strongly. Now when he makes public statements which earn him the epithets "red," "dangerous revolutionary" and "heretic," he is merely translating into contemporary terms the Christian principles to which he firmly adheres. He no longer believes in institutional religion, does not go to church, and has a poor opinion of churchgoers whose daily conduct is not influenced by their Sunday worship. The word "Christian" has no terrors for him; he uses it without the slightest trace of embarrassment, even to an audience of hardened leftists. He says he can "sum up" his Socialism "by stating, as a principle, that human life and not property must be the first consideration of any wise

(Continued on page 85)

Russian insistence played an important part in Britain's selection of Sir Stafford Cripps as ambassador to the Kremlin. One of England's best political minds, Sir Stafford has for many years advocated better relations between England and the U.S.S.R.

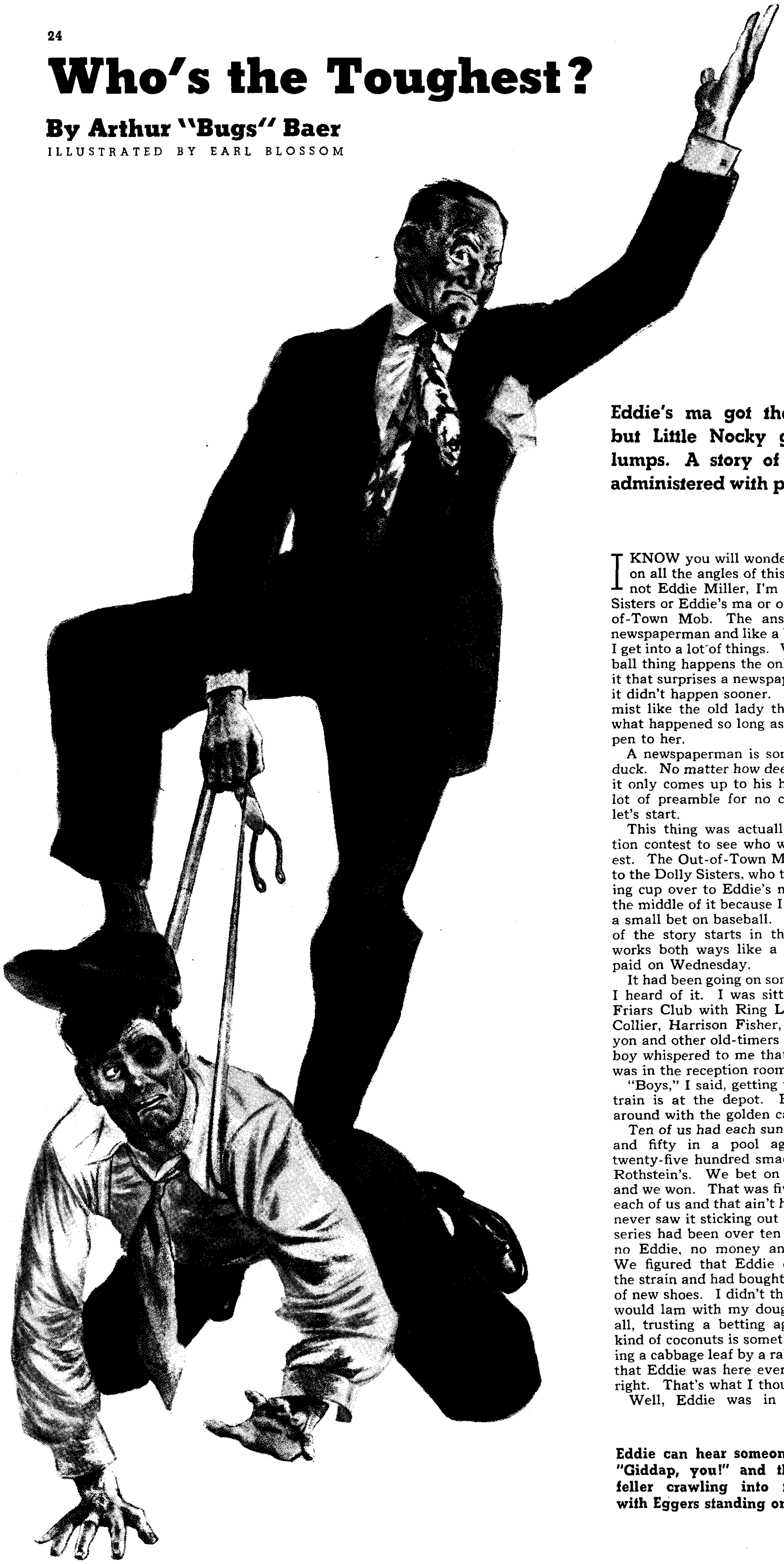
HULTON



Who's the Toughest?

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



Eddie can hear someone yelling "Giddap, you!" and there is a feller crawling into the room with Eggers standing on his back

Eddie's ma got the prize but Little Nocky got the lumps. A story of justice administered with pleasure

I KNOW you will wonder how I got in on all the angles of this thing, for I'm not Eddie Miller, I'm not the Dolly Sisters or Eddie's ma or one of the Out-of-Town Mob. The answer is I'm a newspaperman and like a baker's thumb I get into a lot of things. When a screwball thing happens the only thing about it that surprises a newspaperman is that it didn't happen sooner. He is an optimist like the old lady that didn't care what happened so long as it didn't happen to her.

A newspaperman is something like a duck. No matter how deep the ocean is it only comes up to his hips. That's a lot of preamble for no constitution so let's start.

This thing was actually an elimination contest to see who was the toughest. The Out-of-Town Mob ran second to the Dolly Sisters, who turned the loving cup over to Eddie's ma. I got into the middle of it because I like to plaster a small bet on baseball. And my share of the story starts in the middle and works both ways like a fellow getting paid on Wednesday.

It had been going on some time before I heard of it. I was sitting in the old Friars Club with Ring Lardner, Willie Collier, Harrison Fisher, Damon Runyon and other old-timers when the page boy whispered to me that Eddie Miller was in the reception room.

"Boys," I said, getting up, "the gravy train is at the depot. Eddie just got around with the golden cabbage."

Ten of us had each sunk two hundred and fifty in a pool against another twenty-five hundred smackers of Arnold Rothstein's. We bet on the last game and we won. That was five hundred for each of us and that ain't hay. At least I never saw it sticking out of barns. The series had been over ten days now and no Eddie, no money and no nothing. We figured that Eddie couldn't stand the strain and had bought himself a pair of new shoes. I didn't think that Eddie would lam with my dough. But, after all, trusting a betting agent with that kind of coconuts is something like sending a cabbage leaf by a rabbit. But now that Eddie was here everything was all right. That's what I thought.

Well, Eddie was in the reception room and he didn't have any new shoes, for he was in his bare feet. That was a little extra even for the old Friars Club where they would tickle a raisin until it walked out of the rice pudding. Our motto in the old days was anything for a laugh, but Eddie was two stops past that stage. Even when he was feeling good he had the pasty look of a paperhanger's brush. But this time he looked as if he had been held over for an autopsy. I pointed to his bare dogs and he fainted.

It's the third week in October so I know his feet aren't sunburned. They are plenty red and have a dozen blisters on the bottoms. They're those big water blisters. I don't know where Eddie was eating the last ten days but the waiters were very careless because I see three or four hunks of toothpicks under his big-toe nails. Now, I can put two and two together without cement. Eddie's been snatched. He has been bundled by a new mob that I have heard rumors of for some time. They're foot doctors and when they give you the full treatment you don't walk for weeks. While I'm having Eddie carried up to my room he comes to, says, "Tell my mother I'm in Hollywood" and faints again.

When he comes to the bat again about sixteen hours later he has an antiseptic turban of medical gauze on his head for some bumps and cuts I hadn't noticed. But the doctor who worked on him found bruises all over and he says between the feet and the head Eddie will be in bad shape for two weeks. The first thing he does is to call his ma and say it is long distance from California. Then he says he will be home about the first of November.

THEN he hangs up, turns to me and says, "I was snatched."

"That's what the Dolly Sisters figured." I said.

Well, Eddie turns a double white this time like a tube of toothpaste coming out both ends.

"You wouldn't do that to me, would you?" he wants to know.

"Do what?" I asked. "It's already been done to you."

"I mean my mother," Eddie whispered. "They say if I turn on the phonograph they will grab her."

"How about our money, Eddie?" I ask.

"You'll have to wait until I get another stake. They took that five grand, eighteen grand more of mine and my note for twenty-seven grand more."

"What?" I yelled. "A snatch mob taking notes?"

"They're the toughest mob I ever saw." Eddie shivered all over like an old Model T on a hill. "They took the five grand I was holding, found my bank books for the eighteen and marched me in the General Trust in broad daylight in my bare feet. They made me close out the account. Say, the teller could have looked over and seen my bare feet but he never tumbled. Then they ask where I want to be set down and I say here because I know you know Little Nocky."

"Little Nocky has been looking for this mob himself," I said, "because they upset the status quo and put the heat on the home-town boys. So they grab Little Nocky's brother and hold him for one hundred grand and settle for half. All Little Nocky knows is it's an out-of-town mob. Too tough for him."

"So you told the Dolly Sisters?" said Eddie. "That mob's too tough for them. If I don't get twenty-seven grand on the line in two weeks, what's going to happen to my mother?"

"Nothing's going to happen to her, Eddie," I told him, "but you're going to be snatched again. By the Dolly

(Continued on page 89)

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THE BROAD HIGHWAY of business-as-usual is temporarily closed—Americans have taken to the *great detour* of National Defense. It is a hard new way, and no man can say what wilderness we may traverse before we emerge again upon the open road.

Men and their machines face new endurances, new sacrifices. And as we go forth to meet this challenge that is not of our choosing, we shall find also *new accomplishments, new victories.* We travel into wilderness, but our route is the right-of-way to America's destiny.

Americans are proud of the American character. They believe it to be sound and deep beyond the needs of this emergency. And may it be remembered that it is not on life's four-lane highways that character is molded.

Since the days of the pioneers the heart and sinew, the spirit and the soul, of this nation have been nourished *on the detours.* Hard work has made its people strong. As we judge by the past, we may know that *we shall gain again* by setting wheels off beaten paths to sterner ground.

As with men, so with machines! In the scene above, one of the Army's 6-wheel-drive 2½-ton INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS rides the twist course at the International proving ground. Brawn and character are bred into a truck—not on the broad and finished highway but on such a "detour" as this, where a routine hour of torture packs more punishment than many trucks meet in a working lifetime. *For the military and civilian needs of the nation, Internationals, now as always, are proved all ways for COME WHAT MAY!*

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Where the R.A.F. Failed

Continued from page 17

added up to the major British mistake of the war. I believe that the mistake lies in the fact that it is an independent unit.

We who oppose creation of a separate Air Force have always argued that the split command would intensify the inevitable confusion of war. Without the maximum collaboration between armies and navies and their supporting air forces, we have long been convinced modern fighting would be disjointed and costly. And naval pilots, we have argued, must have a good supply of Navy background, Army pilots of Army background. If trained independently, we have been certain they would have too little knowledge of either of the other services. Planes are as much a part of the land or sea unit with which they fight as are the big guns. What magnificent chaos we would have if the artillery, whether on shipboard or battlefield, were controlled by a separate organization! The R.A.F. and the Italian air force are completely independent, their pilots trained on the theory that excellence in flying is about all a flier needs to serve with credit over water or land; a high percentage even of the aviators now with the British fleet were so trained.

In July, 1940, Italian planes dumped several sticks of explosives on the warships Cavour and Cesare, of the Italian fleet. Thanks to poor marksmanship, the two ships escaped with scarcely a scratch. But on February 9, 1941, the Italian heavy cruiser Pola was badly damaged by its own air force. Purely cases of mistaken identity, which no trained seamen would commit. But they were not reserved for the Italians alone. Forty-eight hours before the Germans actually invaded Norway, R.A.F. scout planes saw transport ships churning through the North Sea. Only mildly interested in the phenomenon, they reported it through routine channels, and it finally reached the admiralty after the invasion was under way. Had the pilots been wise in naval matters, wise enough to understand what they saw, England would have known two days earlier of the German movement, and she might conceivably have changed the entire course of the Nazi invasion of Norway.

The Help That Came Too Late

Haphazard R.A.F. participation contributed in an all-out fashion to the grimness of the battle of Crete. The handful of British planes available to defend Crete was tragically inadequate. All R.A.F. aircraft assigned to the Middle East, commanded by Air Marshall Sir Arthur Longmore, were concentrated some 300 miles away, at Mersa Matruh in Egypt. During the Nazi attack on Crete, few R.A.F. planes appeared, despite frantic appeals by both the army and navy to Mersa Matruh. Army headquarters for the area, under General Wavell, and navy headquarters under Admiral Cunningham, were at Alexandria—almost 200 miles from Mersa Matruh.

Whether the appeals were lost while being relayed hundreds of miles in all directions, or whether the R.A.F. was unable for other reasons to heed them, the fact remains that the army and navy were unable to get help, and consequently met head-on the full pulverizing force of the Nazis. Finally, when the British began evacuating the island, R.A.F. planes appeared. But most of them might almost as well never have come, because the pilots could not recognize the British ships they were supposed to escort to Alexandria.

Further disruption came when one group of ships loaded with evacuees was supposed to pick up its R.A.F. escort a few miles off Crete. Just as it was about to sail, a destroyer was torpedoed and its load of battered soldiers had to be transferred to other ships, delaying the entire group. The R.A.F. escort arrived at its rendezvous on time, but the ships weren't there and it returned to Egypt. The navy tried furiously to get the air group back, but it was futile and the ships, completely exposed, were bombed two thirds of the way to Alexandria—hours of pure hell.

After the whole terrible affair was done, three fourths of the British naval craft in the engagement were damaged, and a few sunk—and resentment among the evacuated soldiers was so strong that R.A.F. enlisted men were forbidden to be on the streets of Alexandria when the rescued soldiers were disembarked.

A Lucky Miss

When the Ark Royal was pursuing the Bismarck in one of the epochal sea battles of the war, it carried only three pilots who had any experience in naval operations, and three others were pressed into action who had never before even taken off from or landed on an aircraft carrier. The inexperience showed up vividly at one point. Ark Royal scouting planes picked up the sound of a ship. They dropped down through the clouds and let fly with a torpedo. Fortunately, they missed. The ship was the Sheffield, a British cruiser assigned to shadow the Bismarck.

Similarly, in a sea battle south of Sardinia, R.A.F. observation aircraft were constantly roaring back and forth in the battle area, seeing most of what went on, and a Sunderland flying boat was in direct touch with the British flagship. But reports from the planes were so confusing and incomplete that at no time did the naval commander know the extent to which the Italians were damaged, nor could he estimate accurately the composition, disposition, speeds and courses of the Italian forces. As a consequence, he lost a magnificent chance to separate the enemy from its base and destroy it—the Italians got clean away, making a minor engagement of what might well have been a major victory.

Time after time the R.A.F., while patrolling the coast of England, sighted submarines but refused to attack, maintaining it was the navy's duty. Meanwhile, the Admiralty one day got a plaintive wireless from a British submarine commander saying he intended to dock "if friendly aircraft ceases attacking us."

North Sea naval reconnaissance planes frequently found German vessels nicely exposed to attack, but they had to ask the R.A.F. bomber command to wage the fight. One high naval official testified that such requests were usually futile, because the bomber pilots seldom could find or identify targets at sea.

Nor was all of the pathetic floundering confined to naval matters. In the western desert, the R.A.F. attacked a caravan of vehicles, destroying considerable supplies of gasoline. Too late, the attackers learned they fought their own troops. For want of gasoline, a number of valuable tanks were stalled, lost to the expedition. And near Bagdad in Iraq, the R.A.F. actually attacked British ground forces. Such episodes contributed to the flat statement by one high-ranking British officer in the Middle East campaign: "I will not go into action again unless I am able to give direct orders to the air squadrons allocated to my support."

As final demonstrations of how incompletely co-ordinated training can affect air performance, let us return momentarily to the Italian air force. On October 11, 1940, Italian planes sighted a British naval force near Sicily, heading west. The observers reported the force consisted of one aircraft carrier and several destroyers. A small contingent of warships came out to attack the weak force—and discovered that in reality there were two cruisers in the group. Before the Italians could get their heads from the lion's mouth, they had lost three ships. In another engagement, Italian destroyers had painted red and white stripes running fore and aft on the forecastles, and the battleships, according to observers, flew banners "of fantastic dimensions" so their own fliers would be able to recognize them.

The question is sure to be brought up here: "Why don't you talk about the Germans? They too have an independent air force." The answer is simply that the Germans do not have a separate air force. Every part of the entire Nazi war machine is controlled by a central board, or military staff, of men experienced in land, sea and air operations. As a general rule, naval fliers are trained to work with the navy, army fliers with the army.

Only by ardent practice in co-ordination with army troops can such precision be attained as that which the Nazi Stukas show when they move forward with ground troops, using bombs dropped from low altitudes in place of the artillery barrages of conventional war methods. And similarly with the Heuschel 126, a hedge-hopping plane called "the eyes of the Panzer divisions." The Heuschel flies very close to the ground, observing and photographing enemy territory, occasionally bombing and machine-gunning enemy positions. In both cases the planes are part of the troops, just as in naval operations from a carrier the planes are part of the fleet.

The British have profited from their mistakes to the extent that they have turned two major branches of their air force back to the navy. In 1938, the responsibility for operating aircraft directly attached to the fleet was withdrawn from the Air Ministry and given to the Admiralty. Two years later, the Coastal Command—charged with patrolling and defending areas off the coast of England—was likewise switched. But a large number of the pilots were trained originally with the R.A.F., and their ignorance of naval tactics and strategy has caused the mistakes to continue.

The Lesson of Matapan

Even so, the British have fared far better when the air strength worked under—and with—the branch of the service mainly involved in any particular engagement. The battle of Cape Matapan has been publicized far and wide as an example of what planes can do when they click into action with great sea strength. But the R.A.F. had no part in Matapan. The excellent performance was put on solely by planes of the Fleet Air Arm, taking orders from the fleet commanders.

The attack on the Italian ships in the harbor of Taranto was another masterly performance. In one night, the British damaged severely two enemy battleships and two cruisers, with virtually no hardship to themselves. Here again, the R.A.F. had no part. The Fleet Air Arm, with pilots trained for the navy, was decisive.

A comparable situation arose on land when General Wavell made his successful offensive from Sidi Barrani to Benghazi. The planes he used were R.A.F. ships—but for the expedition they were under Wavell's command. There was no bombing of their own men and supplies on that trip.

We often hear that a unified air force would mean greater stimulation for military aviation, and would insure better equipment. Yet certainly the condition of the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war is weak testimony on both counts. We all know now the lamentable lack of British planes when the Nazis started out. Particularly scarce were flying boats and bombers, both precious to the defense of Britain.

They Paid with Lives

Nor were there sufficient fighters for aircraft carriers. In the Mediterranean, the lack of properly controlled reconnaissance planes interfered badly with the work of British submarines. Through it all, the Fleet Air Arm complained strongly that it was getting improper supplies from the Air Ministry. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes summed it up when he wrote last year, "It cannot be denied today that men have paid with their lives because the government failed to provide the navy with an air service which those best qualified to judge insisted it should have."

Because of all these things, and more, not a single one of the reports I have read from our observers abroad has favored an independent air force.

There are other fundamental truths we can get from the war if we open our eyes to them. One school of aviation authorities has long been set on the idea that bombing attacks far in the rear of enemy lines could by themselves be decisive in a war. Yet for four years the Japanese have bombed China's cities promiscuously, killing thousands upon thousands of people, and the principal result has been a strengthening of Chinese morale and resistance. Likewise, the German's fierce bombing of London has united the people. Even the damage to English industrial plants, while often severe, has been far less crippling than most of us suppose.

The spectacular aspects of these wild bombing forays have been partly responsible for the suggested compromise by which the Army and Navy would retain their air arms, while another independent organization was built up. The main purpose of the new unit would be operations in which bombing and aerial fighting were done without the help of the other two services.

But it seems illogical, because we would have virtually no place to use the organization. Certainly if our mainland were attacked outright, as England's has been, the defense would be a joint proposition, with Fleet, Army and Air Force participating. If we were forced to fight in some other part of the hemisphere, it would be even more obviously a partnership. And as things stand now, it will be many years indeed before we can intelligently dispatch bombing missions to any distant point abroad.

I can speak with true authority only of the Navy, but I think it is indisputable that our fleet has the finest naval Air Force in the world. In any conceivable war we might be dragged into, it would be helpful beyond all reckoning. The British have, after a tragic series of mishaps, moved to restore naval aviation to the navy, attempting to reach a degree of our own efficiency. Why, then, should we ignore the bitter lessons learned by the British, and deliberately—under guise of "progress"—put ourselves into the position they have had to vacate?

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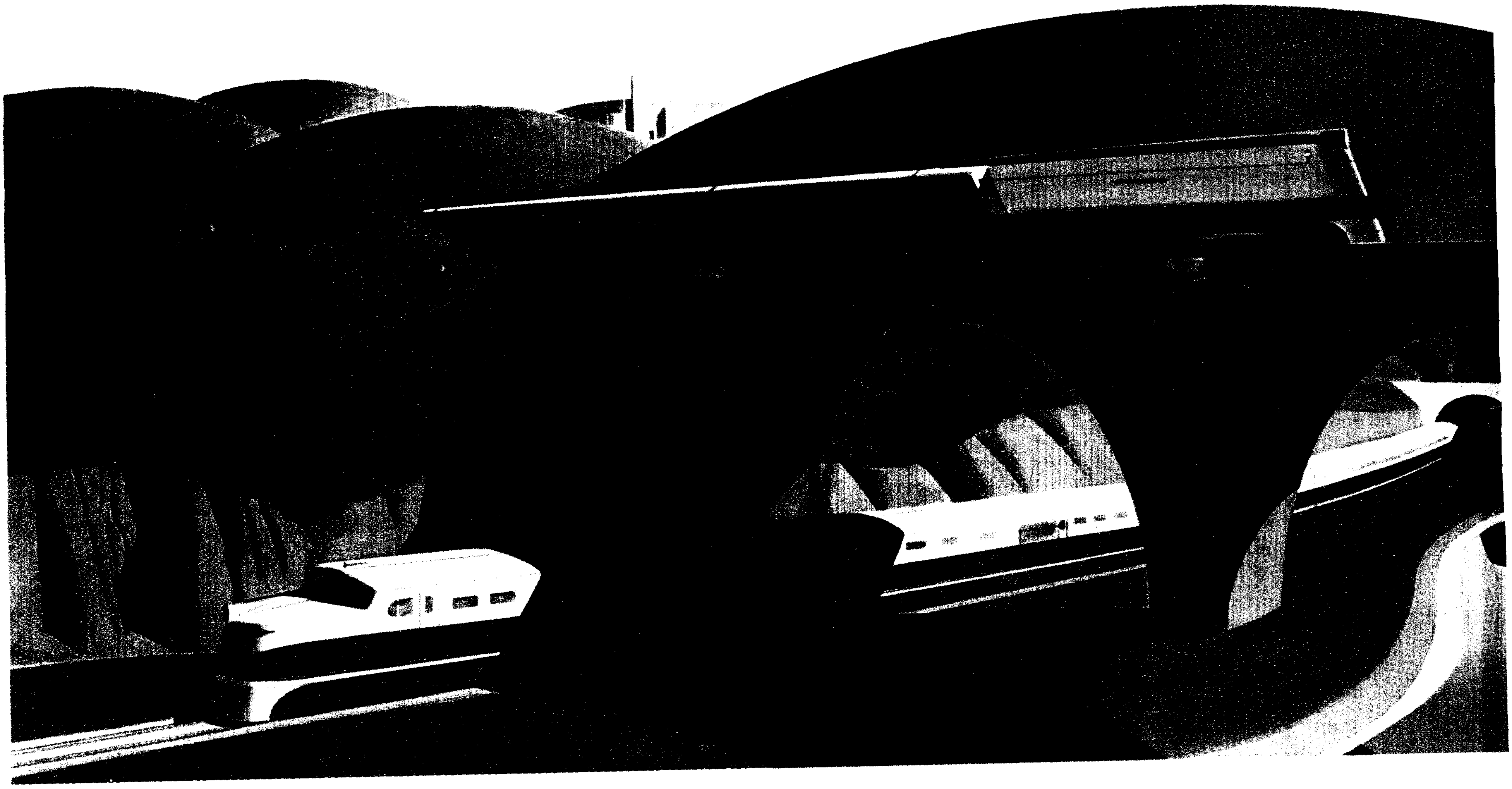

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Block that Toot!

By Dave Camerer

Too much whistle-blowing is robbing football of its zip and enthusiasm

AFTER playing college football it takes a man several years before he can begin thinking of football officials dispassionately. When he is in there battling for Siwash, he either hates them or he is scared to death of what they can do to his team. As a spectator, he is still scared. Practically every game he sees will be marred by a ruling that is merely an indication of the official's pettiness or is so unfair as to leave a bad taste in the mouths of the team that profits by it.

For that reason this article is something in the nature of an Open Letter to the Men in the Striped Shirts and White Pants. Whistle-blowing is all right but don't blow your brains out! Also, Keep a Civil Toot in Your Cheek! Also, don't be afraid to take a little advice from your fellow officials at a crucial moment!

Early this season in a professional game between the Philadelphia Eagles and the Brooklyn Dodgers, Red Friesell, referee, suffered a broken leg. Fortunately for the honor of the game but unfortunately for Mr. Friesell, the accident was caused by a block thrown by Perry Schwartz, the Brooklyn end. If it had been done by a Philadelphia player, a scandal would certainly have followed. For, several plays previously, Friesell had called a penalty for clipping on Philadelphia on a play in which the Philadelphia team was charging downfield to cover a punt. Greasy Neale, the Philadelphia coach, rushed out on the field to protest.

"How in the name of heaven could an end attempting to tackle a punt-receiver be guilty of clipping?" bellowed Neale. "It's crazy. It doesn't make sense!"

For this effrontery and for being on the field where he didn't belong, Neale got his team an extra penalty of fifteen yards and a fine case of apoplexy as well. According to Neale, motion pictures of the game reveal that he was absolutely right and Friesell was absolutely wrong. Neale is asking for a replay of the game, which he probably won't get. Mr. Friesell is resting at home with his leg in a cast.

If I mention the celebrated Dartmouth-Cornell fifth-down incident of last year, in which Mr. Friesell was also involved, it will seem that I am conducting a crusade against him, which I certainly don't want to do. Friesell has been regarded as a leading Eastern official for some years. It just happens that he was on the spot in that famous episode.

Remember? There were only seconds to go and Cornell had the ball on Dartmouth's six-yard line. It was fourth down when Scholl of Cornell flipped a flat pass intended for Murphy. It was batted down by Norton, the Dartmouth back. Head Linesman Joe McKenney took the ball and headed for the twenty-yard stripe, ruling it a touchback. Friesell signaled McKenney to toss him the ball.

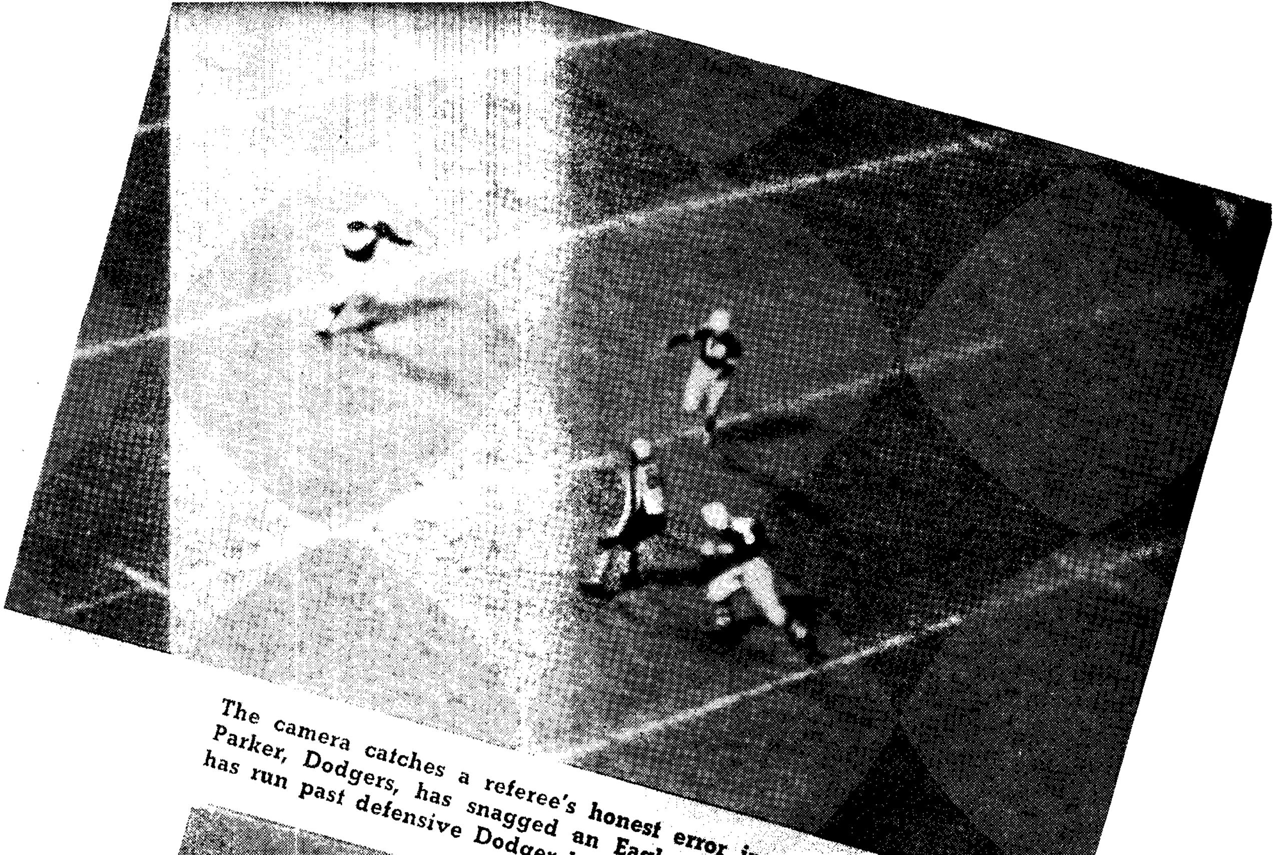
"Cornell's ball—fourth down!" he shouted.

"The devil you say," Lou Young, Dartmouth's captain, is said to have cried in some heat.

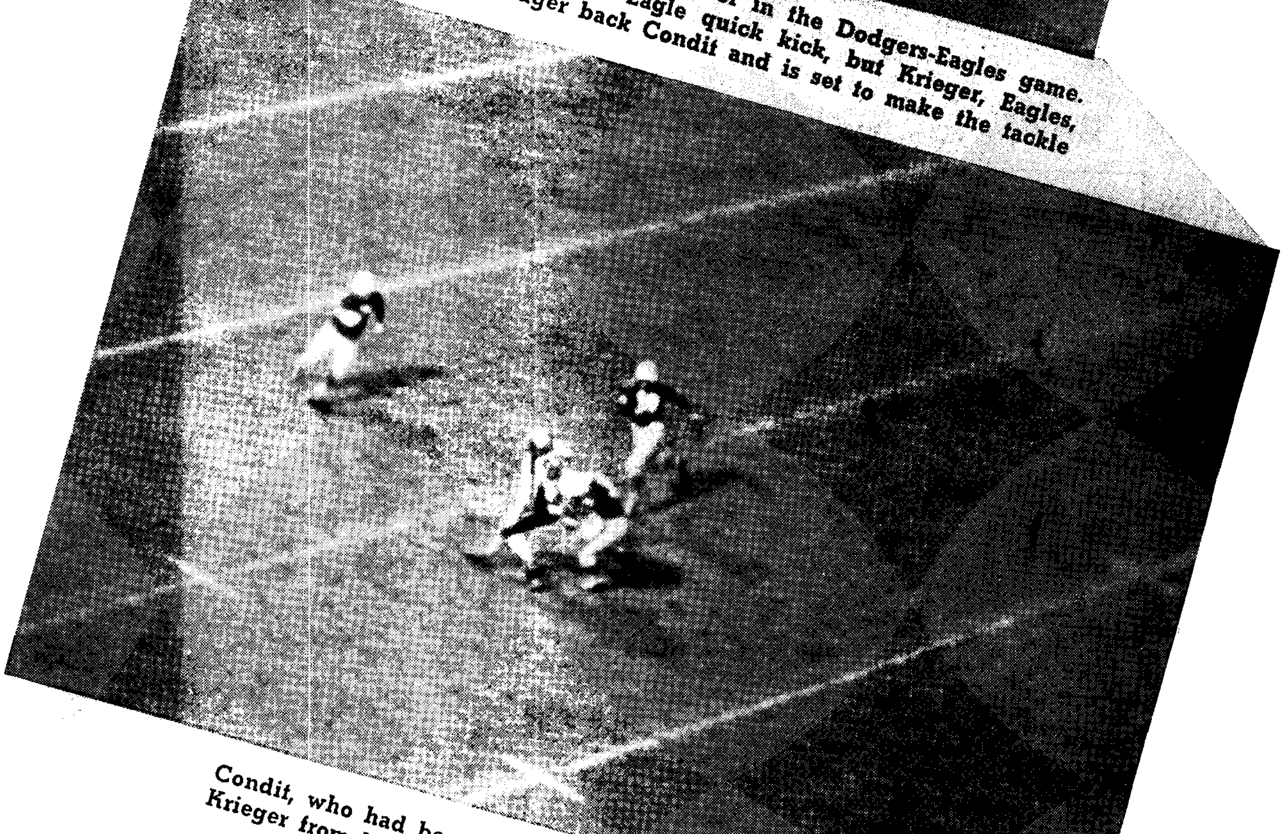
"The devil I don't," is the reported Friesell answer.

Cornell scored on the next pass and walked off with a 7-3 victory.

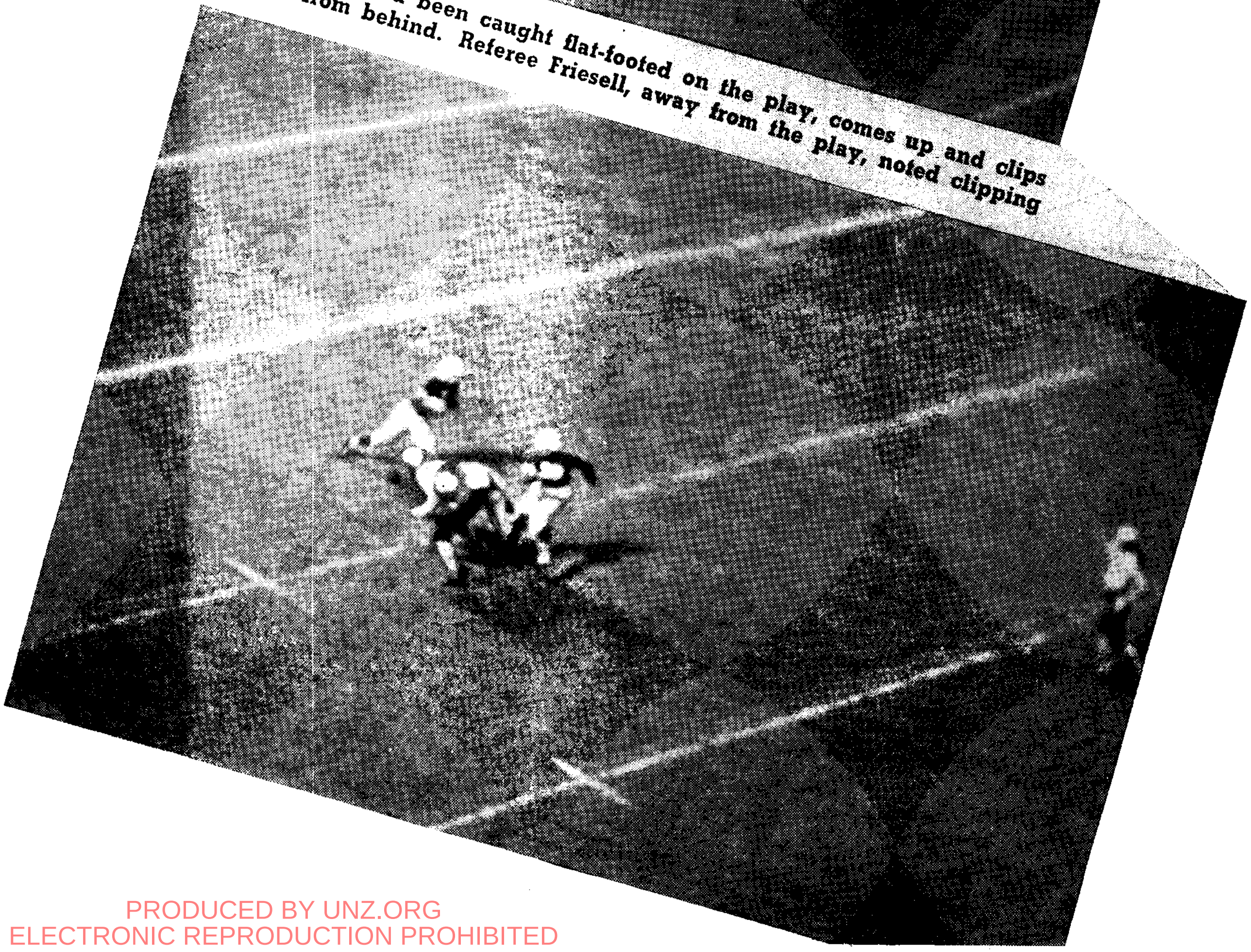
When the motion pictures of the game were run, it was plain that Cornell had scored on the fifth down and Dartmouth was finally awarded the game by telegraph, after a handsome apology by Mr. Friesell and national excitement that was entered into by everybody but President Roosevelt himself. The point isn't that Dartmouth was eventually accorded justice but that the fiasco could have been avoided if the four officials had huddled on the spot and thrashed it out. *(Continued on page 82)*



The camera catches a referee's honest error in the Dodgers-Eagles game. Parker, Dodgers, has snagged an Eagle quick kick, but Krieger, Eagles, has run past defensive Dodger back Condit and is set to make the tackle



Condit, who had been caught flat-footed on the play, comes up and clips Krieger from behind. Referee Friesell, away from the play, noted clipping



Krieger, falling, lands with his legs atop Condit. Referee Friesell, apparently basing his decision on that fact, decides Krieger and not Condit had committed the clipping and penalizes the Eagles. When Coach Neale protested the ruling, he drew an additional 15-yard penalty

Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 21

It was very hot that morning if one was out of the wind, and the house and terrace were sheltered. Mrs. Crale suggested they might like some iced beer.

There was a little conservatory which had been built onto the house in Victorian days. Mrs. Crale disliked it, and it was not used for plants, but it had been made into a kind of bar, with various bottles of gin, vermouth, lemonade, ginger beer, etc., on shelves, and a small refrigerator which was filled with ice every morning and in which some beer and ginger beer were always kept.

Mrs. Crale went there to get the beer and I went with her. Angela was at the refrigerator and was just taking out a bottle of beer.

Mrs. Crale went in ahead of me. She said, "I want a bottle of beer to take down to Amyas."

It is so difficult now to know whether I ought to have suspected anything. Her voice, I feel almost convinced, was perfectly normal. But I must admit that at that moment I was intent, not on her, but on Angela. Angela was by the refrigerator and I was glad to see that she looked red and rather guilty.

I was rather sharp with her, and to my surprise she was quite meek. I asked her where she had been and she said she had been bathing. I said, "I didn't see you on the beach." And she laughed. Then I asked her where her jersey was, and she said she must have left it down on the beach.

I mention these details to explain why I let Mrs. Crale take the beer down to the Battery Garden.

The rest of the morning is quite blank in my mind. Angela fetched her needle book and mended her skirt without any more fuss. I rather think that I mended some of the household linen. Mr. Crale did not come up for lunch. I was glad that he had at least *that* much decency.

After lunch, Mrs. Crale said she was going down to the Battery. I wanted to retrieve Angela's jersey from the beach. We started down together. She went into the Battery; I was going on when her cry called me back. As I told you when you came to see me, she asked me to go up and telephone. On the way up I met Mr. Meredith Blake and I went back to Mrs. Crale.

That was my story as I told it at the inquest and later at the trial.

What I am about to write down I have never told to any living soul. I was not asked any question to which I returned an untrue answer. Nevertheless, I *was* guilty of withholding certain facts. I do not repent of that. I would do it again. I am fully aware that in revealing this I may be laying myself open to censure, but I do not think that after this lapse of time anyone will take the matter very seriously, especially since Caroline Crale was convicted without my evidence.

THIS, then, is what happened:

I met Mr. Meredith Blake as I said and I ran down the path again as quickly as I could. I was wearing sand shoes and I have always been light on my feet. I came to the open Battery door and this is what I saw:

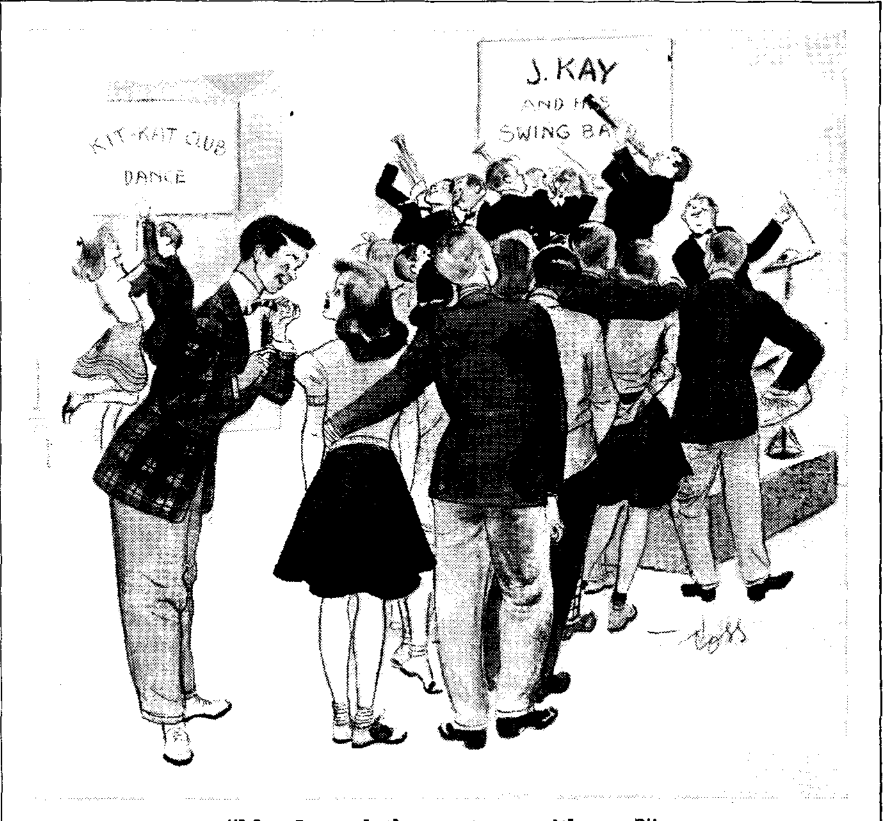
Mrs. Crale was busily polishing the beer bottle on the table with her handkerchief. Having done so, she took her dead husband's hand and pressed the fingers of it on the beer bottle. All the time she was listening and on the alert. It was the fear I saw on her face that told me the truth.

I knew then, beyond any possible doubt, that Caroline Crale had poisoned her husband. And I, for one, do not blame her. He drove her to a point beyond human endurance, and he brought his fate upon himself.

I never mentioned the incident to Mrs. Crale and she never knew that I had seen it take place. I would never have mentioned it to anybody, but there is one person who I think has a right to know.

Caroline Crale's daughter must not bolster up her life with a lie. However much it may pain her to know the truth, truth is the only thing that matters.

Tell her, from me, that her mother is not to be judged. She was driven be-



"May I watch the next one with you?"

AL ROSS

Frank loses his law case

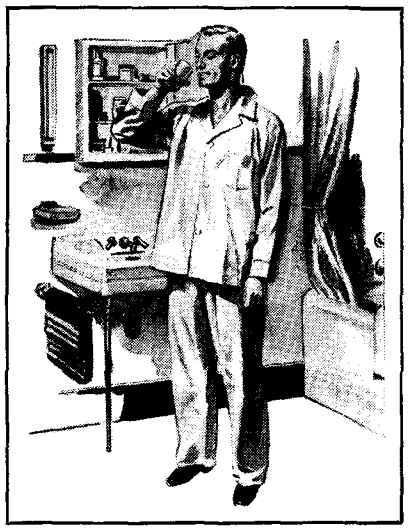
FRANK NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's got to try a case in court this morning; he doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.

He postpones taking anything, postpones badly needed relief.

FRANK IS SO TROUBLED by constipation symptoms that he loses his temper—and loses the case.

Head aching, thoroughly uncomfortable, he hears the unfavorable verdict.

Bert wins his plea



BERT NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he's got to go to court this morning, too.

But he doesn't put off till tonight the laxative he should take this morning. He takes gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

RELIEVED AND FEELING more like himself —Bert wins his case.

Sal Hepatica worked quickly, gently, thoroughly; helped turn his sour stomach sweet again, too.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN YOU FEEL the need of a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. *It usually acts within an hour.* Acts in a natural way, without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract.

Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—does something more. It is decidedly helpful in counteracting excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 physicians, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try *this speedy, sparkling saline* the very next time you need a laxative!

Sal Hepatica

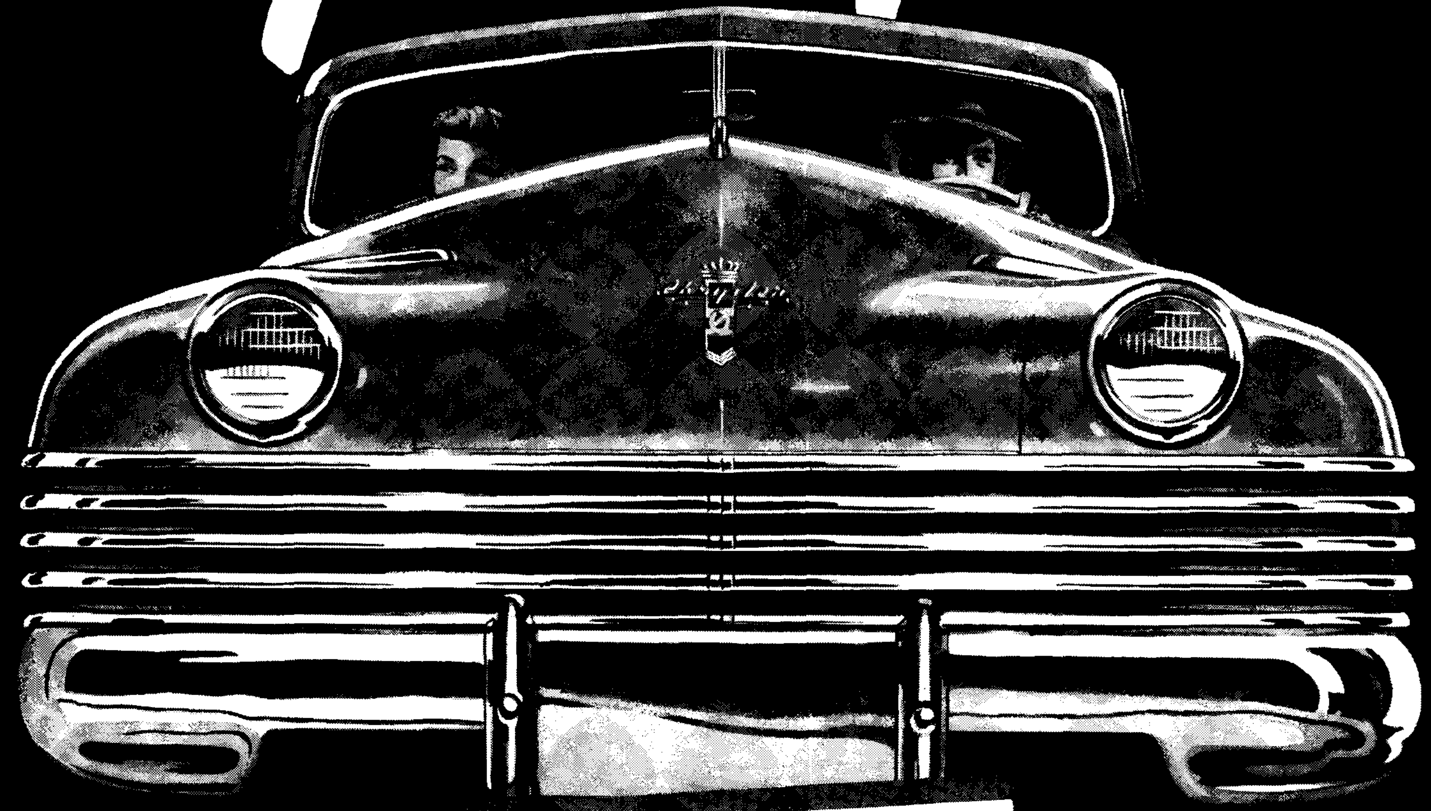
SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Fluid Drive and Vacamatic Transmission

GET MODERN DESIGN !

Buy Chrysler!



It's a Thunderbolt... and it's Chrysler's greatest engineering and Chrysler's finest quality achievement!

GET MODERN DESIGN . . . buy a Chrysler with Fluid Drive and Vacamatic transmission!

There's no premium on modern design in a Chrysler. Modern engineering costs no more than out-dated engineering. A beautiful car requires no more vital material than a drab car.

Thanks to Chrysler pioneering, there are more than two billion miles of owner satisfaction behind Chrysler Fluid Drive today!

Why shift gears . . . when you can Fluid Drive in a Chrysler? There's a thrill in Fluid Driving—ease, smoothness, comfort—you can't get in any other way.

There's economy, too, for this modern drive automatically adjusts power ratios to your needs . . . lets you cruise on a fraction of total horsepower . . . actually gets more power per gallon from the new, more powerful Spitfire engines.

Do you know modern design at *first hand?* Chrysler dealers are eager to give you the experience . . . at the wheel of a beautiful new Chrysler!

★ TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

★

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW CHRYSLER!

Defense Flight—over the Business Route of the Nation

STREAKING across the sunlit sky a giant plane of commerce is uniting *in record time* the busiest markets of the nation.

Over a route that once heard the creak of prairie wagons and the clickety-clack of the first transcontinental train, the reassuring drone of the airplane now sounds by day and by night.

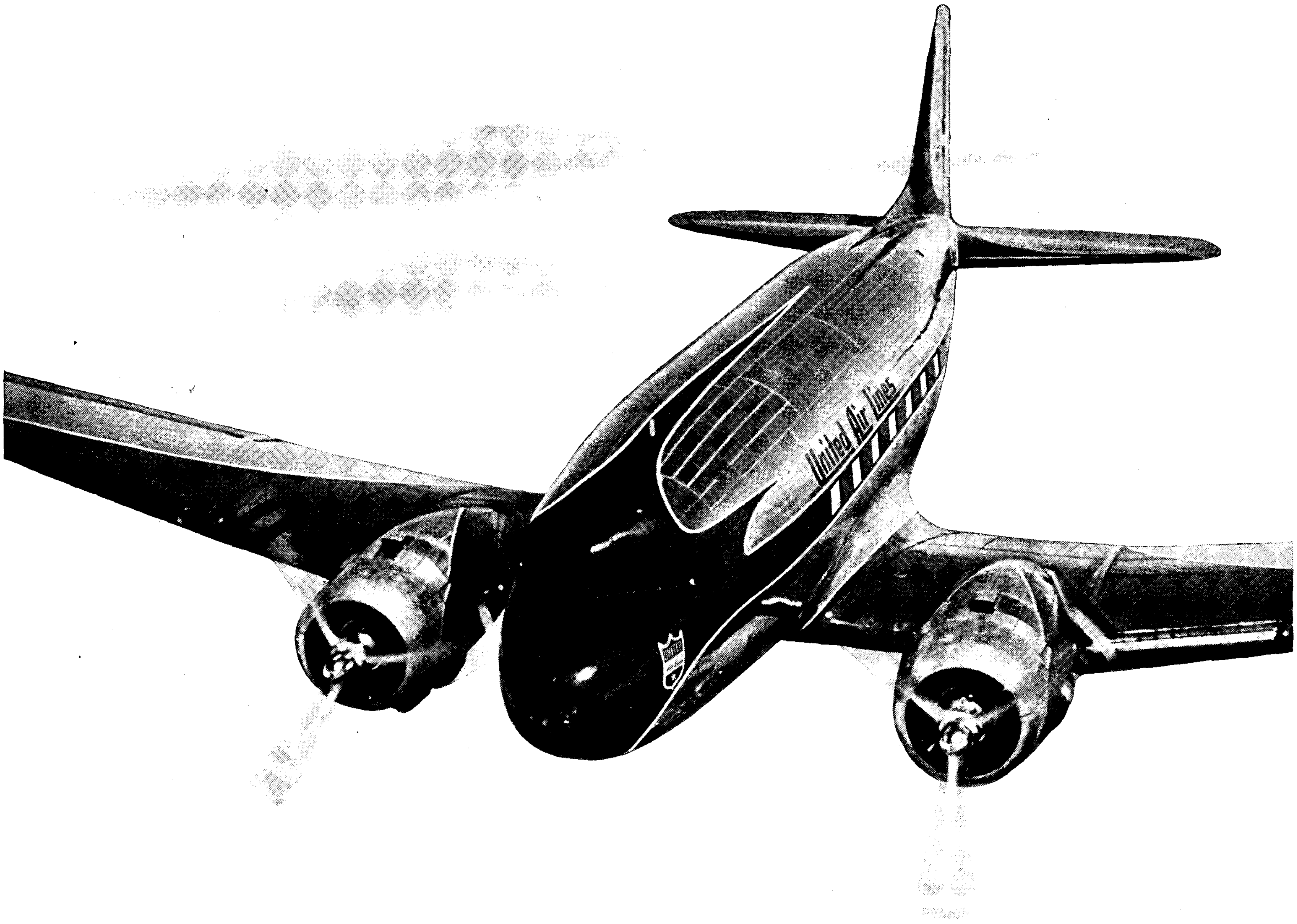
For the Overland Trail, the straight, central way across the continent, now more than ever is the nation's life-line of trade—the Business Route!

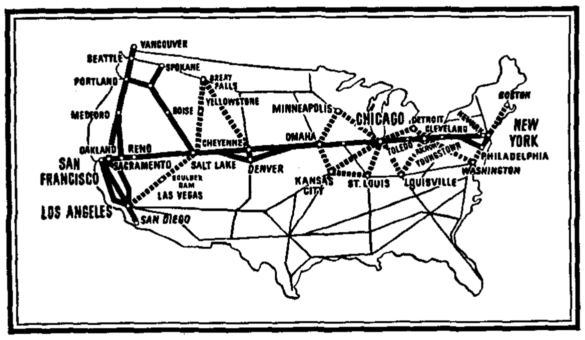
Passenger, mail and express volume moving over United's Main Line Airway is the greatest in the history of any long-distance air route. Men and women, traveling on the nation's business, must count every hour—and are riding the skyways to save time.

These men and women cut corners by going *direct.* The Main Line Airway serves the heart of the industrial East; sleepless factories of the Great Lakes region; the Mid-West market-basket; every major production center on the Pacific Coast.

So strategically planned is the year-round Main Line Airway that every important city in the United States is within 24 hours of your home. Between the East and Mid-West and the Pacific Coast you can go one way, return another, at rates that are lower than you think.

Take your business to the Main Line skies—the Business Route of the nation. By sunlit day, or under the midnight stars, United's 40,000 coast-to-coast flights ride with you!


United Air Lines


VANCOUVER
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SPOKANE
PORTLAND
GREAT FALLS
MEDFORD
BOISE
YELLOWSTONE
MINNEAPOLIS
CHICAGO
DETROIT
CLEVELAND
NEWARK
BOSTON
NEW YORK
OAKLAND
RENO
CHEYENNE
OMAHA
TOLEDO
AKRON
YOUNGSTOWN
PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO
SACRAMENTO
SALT LAKE
DENVER
WASHINGTON
BOULDER DAM
LAS VEGAS
KANSAS CITY
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LOUISVILLE
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO

Year round, the natural way east and west. Straight across the continent runs United's Main Line Airway, the historic coast-to-coast route. This strategic airway connects the country's important cities by fast schedules.

Chief population centers of the country are bridged by United Air Line's all-year air routes. A great proportion of all defense orders is placed in cities within two hundred miles either side of United's Main Line Airway.

UNITED AIR LINES

• YEAR ROUND, THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY FOR PASSENGERS, MAIL AND EXPRESS

There are 77 men on the ground for every Mainliner in the air—meteorologists, electricians, radio crew, staff men, technicians. They speed you through on time. Reservations from hotels, travel agents, or local United office.

yond what a loving woman can endure. It is for her daughter to understand and forgive.

(End of Cecilia Williams' Narrative)

NARRATIVE OF ANGELA WARREN

DEAR M. Poirot:

I am keeping my promise to you and have written down all I can remember of that terrible time sixteen years ago. But it was not until I started that I realized how very little I *did* remember. Until the thing actually happened, you see, there is nothing to fix anything by.

The very first intimation I had of the whole thing was what I overheard from the terrace where I had escaped after lunch one day. Elsa said she was going to marry Amyas! It struck me as just ridiculous. I remember tackling Amyas about it. In the garden at Handcross it was. I said to him:

"Why does Elsa say she's going to marry you? She couldn't. People can't have two wives—it's bigamy and they go to prison."

Amyas got very angry and said, "How the devil did you hear that?"

I said I'd heard it through the library window.

He was angrier than ever then and said it was high time I went to school and got out of the habit of eavesdropping.

I still remember the resentment I felt when he said that. Because it was so *unfair*. Absolutely and utterly unfair.

I stammered out angrily that I hadn't been listening—and, anyhow, I said, why did Elsa say a silly thing like that?

Amyas said it was just a joke.

That ought to have satisfied me. It did—almost, but not quite.

I said to Elsa when we were on the way back, "I asked Amyas what you meant when you said you were going to marry him and he said it was just a joke."

I felt that ought to snub her. But she only smiled.

I didn't like that smile of hers. I went up to Caroline's room. It was when she was dressing for dinner. I asked her then outright if it were possible for Amyas to marry Elsa.

I remember Caroline's answer as though I heard it now. She must have spoken with great emphasis. "Amyas will marry Elsa only after I am dead," she said.

That reassured me completely. Death seemed ages away from us all.

I don't remember much about the afternoon at Meredith Blake's, although I *do* remember his reading aloud the passage from the Phaedo, describing Socrates' death. I had never heard it before. I thought it was the loveliest, most beautiful thing I had ever heard.

I don't remember much that happened the next morning either, though I have thought and thought. I've a vague feeling that I must have bathed, and I think I remember being made to mend something.

But it's all very vague and dim till the time when Meredith came panting up the path from the terrace and his face was all gray and queer. I remember a coffee cup falling off the table and being broken—Elsa did that. And I remember her running—suddenly running for all she was worth down the path—and the awful look there was on her face.

I kept saying to myself, "Amyas is dead." But it just didn't seem real.

I remember Dr. Faussett coming and his grave face. Miss Williams was busy looking after Caroline. I wandered about rather forlornly, getting in people's way. I had a nasty, sick feeling.

Miss Williams took me into Caroline's room later. Caroline was on the sofa. She looked very white and ill.

She kissed me and said she wanted me to go away as soon as I could, and it was all horrible, but I wasn't to worry or think about it any more than I could help. I was to join Carla at Lady Tressilian's, because this house was to be kept as empty as possible.

I clung to Caroline and said I didn't want to go away. I wanted to stay with her. She said she knew I did, but it was better for me to go away and would take a lot of worry off her mind. And Miss Williams chipped in and said, "The best way you can help your sister, Angela, is to do what she wants you to do without making a fuss about it."

So I said I would do whatever Caroline wished. And Caroline said, "That's my darling Angela." And she hugged me and said there was nothing to worry about.

I had to go down and talk to a police superintendent. He was very kind, asked me when I had last seen Amyas, and a lot of other questions which seemed to me quite pointless at the time, but which, of course, I see the point of now. He satisfied himself that there was nothing that I could tell him which he hadn't already heard from the others. So he told Miss Williams that he saw no objection to my going over to Ferrilby Grange to Lady Tressilian's.

I went there and Lady Tressilian was very kind to me. But, of course, I soon had to know the truth. They arrested Caroline almost at once. I was so horrified and dumfounded that I became quite ill.

I heard afterward that Caroline was terribly worried about me. It was at her insistence that I was sent out of England before the trial came on. But that I have told you already.

As you see, what I have to put down is pitiably meager. Since talking to you I have gone over the little I remember painstakingly, racking my memory for details of this or that person's expression or reaction. I can remember nothing consistent with guilt. Elsa's frenzy, Meredith's gray worried face, Philip's grief and fury—they all seem natural enough. I suppose, though, someone *could* have been playing a part.

I only know this, *Caroline did not do it.*

I am quite certain on this point and always shall be, but I have no evidence to offer except my own intimate knowledge of her character.

(End of Angela Warren's Narrative)

CARLA LEMARCHANT looked up. Her eyes were full of fatigue and pain. She pushed back the hair from her forehead in a tired gesture.

She said, "It's so bewildering, all this." She touched the pile of manuscripts. "Because the angle's different every time! Everybody sees my mother differently. But the facts are the same. Everyone agrees on the facts."

"It has discouraged you, reading them?"

"Yes. Hasn't it discouraged you?"

"No, I have found those documents very valuable—very informative." He spoke slowly and reflectively.

Carla said, "I wish I'd never read them!"

Poirot looked across at her. "Ah—so it makes you feel that way?"

Carla said bitterly, "They all think she did it—all of them except Aunt Angela, and what she thinks doesn't count. She hasn't got any reason for it. She's just one of those loyal people who'll stick to a thing through thick and thin. She just goes on saying, 'Caroline couldn't have done it.' "

"It strikes you like that?"

"How else should it strike me? I've realized, you know, that if my mother didn't do it, then one of these five people must have done it. I've even had theories as to why?"

"Ah? That is interesting. Tell me."

"Oh, they were only theories. Philip

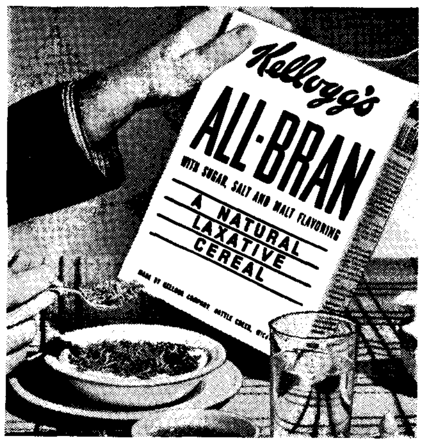
Pilots Are Push-overs!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, this is Test Pilot Rufus Harechest, as audacious an airman as you can ever hope to meet. And this is his adoring wife named Anne. The scene of our little drama is the Harechest home in the early morning. Curtain!

"MY DEAR," says our hero, assuming his most determined look, "never take half-way measures with life's little difficulties. The tougher the remedy the surer the cure." And he praises the merits of a good strong *purge*.

"WONDERFUL MALE LOGIC!" says Anne. "Blast away at trouble with both fists, eh? Why don't you use the same finesse on the ground you're supposed to have in the air? Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of the matter?"

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"NOW WHAT does teacher suggest?"

"Just a crisp, toasted breakfast cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to *get at the cause* of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."

"HEY!" SAYS THE HERO. "This tastes like a million! If ALL-BRAN can make me join the 'regulars,' I'm enlisting right now!"

"But remember," says Anne. "Eat it every day and drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with

Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING...
BUT NOT THE Toast

When the lads come home from camp or cruise, they'll fetch man-size appetites with them. So be prepared for home defense! Surprise them with a *Toastmaster* Toast 'n Jam* Set—watch faces light up and toast go down! There's nothing like *Toastmaster* toast—toasted *automatically,* timed to a split second, and popped up, piping hot and perfect. No watching, no turning—no burnt, wasted slices, no wasted current!

Dietitians declare that toast is bread in its most digestible and appetite-stimulating form. And *Toastmaster* toast, buttered and spread with jam or marmalade from the gay-colored Franciscan ware jars, is almost a breakfast in itself!

Let this Toast 'n Jam Set be your joy and comfort! With 2-slice automatic toaster, jam jars, toast plate, and walnut tray, it's forever useful—morning, noon, and night. See it, and other *Toastmaster** products, wherever fine appliances are sold.

TWO GOOD INVESTMENTS!
United States Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps—for safety and freedom in the years ahead.
Quality merchandise, like a *Toastmaster* toaster—for economy and performance in the years to come.

TOASTMASTER Toast 'n Jam Set
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Blake, for instance. He's a stockbroker, he was my father's best friend—probably my father trusted him. And artists are usually careless about money matters. Perhaps Philip Blake was in a jam and used my father's money. He may have got my father to sign something. Then the whole thing may have been on the point of coming out—and only my father's death could have saved him. That's one of the things I thought of."

"Not badly imagined at all. What else?"

"Well, there's Elsa. Philip Blake says here she had her head screwed on too well to meddle with poison, but I don't think that's true at all. Supposing my mother had gone to her and told her that she wouldn't divorce my father—that nothing would induce her to divorce him. You may say what you like but I think Elsa had a bourgeois mind—she wanted to be respectably married. I think that then Elsa would have been perfectly capable of pinching the stuff—she had just as good a chance that afternoon—and might have tried to get my mother out of the way by poisoning her. I think that would be quite *like* Elsa. And then, possibly, by some awful accident, Amyas got the stuff instead of Caroline."

"Again it is not badly imagined. What else?"

Carla said slowly, "Well, I thought—perhaps—*Meredith!*"

"Ah! Meredith Blake?"

"Yes. You see, he sounds to me just the sort of person who would do a murder. I mean, he was the slow, dithering one the others laughed at, and underneath, perhaps, he resented that. Then my father married the girl he wanted to marry. And my father was successful and rich. And Meredith did make all those poisons! Perhaps he really made them because he liked the idea of being able to kill someone one day. He had to call attention to the stuff being taken so as to divert suspicion from himself. But he himself was far the most likely person to have taken it. He might, even, have liked getting Caroline hanged—because she turned him down long ago. I think, you know, it's rather fishy what he says in his account of it all—how people do things that aren't characteristic of them. Supposing he meant *himself* when he wrote that?"

Hercule Poirot said: "You are at least right in this—not to take what has been written down as necessarily a true narrative. What has been written may have been written deliberately to mislead."

"Oh, I know. I've kept that in mind."

"Any other ideas?"

Carla said slowly: "I wondered—before I'd read this—about Miss Williams. She lost her job, you see, when Angela went to school. And if Amyas had died suddenly, Angela probably wouldn't have gone after all. I mean, if it passed off as a natural death—which it easily might have done, I suppose, if Meredith hadn't missed the coniine. I read up on coniine and it hasn't any distinctive post-mortem appearances. It might have been thought to be sunstroke. I know that just losing a job doesn't sound a very adequate motive for murder. But murders have been committed again and again for what seem ridiculously inadequate motives. Tiny sums of money sometimes. And a middle-aged, perhaps rather incompetent governess might have got the wind up and just seen no future ahead of her.

"As I say, that's what I thought before I read this. But Miss Williams doesn't sound like that at all. She doesn't sound in the least incompetent—"

"Not at all. She is still a very efficient and intelligent woman."

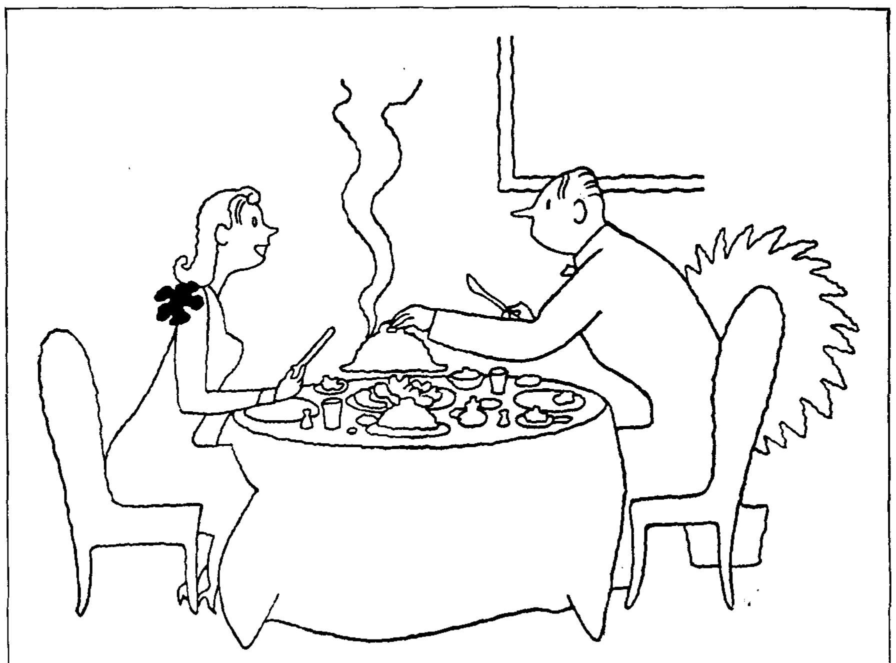
"I KNOW. One can see that. And she sounds absolutely trustworthy, too. That's what has upset me really. Oh, you know—*you* understand. You don't mind, of course. All along you've made it clear it was the truth you wanted. I suppose now we've *got* the truth! Miss Williams is quite right. One must accept truth. It's no good basing your life on a lie because it's what you want to believe. All right, then—I can take it! My mother wasn't innocent! She wrote me that letter because she was weak and unhappy and wanted to spare me. I don't judge her. Perhaps I should feel like that, too. I don't know what prison does to you. And I don't blame her either—if she felt so desperately about my father, I suppose she couldn't help herself. But I don't blame my father altogether, either. I understand—just a little—how *he* felt. So alive and so full of wanting everything. . . . He couldn't help it—he was made that way. And he was a great painter. I think that excuses a lot."

She turned her flushed, excited face to Hercule Poirot with her chin raised defiantly.

"So you are satisfied?" Poirot said.

"Satisfied?" said Carla Lemarchant. Her voice broke on the word.

Poirot leaned forward and patted her paternally on the shoulder. "Listen," he said. "You give up the fight at the



"Oh, by the way, you don't mind going without bread do you, darling? The stupid grocer sent the unsliced kind!"

GARDNER REA

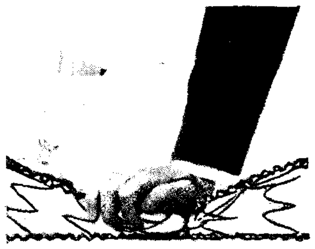
EVER HAD ACHES AND PAINS DRIFT AWAY? When, at the end of a hard day, you lay your tired self down on a Beautyrest . . . there comes over you a feeling of rest and relaxation so complete that your legs and arms and elbows and fingers no longer seem part of you. Like magic, your bodily cares seem to dissolve into thin air. This is *luxury* comfort. Only Beautyrest gives it.

Better read this before you buy a mattress

1. Are you an uphill sleeper?

If you're the lighter partner in a double bed, you know what we mean by "uphill" sleeping. The heavier person often forms a "valley" in the bed, and you spend your nights on its slope. The mattress that gives you this rest-robbing experience may *look* comfortable, but looks tell you *nothing*.

For mattress comfort comes from the inside. And there are two main types of mattress "insides"—the ordinary type and the Beautyrest.



2. Springs are joined in other mattresses

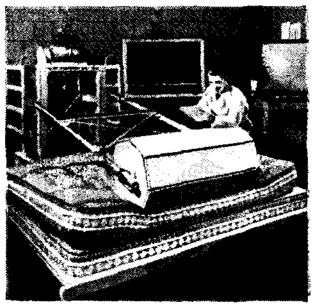
Tear back the cover and padding of the *ordinary* mattress and here's what you find—the springs are all joined together. When you push one down, the others around it must go down, too. Since the springs are not free to yield separately, the whole mattress must slope toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.

In contrast to the "sag" support this kind of mattress gives, see how the *Beautyrest* operates . . .

3. But Beautyrest's 837 coils are separate!

The "heart" of the *Beautyrest* is 837 resilient coils, each in its own muslin pocket. They are *not* joined together! When you push one down, its neighbors stand erect and even—as when you walk through a field of grain. The Beautyrest *cradles* every tired inch of you. However you lie or turn, it conforms exactly to the natural contours of your body.

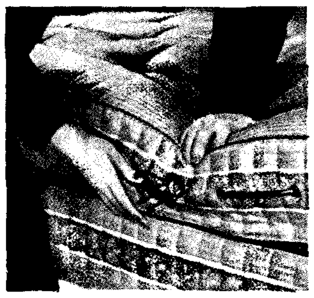
That's *buoyant* support. It's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort.



4. Can a 10-year guarantee be conservative?

Beautyrest's can! Listen to this. That famous independent laboratory, the United States Testing Co., chose 17 leading makes for their Certified Test #11760. Each was subjected to the same grueling treatment on Mattress Endurance Machines.

The Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than even the next best make! No wonder we promise to rebuild your Beautyrest free of charge, if any structural defect occurs within ten full years.



5. Beautyrest stays "fresh" inside, neat outside

The Beautyrest has eight *working* ventilators around its deep sides! Put your hand over one as you sit on a Beautyrest. Feel the air come breathing out, to be drawn back in again as you rise. This keeps the Beautyrest fresh and sanitary inside.

Lumps and hollows just won't form on a Beautyrest. And a patented "sag-proof" border keeps the edges firm and even, always. So, you have to turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
SIMMONS COMPANY

This is the Beautyrest label.

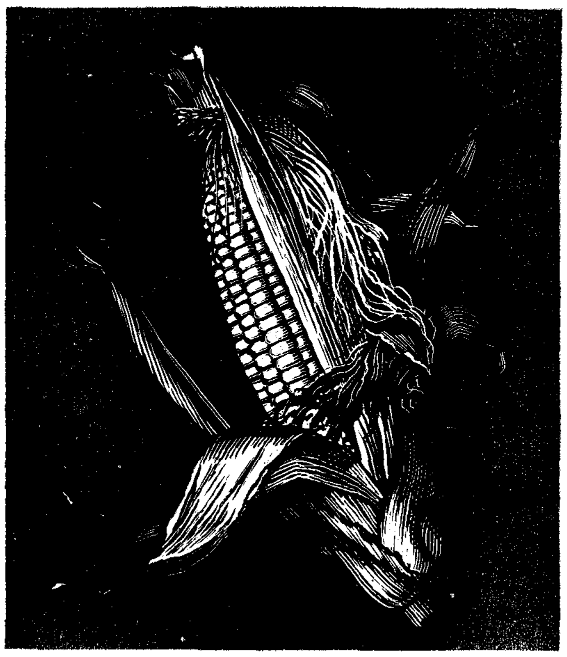
6. When is $39.50 a bargain price?

Ans.: When you buy a Beautyrest. For, remember, Beautyrest lasted three times longer than any other mattress tested, *regardless* of price!

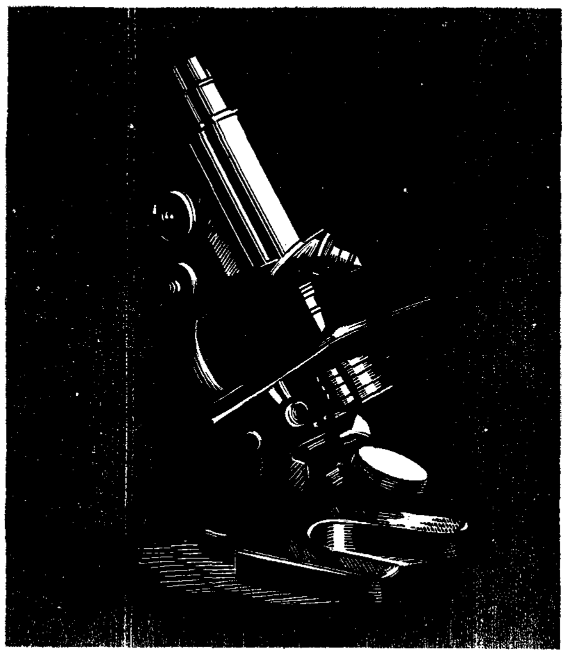
Why, on our conservative 10-year guarantee alone, Beautyrest's $39.50 (slightly higher in Canada) figures out to only a penny a night. A penny a night! *That* is a bargain—a bargain for *luxury* comfort that we defy you to equal.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

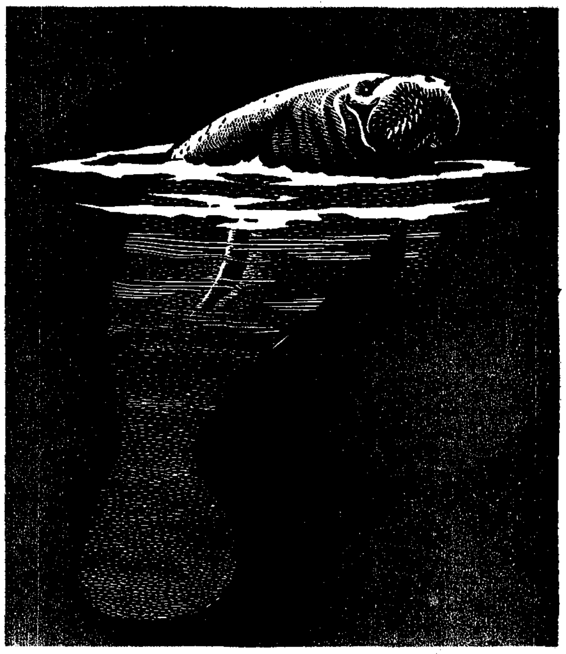
Know your M's



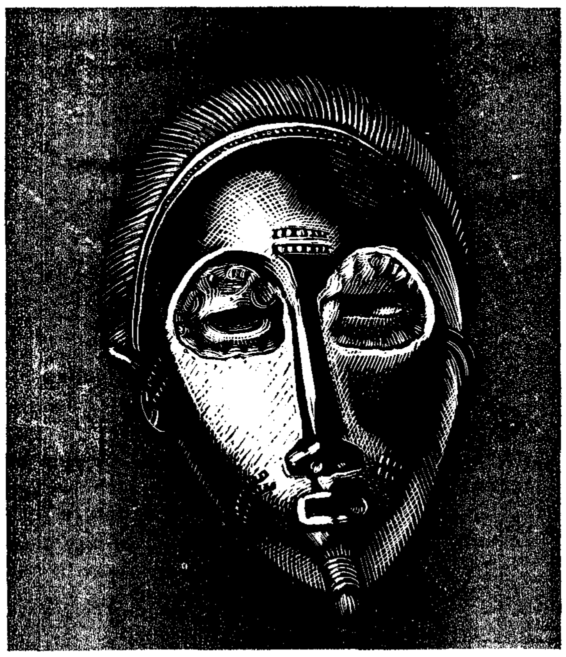
1. This is M____



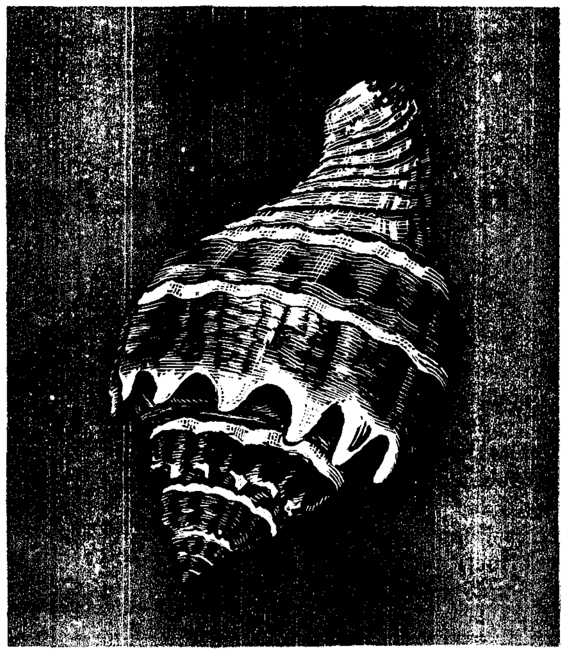
2. This is a M_________



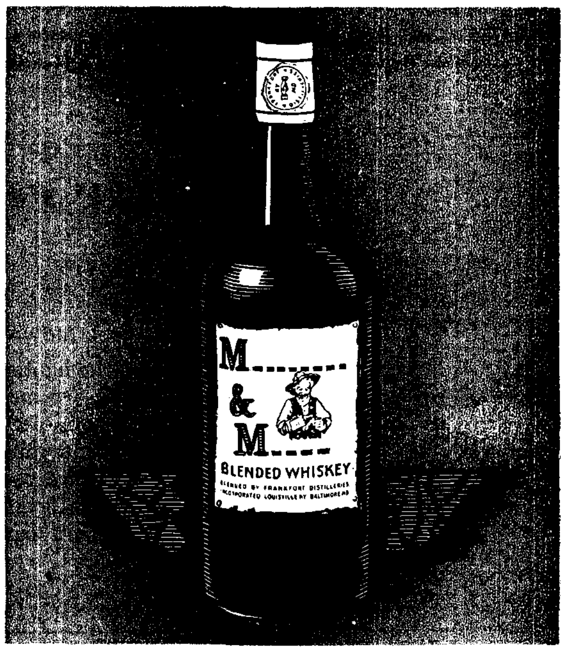
3. This is a M______



4. This is a M___



5. This is a M______



6. This is M_________ & M____
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Maize;* 2, *Microscope;* 3, *Manatee;* 4, *Mask;* 5, *Mollusk;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

The Best of 'em is

M&M

moment when it is most worth fighting. At the moment when I, Hercule Poirot, have a very good idea of what really happened."

Carla stared at him. She said: "Miss Williams loved my mother. She saw her—with her own eyes—faking that suicide evidence. If you believe what she says—"

Hercule Poirot got up. "Mademoiselle," he said, "because Cecilia Williams says she saw your mother faking Amyas Crale's fingerprints on the beer bottle—on the beer *bottle,* mind—that is the one thing I need to tell me definitely, once for all, that your mother did not kill your father."

He nodded his head several times and went out of the room, leaving Carla staring after him.

"WELL, M. Poirot?"

Philip Blake's tone was impatient.

Poirot said, "I have to thank you for your admirable and lucid account of the Crale tragedy."

Philip Blake looked rather self-conscious. "Very kind of you," he murmured. "Really surprising how much I remembered when I got down to it."

Poirot said, "It was an admirably clear narrative, but there were certain omissions, were there not?"

"Omissions?" Philip Blake frowned.

Hercule Poirot said, "Your narrative, shall we say, was not entirely frank." His tone hardened. "I have been informed, Mr. Blake, that on at least one night during the summer Mrs. Crale was seen coming out of your room at a somewhat compromising hour."

There was a silence broken only by Philip Blake's heavy breathing. He said at last, "Who told you that?"

Hercule Poirot shook his head. "It is no matter who told me. That I *know,* that is the point."

Again there was a silence, then Philip Blake made up his mind. He said, "By accident, it seems, you have stumbled upon a purely private matter. I admit that it does not square with what I have written down. Nevertheless, it squares better than you might think. I am forced now to tell you the truth.

"I *did* entertain a feeling of animosity toward Caroline Crale. At the same time I was always strongly attracted by her. Perhaps the latter fact induced the former. I resented the power she had over me and tried to stifle the attraction she had for me by constantly dwelling on her worst points. I never *liked* her, if you understand. But it would have been easy at any moment for me to make love to her. I had been in love with her as a boy and she had taken no notice of me. I did not find that easy to forgive.

"My opportunity came when Amyas lost his head so completely over the Greer girl. Quite without meaning to, I found myself telling Caroline I loved her. She said quite calmly, 'Yes, I have always known that.' The insolence of the woman!

"Of course, I knew that she didn't love me, but I saw that she was disturbed and disillusioned by Amyas' present infatuation. That is a mood when a woman can very easily be won. She agreed to come to me that night. And she came."

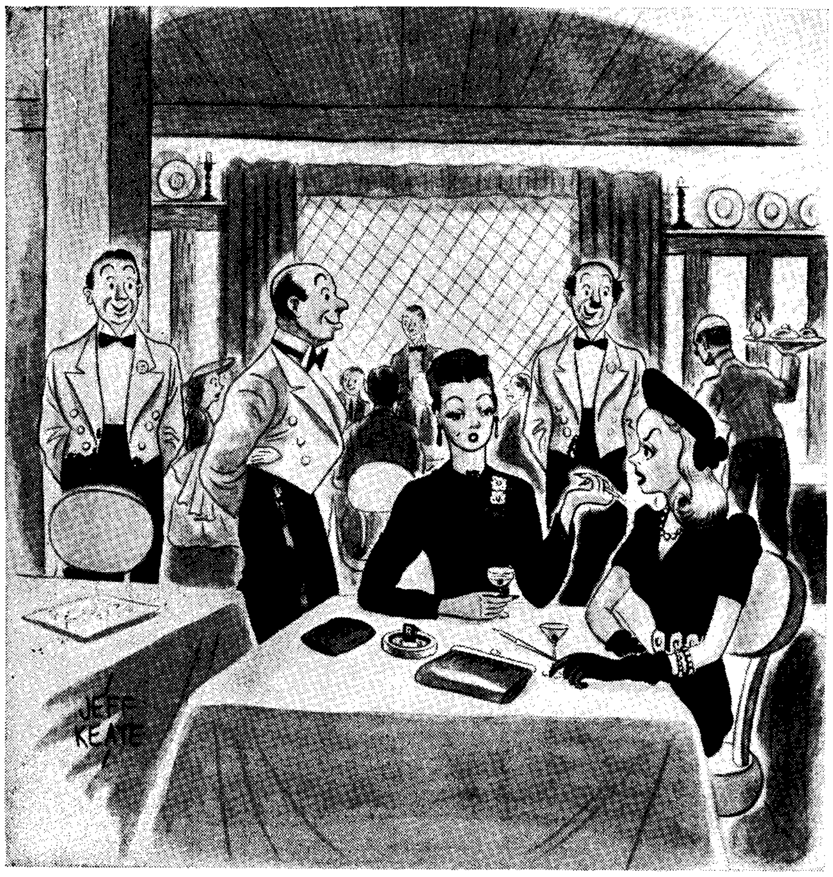
Blake paused. He found now a difficulty in getting the words out. "She came to my room. And then, with my arms around her, she told me quite coolly that it was no good! After all, she said, she was a one-man woman. She was Amyas Crale's, for better or worse. She agreed that she had treated me very badly, but she said she couldn't help it. She asked me to forgive her.

"And she left me. *She left me!* Do you wonder, M. Poirot, that my hatred of her was heightened a hundredfold? Do you wonder that I have never forgiven her? For the insult she did me, as well as for the fact that she killed the friend I loved better than anyone in the world!"

Trembling violently, Philip Blake exclaimed:

"*I don't want to speak of it,* do you hear. You've got your answer. Now go! And never mention the matter to me again!"

"I want to know, Mr. Blake, the order in which your guests left the laboratory that day."



"I always have the same problem in cafés —trying not to catch a waiter's eye!"

JEFF KEATE

Meredith Blake protested: "But, my dear M. Poirot—after sixteen years! How can I possibly remember? I've told you that Caroline came out last."

"You are *sure* of that?"

"Yes—at least—I think so. . . ."

"Let us go there now. We must be *quite* sure, you see."

Still protesting, Meredith Blake led the way. He unlocked the door and swung back the shutters. Poirot spoke to him authoritatively: "Now then, my friend. You have showed your visitors your interesting preparations of herbs. Shut your eyes and think."

Meredith Blake did so obediently. Poirot drew a handkerchief from his pocket and gently passed it to and fro. Blake murmured, his nostrils twitching slightly: "Yes, yes—extraordinary how things come back to one! Caroline, I remember, had on a pale coffee-colored dress. Phil was looking bored. . . . He always thought my hobby was quite idiotic."

"Reflect now," Poirot said. "You are about to leave the room. You are going to the library, where you are going to read the passage about the death of Socrates. Who leaves the room first—do you?"

"Elsa and I—yes. She passed through the door first. I was close behind her. We were talking. I stood there waiting for the others to come, so that I could lock the door again. Philip—yes, Philip came out next. And Angela—she was asking him what bulls and bears were. They went on through the hall. Amyas followed them. I stood there waiting still—for Caroline, of course."

"So you are quite sure Caroline stayed behind. Did you see what she was doing?"

Blake shook his head. "No, I had my back to the room, you see. I was talking to Elsa—boring her, I expect—telling her how certain plants must be gathered at the full of the moon, according to old superstition. And then Caroline came out—hurrying a little—and I locked the door."

He stopped and looked at Poirot, who was replacing a handkerchief in his pocket. Meredith Blake sniffed disgustedly and thought, "Why, the fellow actually uses *scent!*" Aloud he said: "I am quite sure of it. That was the order: Elsa, myself, Philip, Angela and Caroline. Does that help you at all?"

Poirot said: "It all fits in. Listen: I want to arrange a meeting here. It will not, I think, be difficult. . . ."

"WELL?"

Elsa Dittisham said it almost eagerly—like a child.

Poirot said, "I want to ask you a question, madame."

"Yes?"

Poirot said, "After it was all over—the trial, I mean—did Meredith Blake ask you to marry him?"

Elsa stared. She looked contemptuous, almost bored. "Yes—he did. Why?"

"Were you surprised?"

"Was I? I don't remember."

"What did you say?"

Elsa laughed. She said, "What do you think I said? After *Amyas*—Meredith? It would have been ridiculous! It was stupid of him. He always was rather stupid."

She smiled suddenly.

"He wanted, you know, to protect me—to 'look after me,' that's how he put it! He thought, like everybody else, that the assizes had been a terrible ordeal for me. And the reporters! And the booing crowds! And all the mud that was slung at me."

She brooded a minute. Then she said, "Poor old Meredith! Such an ass!" And laughed again.

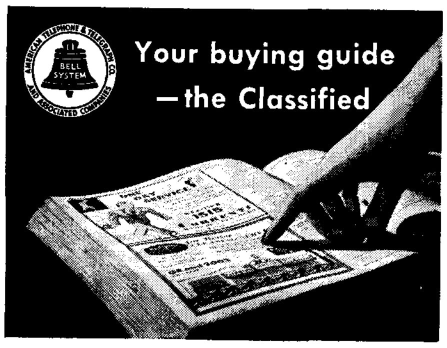
Once again Hercule Poirot encountered the shrewd, penetrating glance of

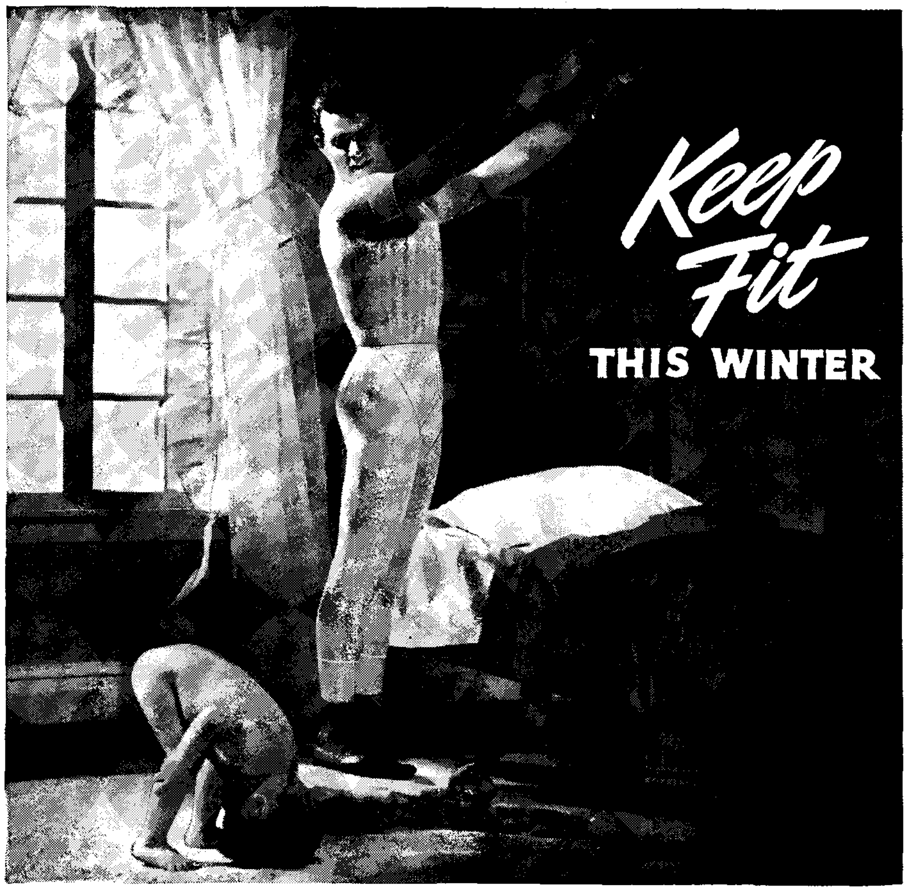
I LOST AN ELECTION BET
HE FOUND WHERE TO BUY THE WHEELBARROW IN THE CLASSIFIED

Quickly find where to buy it—in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory.

You'll also find, in many cases, answers to questions such as: Is a certain store open evenings? Does it deliver? Does it do servicing?

Mr. S. wanted to get in touch with a particular hardware dealer. He remembered only that the name started with "S" and the firm was on West Side Avenue. He looked in the Classified under Hardware and recognized Stone Brothers as the one.

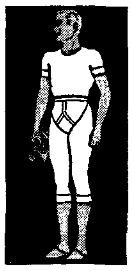

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
Your buying guide —the Classified

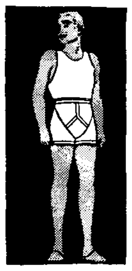


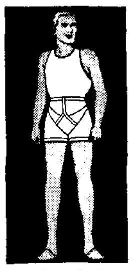
Keep your resistance up—wear

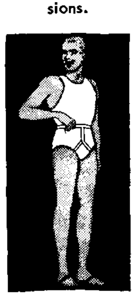
Jockey Longs
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

America's top experts on physical conditioning say that when it comes to keeping your resistance up during cold weather, a light covering next your skin is worth a bulky overcoat. The smart way to get that is with Jockey Longs . . . because whether you're lean as a minute steak or beefy as a Minnesota tackle, this garment will fit you. Made from fabric knitted to mold itself to your form, Jockey Longs are also tailored to your calf, ankle, hip and waist measurements. Furthermore, like all Jockey garments, they incorporate the famous, inverted *Y-front to provide masculine support and buttonless freedom from squirm, creep, bunch or bind. Jockey Longs are available in all weights from lightweight cotton to wool. Get a pair for those occasions when you're going to be exposed to cold. Matching shirts are contoured shorter in front to avoid bunching, longer in back to keep them in place. Children's sizes down to 4 years.


Jockey Over-Knee
For scratchy tweeds.


Jockey Midway
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.


Jockey Bellin
A trim, youthful waist line for dress-up occasions.


Jockey Short
For summer sports.

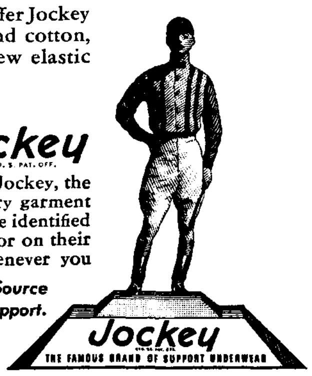
"Quality Corner"—Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new elastic *super-textile,* Coopreme.

⅄ ⅄ ⅄

EASY TO REMEMBER Jockey
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

That you may be sure of getting genuine Jockey, the name Jockey appears on the label of every garment made by Coopers and Jockey merchants are identified by the statue displayed in their windows or on their counters. Be sure to look for both whenever you buy underwear.

* ⅄ —*The Source of Support.*


Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Macrae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

Miss Williams, and once again felt the years falling away and himself a meek and apprehensive little boy.

There was, he explained, a question he wished to ask.

Miss Williams intimated her willingness to hear what the question was.

Poirot said slowly, picking his words carefully:

"Angela Warren was injured as a very young child. Mrs. Crale threw a paperweight at her. Is that right?"

Miss Williams replied, "Yes."

"Who was your informant?"

"Angela herself. She volunteered the information quite early."

"What did she say exactly?"

"She touched her cheek and said: 'Caroline did this when I was a baby. She threw a paperweight at me. Never refer to it—will you?—because it upsets her dreadfully.' "

"Did Mrs. Crale herself ever mention the matter to you?"

"Only obliquely. She assumed that I knew the story. I remember her saying once, 'I know you think I spoil Angela, but, you see, I always feel there is nothing I can do to make up to her for what I did.' And on another occasion she said, 'To know you have permanently injured another human being is the heaviest burden anyone could have to bear.' "

"Thank you, Miss Williams. That is all I wanted to know."

POIROT slowed up a little as he approached the big block of flats overlooking Regent's Park. Really, when he came to think of it, he did not want to ask Angela Warren any questions at all. The only question he did want to ask her could wait. . . .

No, it was really only his insatiable passion for symmetry that was bringing him here. Five people—there should be five questions! It was neater so. It rounded off the thing better.

Angela Warren greeted him with something closely approaching eagerness. She said: "Have you found out anything? Have you got anywhere?"

Slowly Poirot nodded his head in his best China mandarin manner. "At last I make progress."

"Philip Blake?" It was halfway between statement and a question.

"Mademoiselle, I do not wish to say anything at present. The moment has not yet come. What I will ask of you is to be so good as to come down to Handcross Manor. The others have consented."

She said, with a slight frown: "What do you propose to do? Reconstruct something that happened sixteen years ago?"

"See it, perhaps, from a clearer angle. You will come?"

"Oh, yes, I'll come," Angela Warren said slowly. "It will be interesting to see all those people again. I shall see *them* now, perhaps, from a clearer angle (as you put it) than I did then."

"And you will bring with you the letter that you showed me?"

Angela Warren frowned. "That letter is my own. I showed it to you for a good and sufficient reason, but I have no intention of allowing it to be read by strange and unsympathetic persons."

"But you will allow yourself to be guided by me in the matter?"

"I will do nothing of the kind. I will bring the letter with me, but I shall use my own judgment, which I venture to think is quite as good as yours."

Poirot spread out his hands in a gesture of resignation. He got up to go. He said, "You permit that I ask one little question?"

"What is it?"

"At the time of the tragedy, you had lately read—had you not?—a life of the painter Gaugin."

Angela stared at him. Then she said, "I believe—why, yes, that is quite true." She looked at him with frank curiosity. "How did you know?"

"I want to show you, mademoiselle, that even in a small, unimportant matter I am something of a magician. There are things I know without having to be told."

THE afternoon sun shone into the laboratory at Handcross Manor. Some easy chairs and a settee had been brought into the room, but they served more to emphasize its forlorn aspect than to furnish it.

Slightly embarrassed, pulling at his mustache, Meredith Blake talked to Carla in a desultory way. He broke off once to say, "My dear, you are very like your mother—and yet unlike her too."

Carla asked, "How am I like her and how unlike?"

"You have her coloring and her way of moving, but you are—how shall I put it—more *positive* than she ever was."

Philip Blake, a scowl creasing his forehead, looked out of the window and drummed impatiently on the pane. He said: "What's the sense of all this? A perfectly fine Saturday afternoon—"

Hercule Poirot hastened to pour oil on troubled waters:

"Ah, I apologize—it is, I know, unpardonable to disarrange the golf. But, M. Blake, this is the daughter of your best friend. You will stretch a point for her, will you not?"

The butler announced, "Miss Warren."

Meredith went to welcome her. He said: "It's good of you to spare the time, Angela. You're busy, I know."

He led her over to the window.

Carla said, "Hullo, Aunt Angela! I read your article in the Times this morning. It's nice to have a distinguished relative." She indicated the tall, square-jawed young man with the steady gray eyes. "This is John Rattery. He and I—hope—to be married."

Angela Warren said, "Oh!—I didn't know . . ."

Meredith went to greet the next arrival.

"Well, Miss Williams, it's a good many years since we met."

THIN, frail and indomitable, the elderly governess advanced up the room. Her eyes rested thoughtfully on Poirot for a minute, then they went to the tall, square-shouldered figure in the well-cut tweeds.

Angela Warren came forward to meet her and said with a smile, "I feel like a schoolgirl again."

"I'm very proud of you, my dear," said Miss Williams. "You've done me credit. This is Carla, I suppose? She won't remember me. She was too young. . . ."

Philip Blake said fretfully, "What *is* all this? Nobody told me—"

Hercule Poirot said: "I call it—me—an excursion into the past. Shall we not all sit down? Then we shall be ready when the last guest arrives. And when she is here we can proceed to our business—to lay the ghosts."

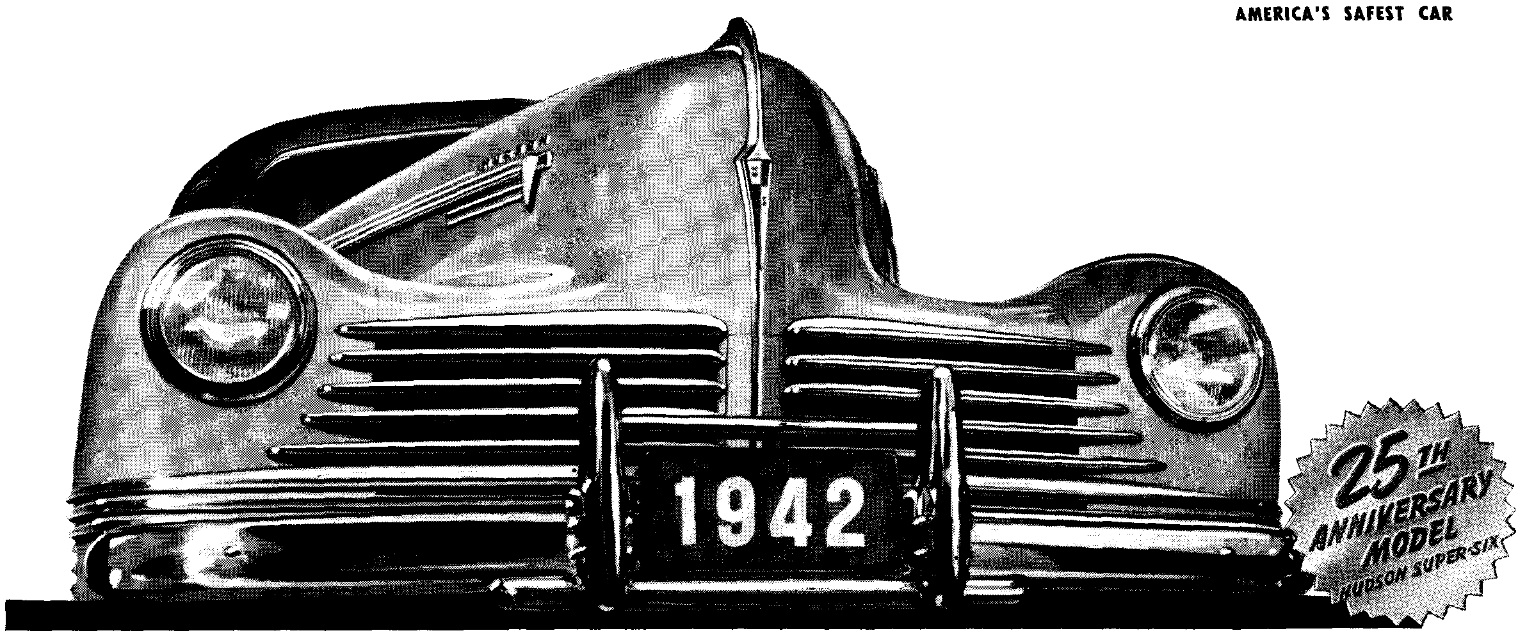
Philip Blake exclaimed: "What tomfoolery is this? You're not going to hold a *séance,* are you?"

"No, no. We are only going to discuss some events that happened long ago—to discuss them and, perhaps, to see more clearly the course of them. As to the ghosts, they will not materialize, but who is to say they are not here, in this room, although we cannot see them. Who is to say that Amyas and Caroline Crale are not here—listening?"

Philip Blake said, "Absurd nonsense—" and broke off as the door opened again and the butler announced Lady Dittisham.

(To be concluded next week)

AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR



HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF!

The success of the original Hudson Super-Six . . . a car war-born and ahead of its time in performance, economy and long life . . . is still remembered. Now after a quarter-century of development and advancement, another new car is getting a warm welcome from buyers who are again looking for a car they can depend on throughout a period of emergency . . . the new 1942 Hudson Super-Six, on display today at all Hudson dealers!

EVEN today, countless people remember the original Hudson Super-Six with an affectionate loyalty that few, if any, other automobiles ever enjoyed.

It served them well and economically; in every way it met the requirements of those unusual times.

Now—as in 1916—most people are buying their new cars with unusual care; they expect to drive them for a longer time than usual. Now, as then, economy takes on new importance. And again there is a great new Hudson Super-Six to meet their needs!

Come and Try the New
HUDSON
DRIVE-MASTER*

Easiest of All Ways to Drive!
No Gear-Shifting . . . No Clutch-Pushing!

**Available at low extra cost on all 1942 Hudsons (and worth many times what it costs)*

Naturally, a quarter-century of engineering progress has brought revolutionary advancements to the Super-Six. The latest—and perhaps greatest—is Hudson's new Drive-Master. Double carburetion adds greatly both to performance and economy. Double-Safe Brakes contribute to safer driving; conditioned air ventilating and heating to healthful comfort the year round; Airfoam Seat Cushions to restful relaxation. These are just a few — plus the new beauty of Symphonic Styling.

The *number* of these new Hudsons to be built is limited by the requirements of defense production, in which Hudson is extensively engaged. In *quality*, they maintain the high standards established during Hudson's 32 years of engineering leadership.

We think you will be surprised at the low price of the new 1942 Hudson Super-Six. Your nearest Hudson dealer wants you to know that you will be most welcome to come in, look, ask questions and drive a Super-Six today. This year — of all years — it will pay you to shop carefully — and early.

Also on Display — New Hudson Commodore Six and Eight; and New Hudson Six (priced among 1942's lowest)

NEW 1942

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

BUILT TO SERVE BETTER . . . LAST LONGER . . . COST LESS TO RUN

Why bubbles leave home

When air bubbles from a melting ice cube meet the sparkle-bubbles in your highball, what happens? They go buggy-riding together—right out of your drink . . . then ice water dilutes what's left.

Prevent this bubble-snatching. Use Sparkling Canada Dry Water, as all smart hosts do.

Its pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—stays home . . . keeps drinks tangy to the end. Enjoy its finer flavor soon!

P. S. *Drink a glassful any time. It's good for you.*

THE ANSWER TO YOUR TALL DRINKS'
S O S
(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)

CLUB SODA
A delightful table water
A marvelous mixer
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CANADA DRY WATER

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For better ginger ale highballs use
Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales"
Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, Quinine Water, Spur

Captains All

Continued from page 15

the sand underfoot no less than furnacelike. But he saw the speck.

An hour later, it was barely a mile away. The improbability continued. It was not a ship. Not even a galleon of the Dons, or a *guardacostas* which would eagerly have rescued him to enliven a Spanish holiday by his execution. It was a ship's boat. An open boat with a single mast and a scrap of square sail, with a solitary man lolling in its stern sheets. This man made aimless gestures to himself as his boat rose and fell on the tall blue waves. He seemed to be singing lustily, but it was minutes before Captain Morgan could realize the truth. The man in the boat was drunk. Roaring drunk. Singing drunk, sailing all alone in a ship's boat a full fifty leagues from any useful shore.

Captain Morgan's profanity grew impassioned once more as his frantic shouts and caperings went unregarded. Then his luck changed. The man in the boat—he was short and fat and bull-like of build—bent unsteadily forward. He straightened up with a drinking cup, apparently, in his hands. He gulped. And then a surging of the boat toppled him sidewise and bumped him smartly against the gunwale. He grasped it with both hands to steady himself. The badly trimmed boat swung downwind. Its motion became that of an unruly horse. The tiller jerked this way and that, totally eluding the fumbling, besotted gestures of the fat man as he attempted to recapture it.

He fell clumsily upon it as Captain Morgan roared from the beach:

"Starb'd y'helm, y'fool! Clear the point an' come about—"

The swayings of the boat confused the fat man. His arms waved wildly while Captain Morgan fairly danced with rage, bellowing orders which did not carry through the roar of surf.

Tall waves lifted the boat. They bore her shoreward in a splendid sweep. Then they foamed and let her down with a crash upon the sand bar, and picked her up and swung her sidewise, and then rolled her over—snapping off her mast—and then worried her in the roiling water. Captain Morgan heard the cracking of planks and fairly danced with rage.

Arms flailed in the turbulent smother. There were intermittent glimpses of wreckage. The bow of the small boat was hopelessly stove in, but the stern remained apparently in one piece. And presently the fat man appeared almost at the beach. He seemed to float corklike even in such a smother. Later still he practically rolled into shallow water and then got unsteadily to his feet. And he was still drunk.

"By the devil!" said Captain Morgan furiously. "You're a pretty sot! A fine fool! A stupid dolt! An idiot! You—"

THE newcomer's eyes fell upon him at first vaguely. Then they focused and he paled. He gulped. Then he smiled wanly.

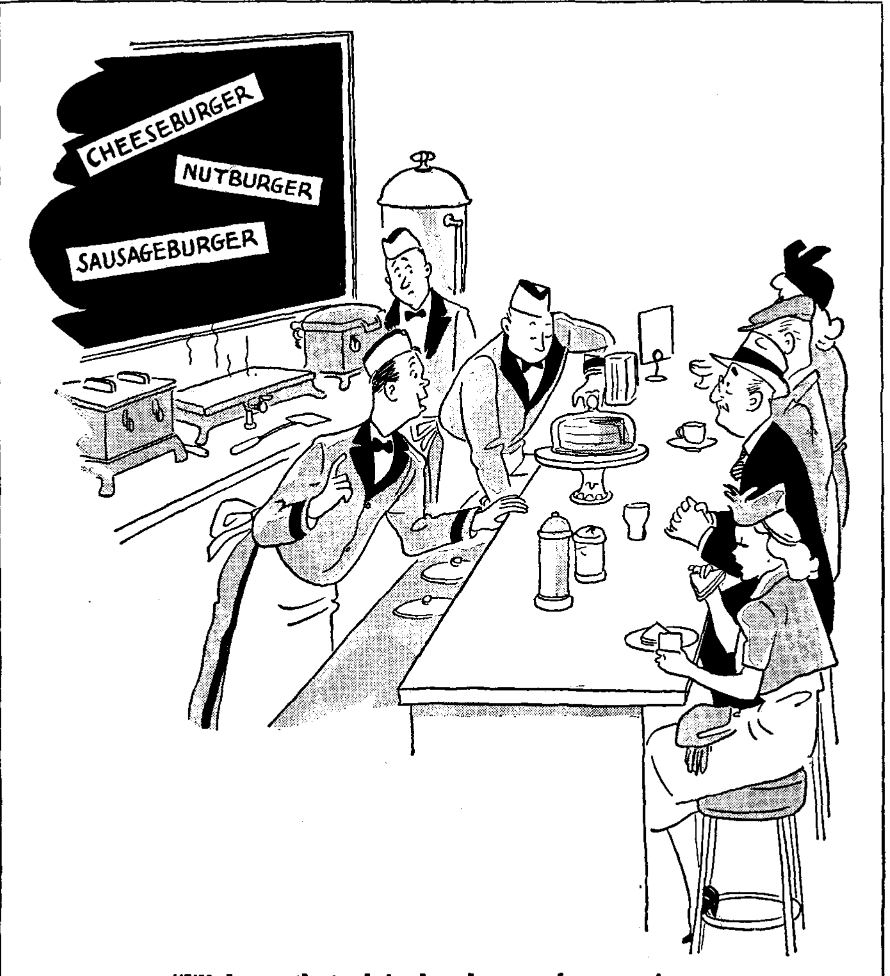
"If it ain't Cap'n Morgan!" he said in a desperate attempt at cordiality. "I didn't know y'were here, Cap'n. How d'ye do?"

His hand closed nervously over the knife in his sash. There were pistols stuck there too, but their priming was wet. They were useless. Yet it was plain that the newcomer would have felt much better had they been in firing order.

"I don't know you," said Captain Morgan in an ominous tone, "yet you know me well enough. Who are y', an' from what ship?"

"Carvel's my name, Cap'n. Cap'n Sam Carvel o' the Naughty Sal."

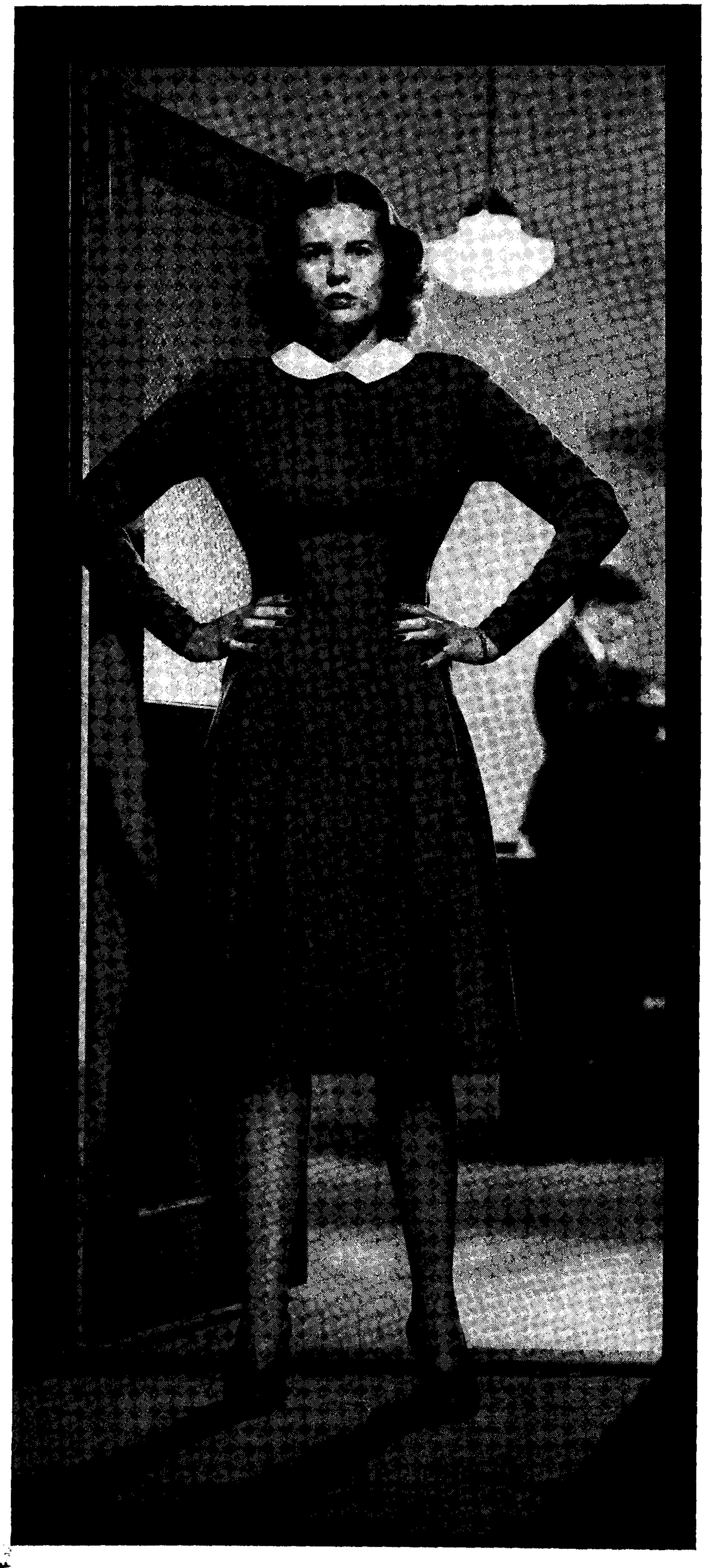
He tried to grin ingratiatingly, but it



"I'll have that plain hamburger for you in a few minutes, sir. It has to be fixed up special!"

BO BROWN

"I want something that begins with 'R' —and it's not a raise"



Yesterday I got up my courage to talk to the boss about something that's been on my mind for a long time.

I said, "One reason why you are such a good executive is that you have the knack of delegating authority to those who know how to use it best.

"But there's *one* person you've overlooked—and that's *me!* You really ought to give me authority to choose the make of typewriter I like best!"

Then I explained how it would work to *his* advantage. For I'd choose a *Royal*. And a Royal, I know from experience, means not only *better* work, but *faster* work.

I pointed out that only Royal has MAGIC* Margin—and it really *is* magic to a typist, the way a flick of the finger changes margins instantly! And *Segment* Shift, that lets the carriage ride smoothly along, without popping up and down every time you shift. And Touch Control*, another exclusive Royal feature. It makes the Royal my *personal* machine, adjusts the keyboard action perfectly to my style of typing. And speed? Royal's speed is so velvety and effortless that it really helps keep errors out of last minute, hurry up letters!

"But, there's still more!" I said. "Royal can actually *save you money*. It's more durable, needs fewer repairs and less servicing. That's because the machine is so well protected, both inside and out. All we need to do is phone the local Royal representative for a free 'desk test'—then you'll be convinced of all these things, yourself!"

◆ ◆ ◆

P. S. This morning, there on my desk was a brand new Royal. I *knew* he was a good executive!

ROYAL
World's Number 1
TYPEWRITER

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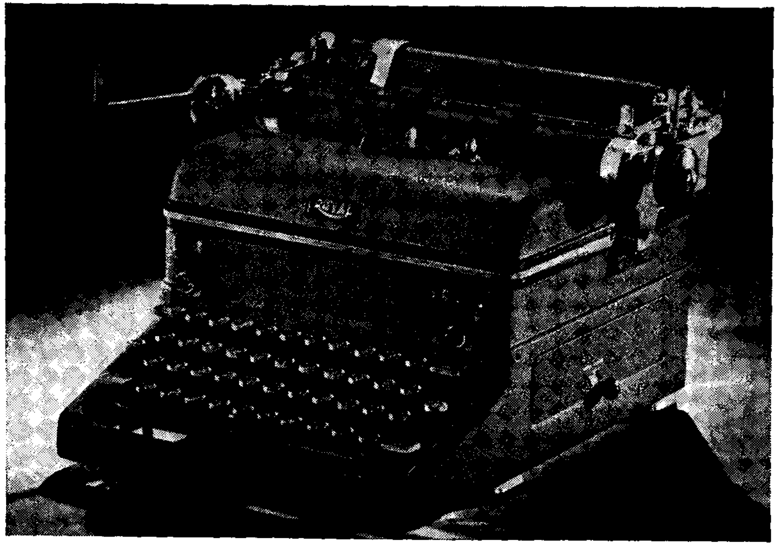

SIX REASONS WHY TYPISTS PREFER ROYAL TWO-TO-ONE OVER ANY OTHER MAKE

Greatest typing time-saver in years!

MAGIC* Margin—Just flick this handy lever to change and set margins *automatically*. No fussing with mechanism. Only Royal has it!

Segment Shift—The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up when you shift on a Royal! Less noise . . . less eyestrain.

Touch Control*—Do you tap, *peck*, or POUND when you type? A twirl of this dial adjusts key tension exactly to your individual touch. Only Royal has it!

Accelerating Type Bars—Royal's fast type-bar return naturally enables you to type faster.

NoType-bar Blur! Dancing type bars flash *unseen* on a Royal. This means less eyestrain, as does the "no glare" finish of the machine itself.

Finger Flow Keyboard—Only Royal has this scientifically planned keyboard, with "finger comfort" keys covered with glare-absorbing Lucite. Corner keys are platform-shaped for greater speed and ease.

HAT-TENTION‡

LEE

is changing the

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was not easy. The wetting had partly sobered him, and fearful emotion seemed to sober him more. He took sudden note of Captain Morgan's appearance; the clumsy, makeshift bandage about his shoulder and the sling for his right arm; the once-fine clothes torn to ribbons in the savage battle before Captain Morgan was marooned. He gaped. Then he said suspiciously:

"Cap'n Morgan wi' no weapons an' no crew? Am I drunk or dreamin', Cap'n?"

"Y'are indifferent sober," said Captain Morgan icily, "and a good two hundred leagues from Port Royal, and as far from a drop to drink unless you salvage that little keg yonder. I've but one arm fit to use."

Captain Carvel still blinked. He turned and surveyed the sand cay. Half a mile in one direction. A quarter of a mile in the other. Tussock grass and sand dunes and utterly empty sea all about, empty, that is, save for bits of wreckage in the surf. The sight of them completed the sobering process.

SUDDENLY he ripped out a blistering oath and went waddling back to the water. He went thigh-deep into the spume, groping anxiously for a handhold on the largest bit of wreckage in sight. It was the after half of the boat he had been sailing. He tugged at it, puffing, until the veins stood out on his forehead. Presently the half boat lay beached with only the furthermost surges of foam sweeping through it. Captain Carvel took the knife from his sash and cut lashings. He heaved, and then he came splashing ashore with an ironbound wooden chest in his arms. It was not a large chest, but it was heavy. It taxed his strength to carry it, and not all his bulk was fat.

Captain Morgan's eyes glittered. The elaboration of the ironwork said that the chest was Spanish. Its strength and Captain Carvel's anxiety told more. Captain Carvel now cast a doubtful, highly suspicious look at Captain Morgan, and searched all the world with his eyes once more. Then he hesitated a long time, and went reluctantly into the surf again. He salvaged the cask Captain Morgan had mentioned, a soggy bag of sea-biscuit, an unappetizing lump of buccaned beef, and another cask that lay deep in the water. But from time to time he looked sharply back at the chest he had first brought ashore, and when he had finished he said uneasily:

"Cap'n Morgan, y'are truly wi'out a ship or sloop or even a piragua?"

"The fools on th' Espiritu Sanctu," said Captain Morgan harshly, "pounced on me while I slept. I pistoled three o' them and stabbed two more. But here I am."

"Marooned."

"For the time being," said Captain Morgan coldly. "It seems y'are no less unlucky yourself, Captain Carvel. How came you to be here?"

Captain Carvel scratched his head reflectively.

"I were drunk when I came ashore," he admitted. "You saw't. But before— Well, we on the Naughty Sal had heard of a plate ship that was leavin' Caracas. We went to find her. An' we did. They fought. We won. The Dons jumped o'erboard, leavin' her to us. We helped the last ones jump," he added blandly. "She were a nice prize."

Captain Morgan's face grew savage.

"The Santa Lucia!" he said wrathfully. "I'd marked her down myself! 'Twas for lack o' her capture that my men mutinied!"

"Aye? But y'see, Cap'n Morgan, when we'd looted an' sunk her, we went over to Dead Man's Cay, an' there my lads broached a couple o' hogsheads o' rum to celebrate. An' first thing y'know, all han's were dead drunk. An' when one of 'em woke up near sober, he couldn't work the ship all to hisself, so he took a mug or two to pass the time till somebody else come to, so he was drunk again when that happened."

"Y'had no discipline," said Captain Morgan scornfully.

"Mayhap," admitted Captain Carvel, "but it worried me. I thought to myself, I did, that sooner or later the lads would be fightin', so there'd be fewer to divide wi' when it came time to part the loot from the plate ship. An' there was this here chest o' gems that was down i' the cabin' o' the Santa Lucia, worth more than all the Dons' bullion. So to save trouble, Cap'n Morgan, I took that chest o' gems an' I put it in a ship's boat wi' a leetle keg o' rum, some water, an' some victuals, an' I set sail all by myself. An' to tell the truth, Cap'n Morgan, I'd a bos'n, one Tom Savage, who was a mite too pop'lar wi' my lads, an' he'd a notion o' puttin' me out o' my place an' bein' captain in my stead." He sighed. "I'll wager he's cap'n now."

"I know the man," said Captain Morgan negligently. "He sailed under me once. For insolence I gave him four dozen lashes an' keelhauled him, to boot. He's sworn to ha' revenge for that, I hear." Then he added professionally: "You slashed the riggin' o' the Naughty Sal to hinder pursuit?"

"Aye," confessed Captain Carvel. He mentioned smugly, "An' besides, I set a bit of fire in her hold to keep the lads busy."

"You stove all the tubs an' buckets, o'course," added Captain Morgan again, "an' had a slow match to th' magazine?"

"Why, no, Cap'n Morgan. I did not. I was in haste."

"Y'are a fool, then," said Captain Morgan in satisfaction. "Triply damned and an idiot to boot. They'll be here come sundown to flay you alive an' toast y' over a slow fire."

Captain Carvel scratched his head.

"How'd they know my course?" he demanded.

"Fool!" snapped Captain Morgan. "Y'could ha' but one! Where'd a man of our trade find a new ship? Port Royal! How close to the wind could y'sail to make it? The course you sailed! No other!"

HE BEGAN to stride up and down the sand, thinking deeply and impatiently. Captain Carvel said uneasily:

"D'ye think Tom Savage would ha' the wit to know it, Cap'n?"

"Who would not?" demanded Captain Morgan over his shoulder.

Captain Carvel meditated deeply.

"A bad fix we're in then, Cap'n Morgan. What d'ye say?"

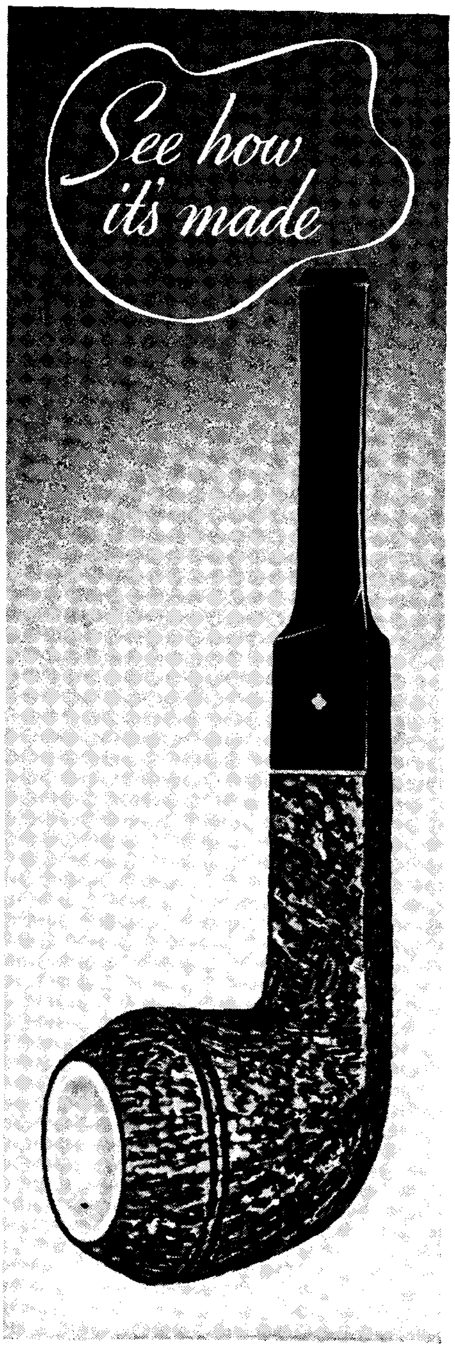
"I say," said Captain Morgan peevishly, "that it's a devilish long time that my throat's been parched. Pray tap that keg, Captain Carvel! My throat's a furnace!"

But Captain Carvel had meditated to some purpose.

"Look ye', Cap'n Morgan," he said painfully. "Our cases are alike more ways than one. Let's agree that if the Naughty Sal should come on us, we're sailin' in consort an' it's all for one an' each for t'other till we're safe in Port Royal. An'—an'—" The offer seemed to come with a wrench, but he made it, "—an' a fair split on the chest o' gems to boot. If ye will, Cap'n Morgan, here's my hand on't."

He offered a pudgy, hamlike hand. Captain Morgan took it with his one good one. And then, painfully, Captain Carvel held savagely fast and snatched out his knife, boring in with the obvious resolution to stab Captain Morgan to the heart.

But he did not. Instead, as the pudgy but powerful fingers tightened, Captain Morgan moved with a catlike swiftness



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and a terrifying ferocity. He snarled as he leaped, and the knife passed over his shoulder. But his knee went savagely, terribly deep into the fat man's belly with all of Captain Morgan's weight and leap behind it.

No man could stand such a blow. Captain Carvel uttered an explosive groan. He collapsed in a convulsed, tortured heap on the ground, his face greenish, choking and gasping for breath.

Captain Morgan pricked him deeply with his own knife point.

"Now speak up!" he snarled icily. "By the devil! y'do not honor me trying to kill me with so old a trick! But you had some plan! Speak it, or you'll ne'er speak again!"

CAPTAIN CARVEL wheezed and gasped and choked. Sobbing curses bubbled up between his gasps. Captain Morgan pricked him again.

"Hold!" wheezed Captain Carvel, "I'll tell 'ee! I—I'd ha' changed clothes wi' you an' built a fire. An' when my lads came, they'd ha' thought 'twas me that got dead-drunk an' fell in the fire an' was burned."

"Dolt!" cried Captain Morgan angrily, "would they mistake me for the fat carcass o' thine? An' what o' the gems?"

"I'd ha' had to let them find the most of them," wheezed Captain Carvel. "Yet I'd ha' kept out a double handful or more o' the best, an' they'd ha' gone on not knowin' I yet lived."

Captain Morgan said sardonically, as he plucked away Captain Carvel's pistols and his powder-horn and bullet-pouch:

"Ha! For a moment I'd hopes of you but y'are naught but a fool. Had your plan carried, 'twould ha' left you marooned here, an' you'd ha' lost most o' the gems to boot. 'Tis no way for a captain in our trade to plan!"

He sat down and began to draw the wetted charges and reload the pistols. He did it clumsily, because he had but one hand and that the left one. For a while there was no sound save the surf and the wheezing, anguished breath of Captain Carvel, and such clicking sounds as the recharging of the pistols necessitated. But the fat man's breathing grew easier after a time. After a long while he sat up groggily.

"Fetch the keg o' rum," commanded Captain Morgan. His voice grew softly ferocious. "Bring me to drink, an' then fetch a plank splintered off from that boat o' yours. 'Tis to serve as a spade."

The pistols were ready. Captain Carvel's face turned a sickly hue.

"Nay!" said Captain Morgan impatiently. "I've no need to murder you. Not now! 'Tis to dig a pit for Tom Savage."

Captain Carvel, sadly chastened, waddled away. But he brought the keg, and he brought the plank. Captain Morgan drank deeply, and then led the way to the leeward side of the sand dune. He picked a spot at random and said:

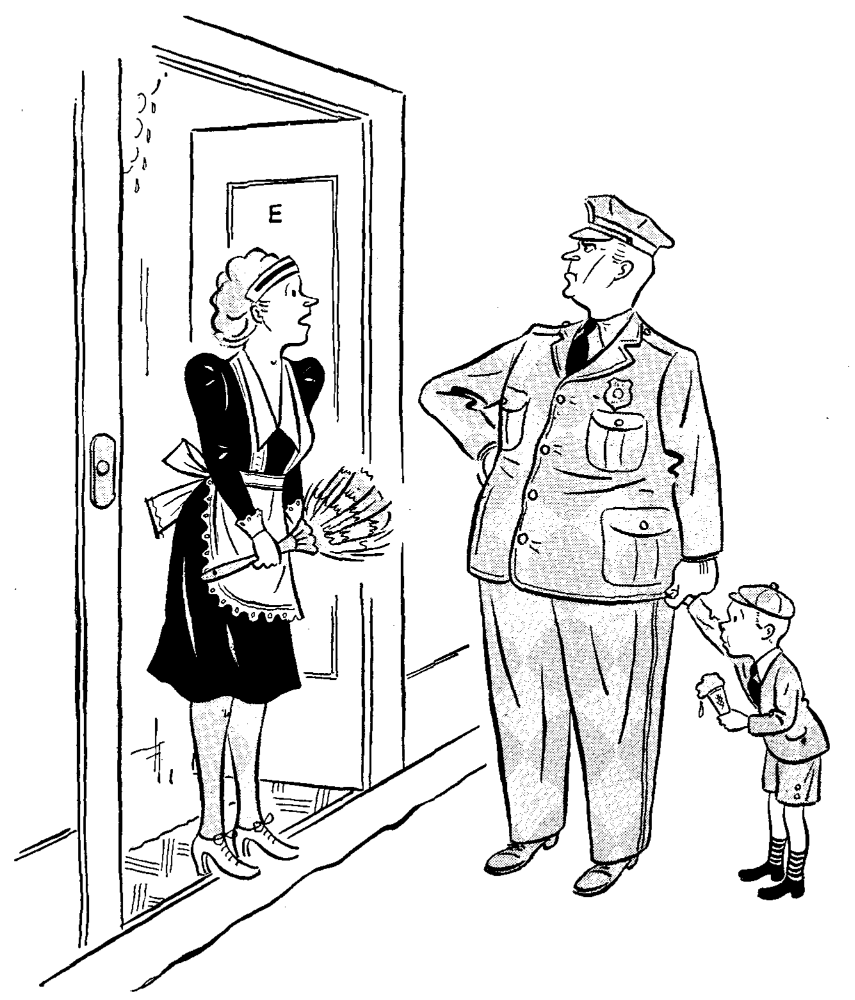
"Dig here, Captain Carvel. A deep, wide hole, sufficient for the folly o' all the Naughty Sal's crew."

Captain Carvel protested indignantly. He put forth his rank. Captain Morgan put forth a pistol. Captain Carvel dug furiously. His belly hurt him. He stopped to rest. And Captain Morgan let off one of the two recharged pistols so close to his ear that he jumped and howled a protest.

"I ha' yet another pistol," said Captain Morgan savagely. "Dig!"

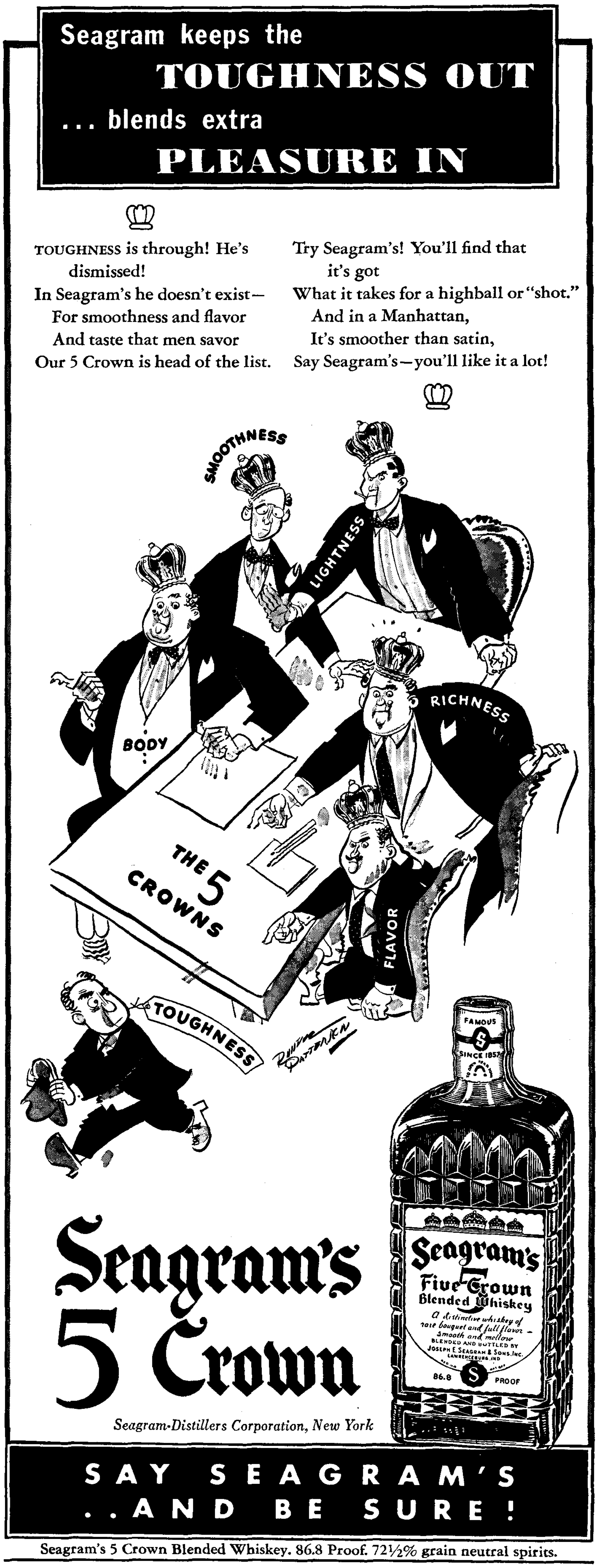
The sun rose higher. It grew close to midday. The white sand was a furnace-like flame which made the eyes water. But even worse than the light was the heat.

It was terrible to Captain Morgan. To Captain Carvel, streaming fat and sweat as he labored, it was sheer purgatory. He panted and wheezed as he dug. Then he sobbed. But Captain Morgan drove him on with threats and curses and once—he had recharged the first-fired pistol—with a bullet that drew



"Mrs. Jones isn't home. Could you bring him back tomorrow?"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG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blood. It was near to sundown before he let the fat man cease.

"Now fetch rum an' water," he commanded sardonically. "I'll e'en let you drink—a little. Not too much. We ha' more yet to do."

Captain Carvel tottered on his feet, but Captain Morgan was as good as his word. He let the exhausted fat man drink—a little. Then he drove his captive to the beach. He forced him to load himself with dry, parched bits of driftwood. He forced him to carry them close to the monstrous excavation he had made. He made him carry a second load, and a third. Then he bade him set a fire ready to light.

"Cap'n Morgan," said Captain Carvel thickly, "a fire will guide the Naughty Sal to us, wi' men who've reason to flay us both alive!"

"Set the fire!" Captain Morgan commanded.

THE flames blazed brightly as the dusk grew deep. Captain Carvel collapsed. But Captain Morgan turned upon him waspishly. A pistol in his left hand glittered in the firelight.

"Not yet," he said harshly. "I ha' to think for both of us, so you must e'en work for both. Fill up the pit again."

"Cap'n Morgan—" panted Captain Carvel desperately.

"Dolt! Lackwit!" roared Captain Morgan. "Who'd look for a chest o' gems at the bottom of an empty pit? An' who'd fail to dig where a man wi' wealth to hide had dug before? To work!"

But it was easier work, if no less onerous to the exhausted fat man. And now, too, Captain Morgan was not so merciless. Three times he had his captive precede him to the beach while he searched the sea with eyes and ears. On his third trip, some time in the middle watch, he saw the distant glimmer of phosphorescence which could only be foam under the forefoot of a moving ship. Straining, he caught the vague outline of sails in the starlight.

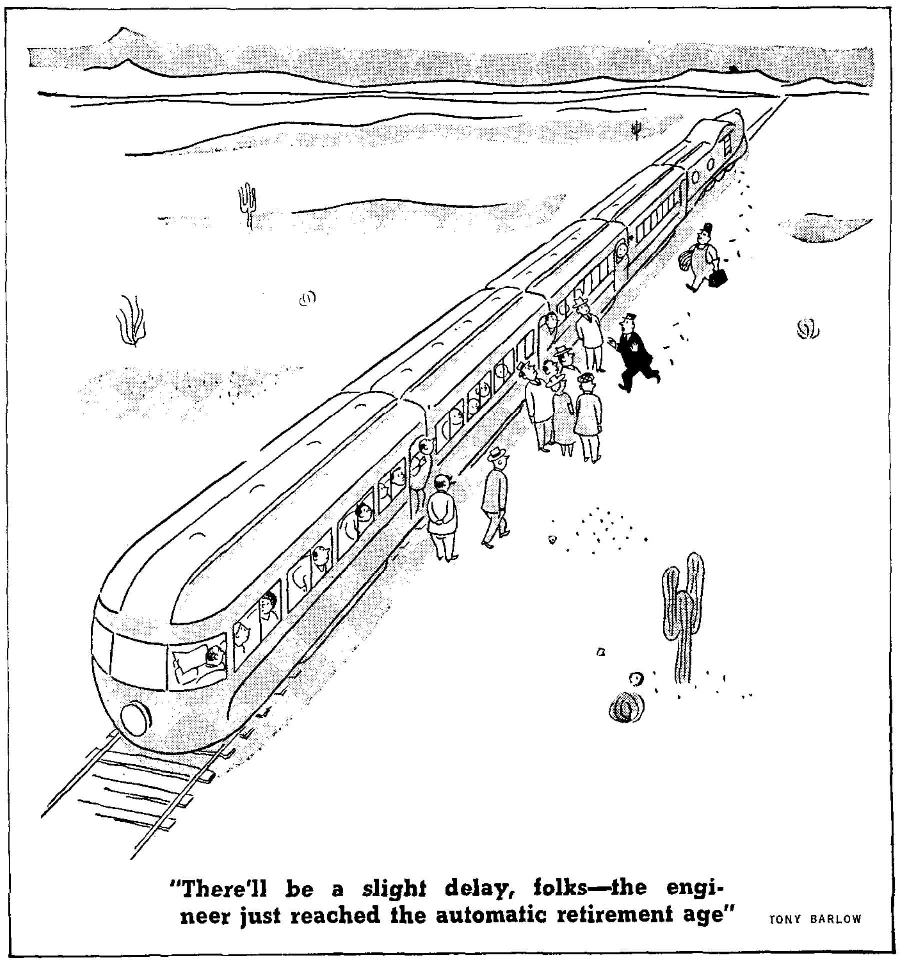
"Now, by the devil!" said Captain Morgan delightedly, "we ha' them! Baited by our fire! An' the pit is filled just enough to be tempting! Come now, Captain Carvel, harken to what I tell 'ee. When I'm afloat, take the chest o' gems to a spot I'll point out, an' when I come ashore wi' a boat—"

Captain Carvel stared despairingly out over the sea. He also saw the gray blur of spread canvas. The Naughty Sal, loaded with shipmates whom he'd robbed and tried to roast, come to avenge their injuries. He was sunk too deep in exhaustion and despair even to curse. But Captain Morgan struck at him savagely with a pistol muzzle. He spoke savagely, swiftly, precisely. And gradually a single ray of hope sprang up in Captain Carvel's breast and expanded, and after a little he very nearly blubbered in a mixture of exhaustion and anticipatory relief.

The gray blur of the ship came nearer, and solidified, and became a handy small vessel such as many Spanish prizes turned into, once their bows and stern castles were hewn away. Evidently Tom Savage knew this anchorage well. Moving gently in the light air, she came about in something very close to silence, and there was the creak of boatfalls. Then she came up into the wind, lost way, and the anchor went down. Captain Morgan listened sharply for sounds to tell him the state in which they left her. Blocks creaked, but there was no evidence that men went aloft to furl sail.

"One boat has gone to t'other side of the island," said Captain Morgan satisfiedly, "to pounce should you try to sail away. They know not that your boat is wrecked. They'll land from the ship. Mayhap—"

They saw the upper works of the ship glowing in the thin and ruddy reflection of the fire. Her hull was in shadow, but sounds came ashore which translated themselves easily. Another boat lowered. Men swarmed into it. Oars creaked. The freebooter's longboat came straining toward the island in the darkness. In minutes, it beached. Dark figures ran across the sand and into the firelight. Savage shoutings resounded. The firstcomers had found, in the fire, sure evidence of the presence of their fugitive commander. Then the shoutings changed. They'd found the nearly filled-in pit he'd dug. It meant to them that he'd buried his chest of gems from



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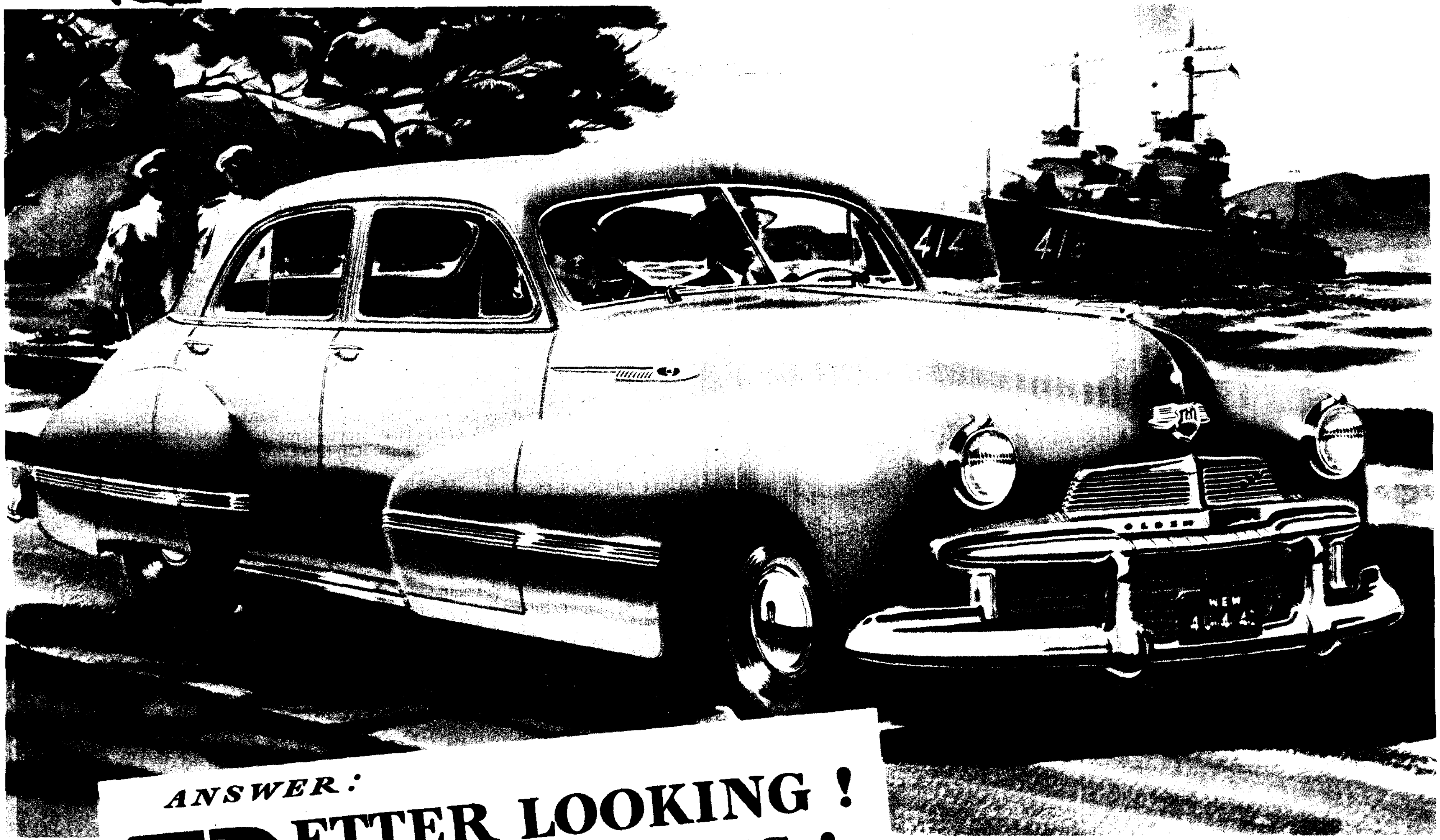

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the plate ship, but had been interrupted by their coming before he could complete its hiding. Some men ran across the island to the farther beach to roar the information across the water to the other longboat, hovering offshore on that side. A stentorian voice by the fire bellowed orders to organize a complete search of the island for the dethroned skipper.

Captain Morgan ignored such trivia. He kept his eyes upon the second boat drawn only indifferently ashore. Three members of the crew of the Naughty Sal at first remained to guard it. But one of the three ran up into the firelight when someone found the bit of plank with which Captain Carvel had dug. Already sand flew as men tore at the loosened stuff to recover the treasure he had filched from them. Other men scattered to search for their former captain. Shoutings resounded to the skies.

IT WAS too much. A second of the three boat guards ran to join in the search—whether for jewels or revenge was indeterminate. Only one remained. And then Captain Morgan, his eyes glittering, moved toward the boat along a carefully felt-for line of waist-deep water. He was in shadow. He was offshore. His approach was unsuspected.

It seemed a long time, but actually it was less than a quarter of an hour before the boat moved away from the shoreline with one man only in it. That man was Captain Morgan. The boat-guard's body lolled in the shallow water. There had been no alarm. More, the boat-guard's pistols now reposed in Captain Morgan's sash, their priming preserved unwetted. He sculled with his one good arm, swearing under his breath at his own awkwardness. But he moved steadily toward the ship.

Minutes later, he moderately raised his voice.

"Ahoy, the Naughty Sal!"

A startled, suspicious voice:

"Who's there?"

"Captain Morgan," said that gentleman shortly, "o' the Espiritu Sanctu. Throw me a line to board!"

A scurrying, of providentially few feet. Then a bleating bellow:

"Stand off, or we fire!"

"Tush!" said Captain Morgan scornfully. "You ha' an able anchor watch aboard, an' with eyes in your heads you'd see that I am alone!"

Scared and partly bewildered silence. Captain Morgan sculled closer. No weapon fired on him. If he were really alone, it was not needful. If his boat were crammed with men, it would be fatal. He climbed the low side of the Naughty Sal, using his one good hand and his teeth for gripping the shroud stays. He swung his legs over the rail and found himself in the wavering glare of a battle lantern's light, while a forest of rigging and sails towered vaguely overhead.

"Hah!" he said ironically. "Five brave men of an anchor watch, an' all wi' muskets trained on me. And I ha' not a weapon save a knife, and am sore hurt to boot. But since y'are so frighted of me—"

He tossed the knife overside and spat scornfully.

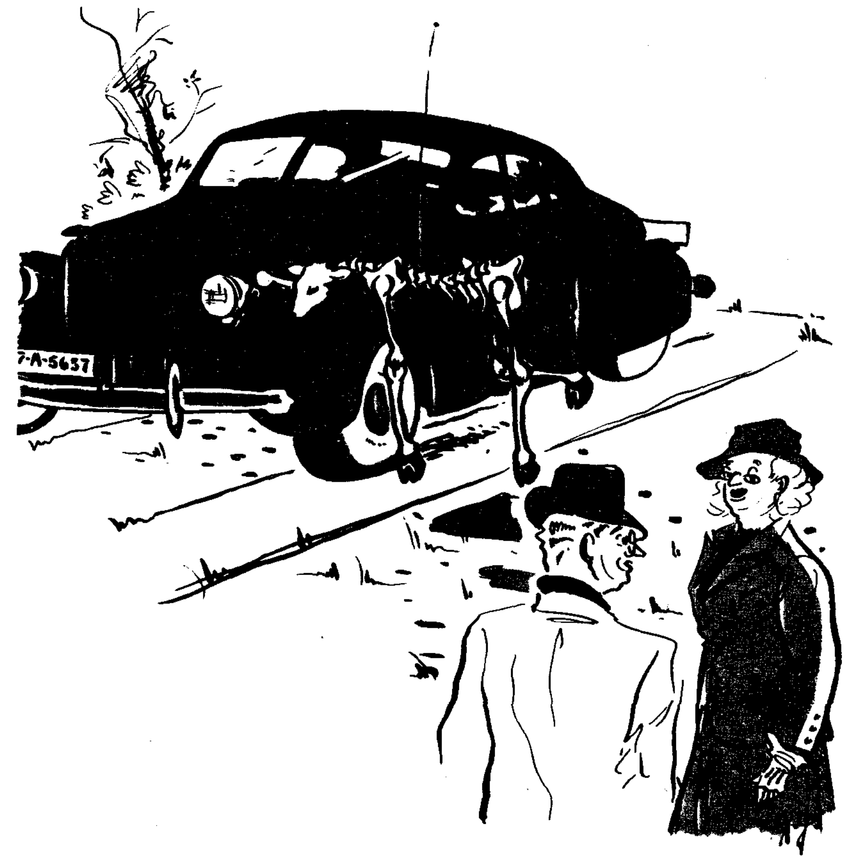
A voice said hoarsely, very suspicious indeed:

"Now, then, what d'ye want, Cap'n Morgan? When Tom Savage sees 'ee—"

"Not when, lads," said Captain Morgan easily, blinking in the glare of the horn-glazed lantern. "Not when. If! I ha' a bargain to offer you. My own men mutinied yesterday an' marooned me on yonder sand cay. Your Captain Carvel came ashore come sunup this morning, but he was roundly uncivil, an' I had to teach him manners. Your mates ashore will find his body presently. But meanwhile there's a chest o' gems he took when he set off alone . . ."

He paused. There was eagerness in a babbling of questions.

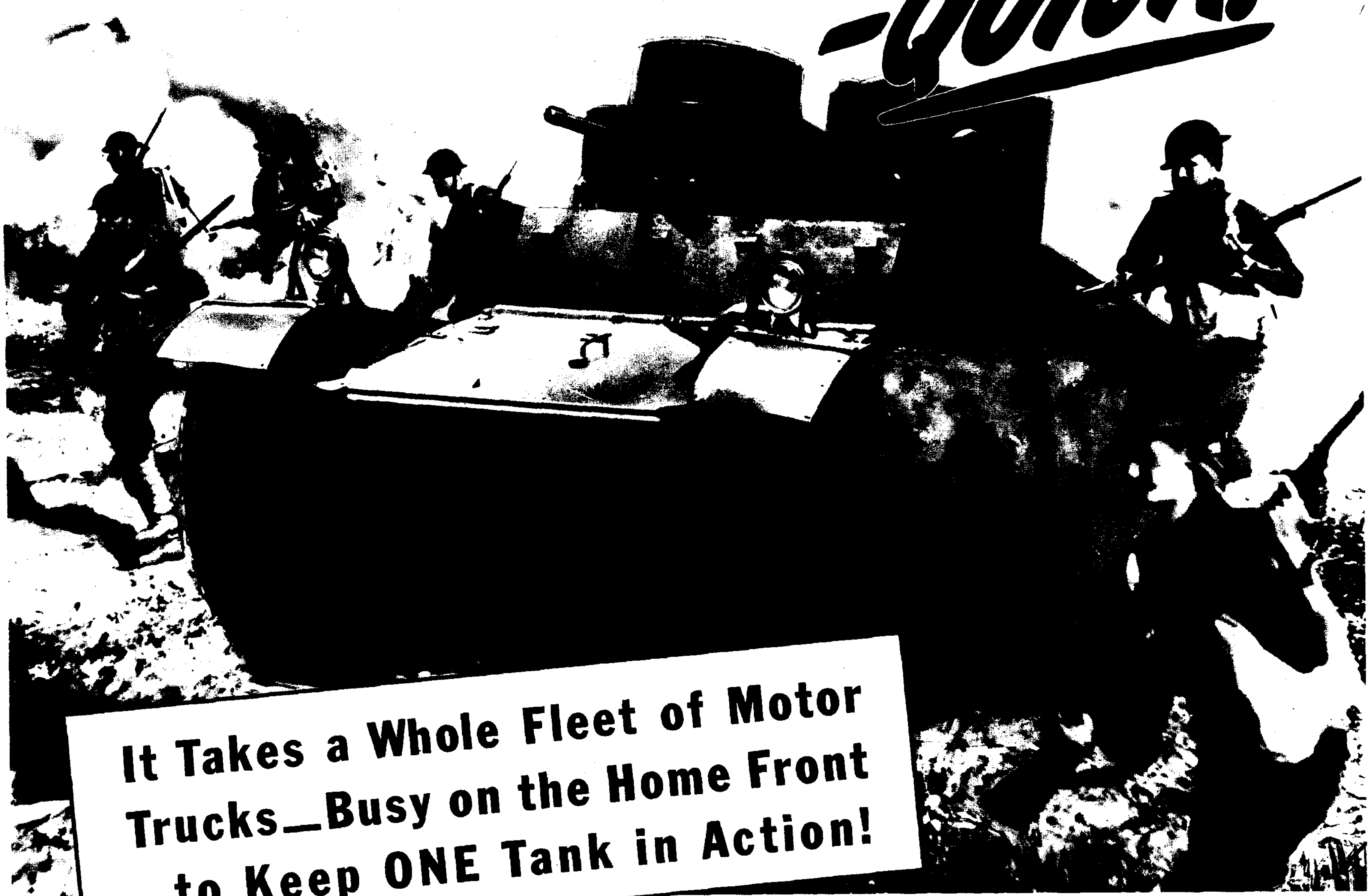
"It is in my mind," said Captain Morgan blandly," that you five, wi' me to navigate, can take the Naughty Sal prettily into Port Royal wi'out troubling the lads now making so much tumult ashore. Do the five of ye come ashore wi' me, load the chest o' gems an' bring it back aboard, an' we'll cut cable an'



"For heaven's sake, John, take that thing off of the fender. I'm sure everyone in town has seen it by now!"

GERALD GREEN

HOW TO STOP A TANK -QUICK!



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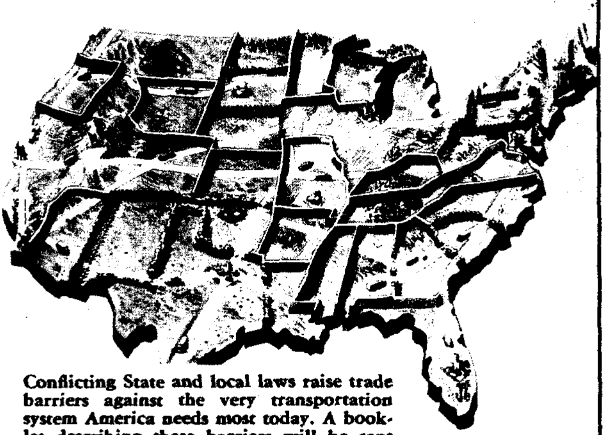

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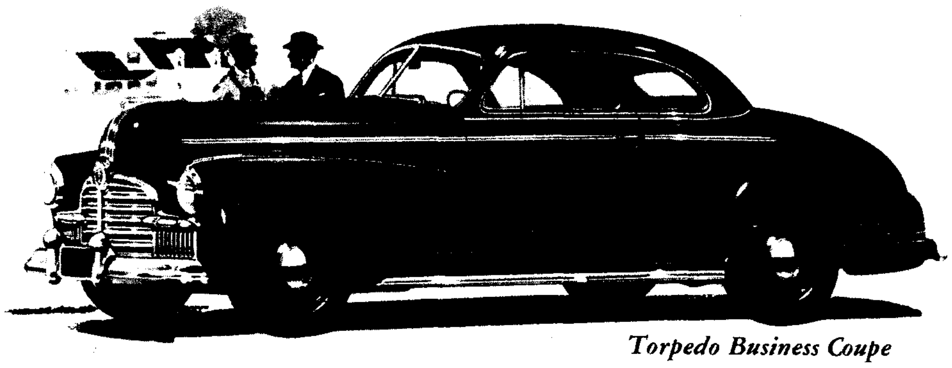
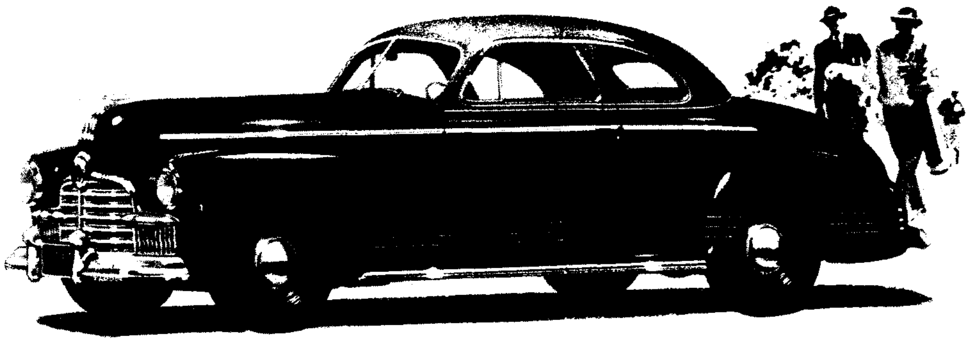


Torpedo Business Coupe



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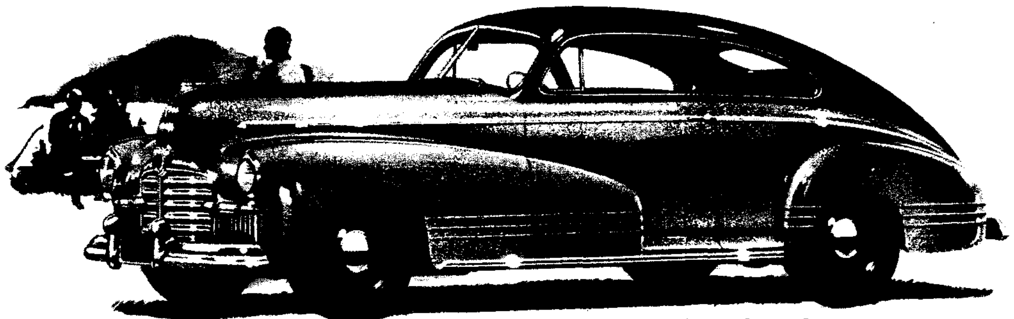

Torpedo Sedan Coupe

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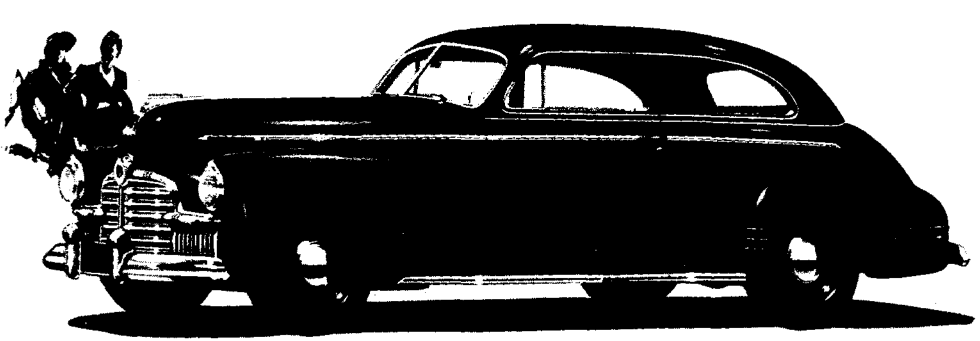
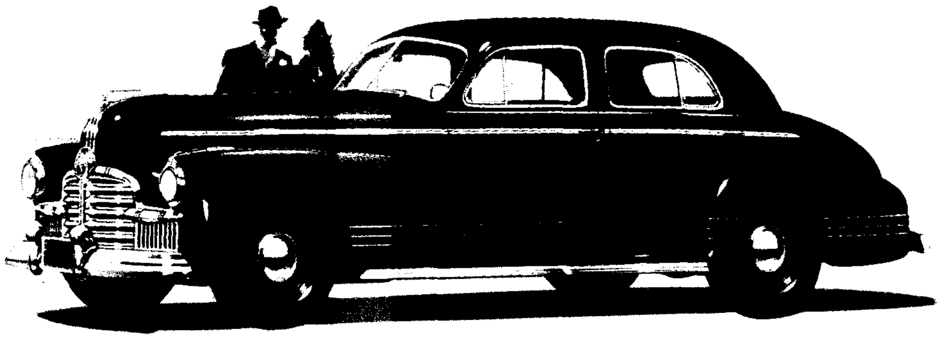
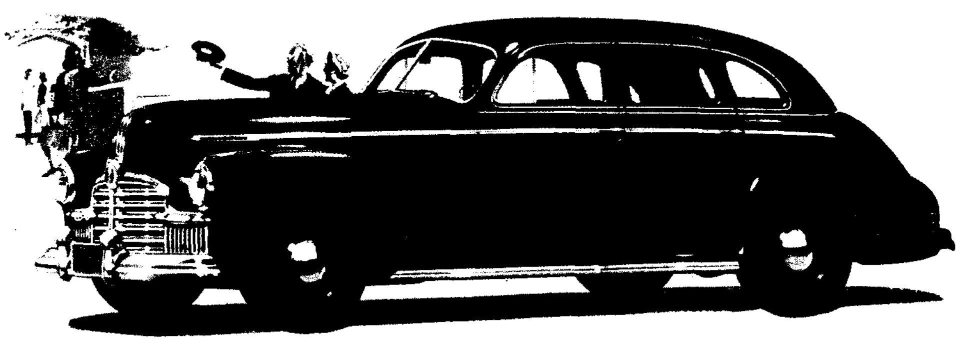


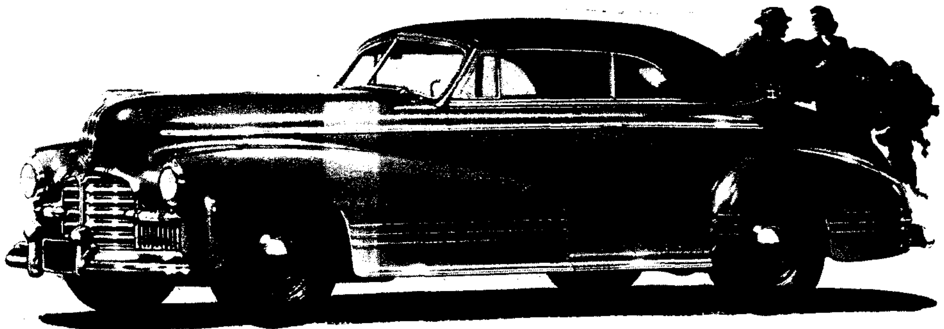
Torpedo Two-Door Sedan



Torpedo Metropolitan Four-Door Sedan



Torpedo Four-Door Sedan



Torpedo Convertible Sedan Coupe

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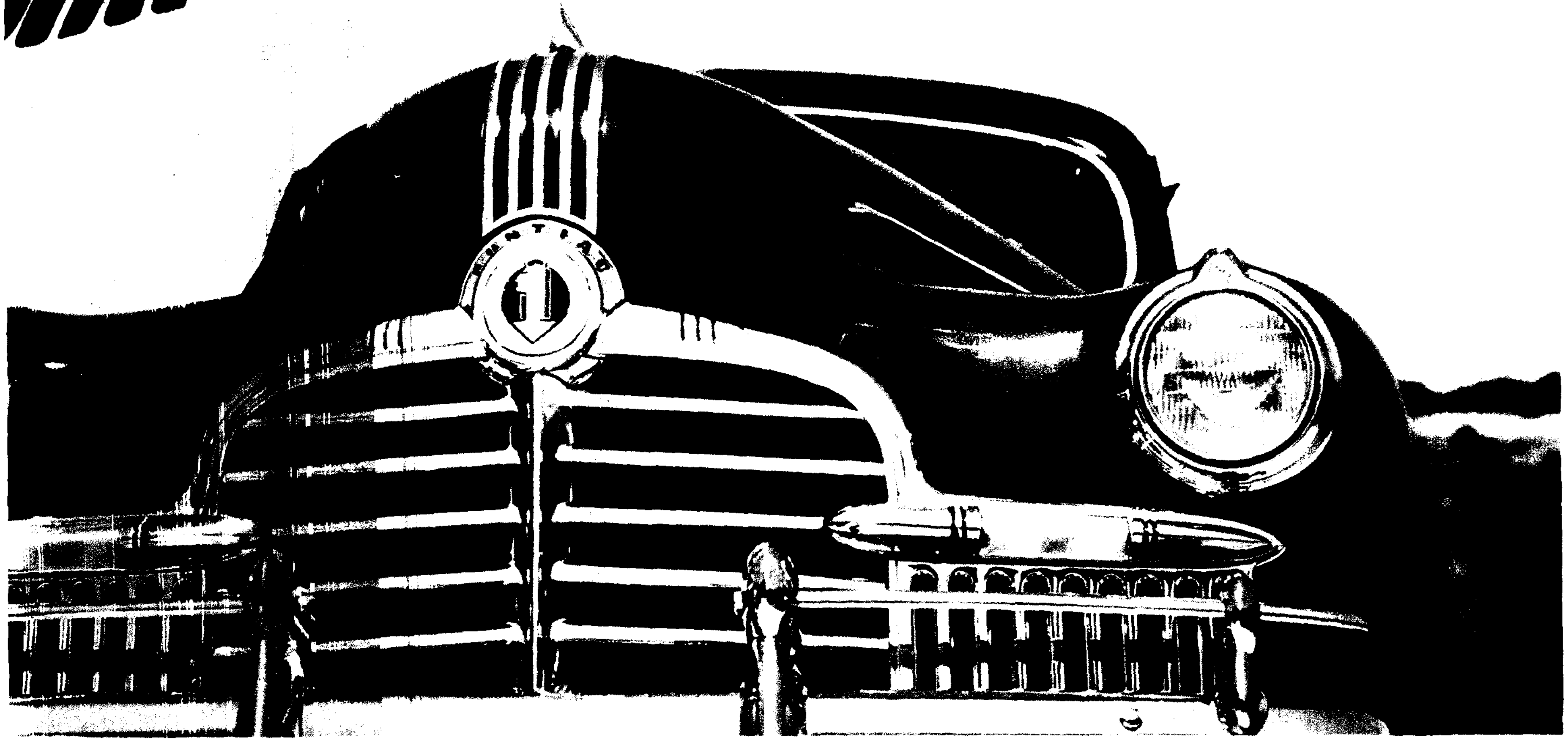

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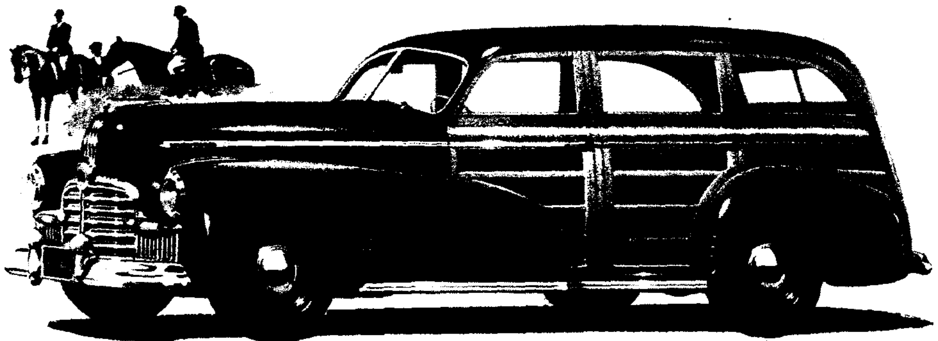

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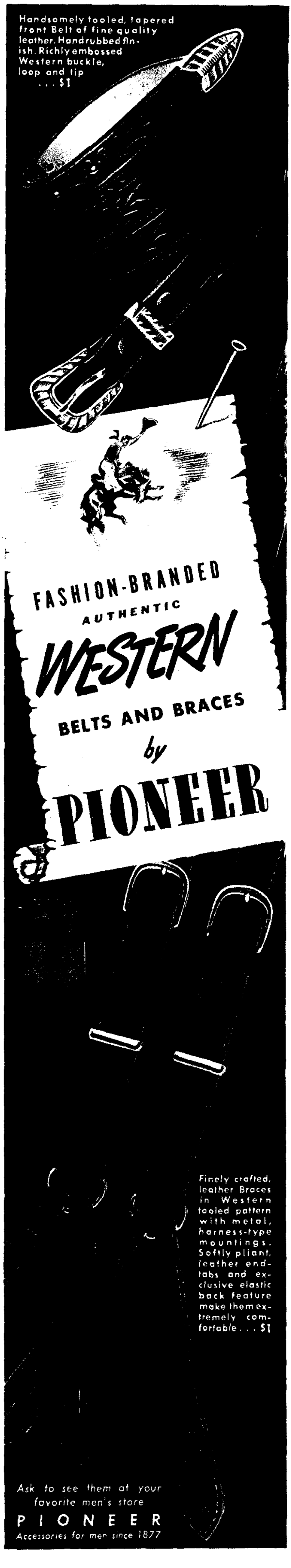

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away wi'out fuss or trouble. An' then we'll divide the loot."

Silence. Then a whispering. The men of the anchor watch conferred secretively. It was perfectly obvious to Captain Morgan that they would arrange to secure the chest by his guidance, kill him, and divide the loot among themselves without benefit to their companions. But he gave no sign of this knowledge.

The whispers ended. The leader of the five said gruffly, "What ye say sounds well, Cap'n Morgan, but 'tis known y'are a most unsarvin' man. If ye'll let us make sure ye ha' no arms—"

"One man!" said Captain Morgan sternly. "Only one may touch me! I've no mind to be pawed by a bunch of filthy rogues!"

He submitted, frowning, to the exploration of his sash and the patting of his body to make sure that no weapon was concealed. Then he said shortly:

"Now, there's the boat below. Slip down into her, lads. I'll steer ye to where the chest waits, we'll slip it on board, an'— Ye'll be the heroes o' Port Royal's wenches for as long as ye desire!"

HE STOOD by the rail. One man; two men; three descended. But Captain Morgan held up a bland hand as a fourth made to follow.

"Nay, lad," he said benignly. "Ye trust each other, an' 'tis unseamanly to leave no anchor watch. Do you two bide here."

He descended to the boat and took the steering oar. The other oars struck water. He steered with exactly the air of someone knowing precisely where he was going. Presently he headed directly inshore.

In what seemed seconds the boat beached gently. Captain Morgan saw a movement upon the sand, and moved like lightning.

He seized and fired the first of the pistols he had left in the stern sheets on his way out from the shore. At such close range he could not miss. The flame of the explosion seemed not to have died away before he had snatched up the second pistol and fired it also, and that pistol had not fallen upon the boat's bottom boards before the third of the rowers—in the very act of whirling upon him—met the deadly pellet of lead from the third pistol. Captain Morgan nodded comfortably. By leaving two members of the anchor watch aboard ship, he had made the mathematics of pistols and men come out right, with one pistol, still undischarged, left over. Beside, he had two men on board ship who would be handy for future uses.

Captain Carvel loomed up, staggering and wheezing with his load.

"Ha, Captain," said Captain Morgan blandly. "Art fairly on time. Clear the boat and ship the chest, an' we'll back to the Naughty Sal."

The longboat was huge and heavy, and though Captain Carvel rowed two oars, it moved but slowly. Yet at long last the Naughty Sal loomed up again. A voice hailed cautiously:

"How did ye fare, mates?"

Captain Morgan answered in a hoarse, unrecognizable voice:

"We ha' the chest, but we had some fighting. Heave a line!"

Two voices babbled joyously. A line dropped in the boat. Captain Carvel made it fast. As the bow of the longboat touched the ship, Captain Morgan silently thrust a pistol upon Captain Carvel. The pistol was discharged and useless; from the bottom of the longboat. But Captain Carvel could not know that. Captain Morgan swung to the Naughty Sal's deck. From there his voice sounded in sudden purring ferocity:

"Hoist up that chest, ye scum, or I'll treat ye as I did your mates when they tried to kill me! Haul!"

The joyous babbling of two voices changed to panicky protesting of innocence and loyalty. Captain Morgan's pistol threatened savagely. Then he plucked away their weapons and tossed them overside—his own pistol held in the crook of his injured arm—while driving the two captives to their task with lurid and powerful profanity. Captain Carvel puffed his way over the rail. Then pandemonium set up ashore.

"Aye!" said Captain Morgan approvingly. "On time again, Captain Carvel! An' by the howls ashore, they ha' found out summat's wrong. Do you take one of these lads, Captain, an' drive him to what's needful while I take t'other. But do not pistol him till I gi' you leave, else we may be put to some inconvenience in getting under way." He snapped at the seaman. "For'ard, scum!"

His pistol barrel pointed the command. While raging confusion reigned ashore, there was brisk if rebellious movement on the Naughty Sal. The ship's haltered, anchored motion changed abruptly as her anchor cable splashed overside.

Four men—with seven arms among them—slacked lines here and hauled at others yonder. The great yards on which her fore- and mainsails hung—braced in exactly opposite directions when the ship came to anchor in such raging haste—now creaked about till they were braced in a more normal fashion, suitable for progress in the water instead of a hasty halt at anchor. The Naughty Sal's head fell off and the sand cay swung about until it lay almost dead astern. The ship began to gather headway.

"An' now," said Captain Carvel vengefully, "we kill these two scum! I'll pistol one an' you t'other, eh, Cap'n Morgan?"

"Nay," said Captain Morgan, gently ferocious. "We but set them to swimming shoreward. Jump, lads, or I'll let your heart's blood out o' ye! Jump!"

His pistol glinted in the starlight. The two survivors of the anchor watch gave simultaneous gasps. As one man, they leaped. Twin splashes sounded astern. Captain Carvel swore angrily.

"I ha' a prejudice 'gainst a dirty ship," said Captain Morgan blandly. "If your heart was set on killing them, y'should ha' told me you'd scrub the mess from the planking after. But—" His voice grew blander still "—your pistol is not charged, Cap'n Carvel. I used it when I landed for you an' the chest, an't has not been recharged as yet. 'Twas best to let the lads swim for't."

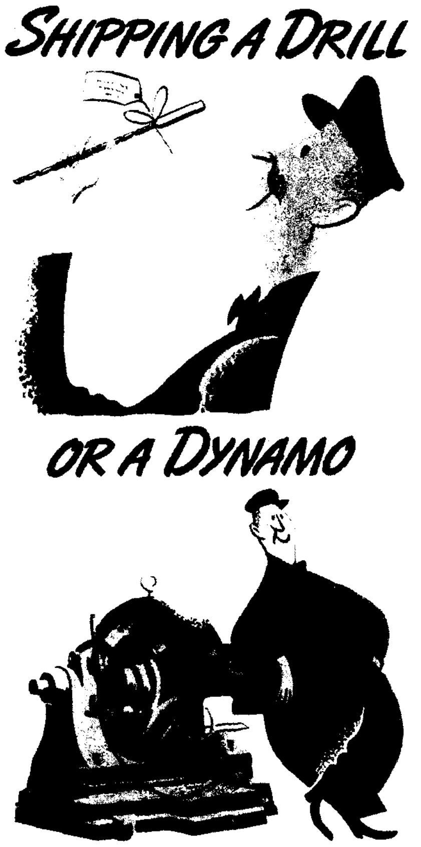
CAPTAIN CARVEL swore yet again. His pistol clicked, harmlessly. He flung it furiously to the deck. Captain Morgan took the tiller and made fine adjustment with the steering tackles which made it possible for one man to handle a ship of this size.

Whisperings began below the Naughty Sal's forefoot. A rhythmic rise and fall of her deck planking began. Then the comfortable creaking, washing, humming sounds which tell of a ship running easily under sail.

"I think," said Captain Morgan critically, "our jibs could be a trifle better set, Captain Carvel. Will you go for'ard an' see to 't?"

Captain Carvel went forward. Blocks creaked. The movement of the Naughty Sal became, perhaps, a trifle smoother. But Captain Carvel did not return. He stayed forward. No sound came from him at all. Nor, for that matter, from Captain Morgan. The Naughty Sal ran smoothly on her course. The last faint glow of the fire on the sand cay dwindled and was lost below the horizon. Captain Morgan, however, seemed still to stand by the tiller, leaning on it, as if he were the only living creature on the ship.

But very suddenly and utterly without warning a gout of flames flashed



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from the companion hatch leading down into what should be the captain's cabin. A bell-mouthed harquebus flung its monstrous charge of bullets into the tall shape leaning on the helm. The distance was at most ten feet, and the figure was a perfect target. Moreover, the harquebus was the perfect weapon for so murderous an assault. Fifty slugs must have torn their way into and through the form beside the tiller.

There was a ringing, clanging sound. The shape crumpled and fell in a curiously boneless fashion, forming a vague, untidy heap upon the starlit deck. A cutlass clanged and rattled to the planking. Then Captain Carvel came up out of the companion hatch with the smoking harquebus still in his hand, wheezing relief and self-congratulation.

Then something hit him. It was the butt of Captain Morgan's fourth pistol, wielded shrewdly by Captain Morgan's left hand.

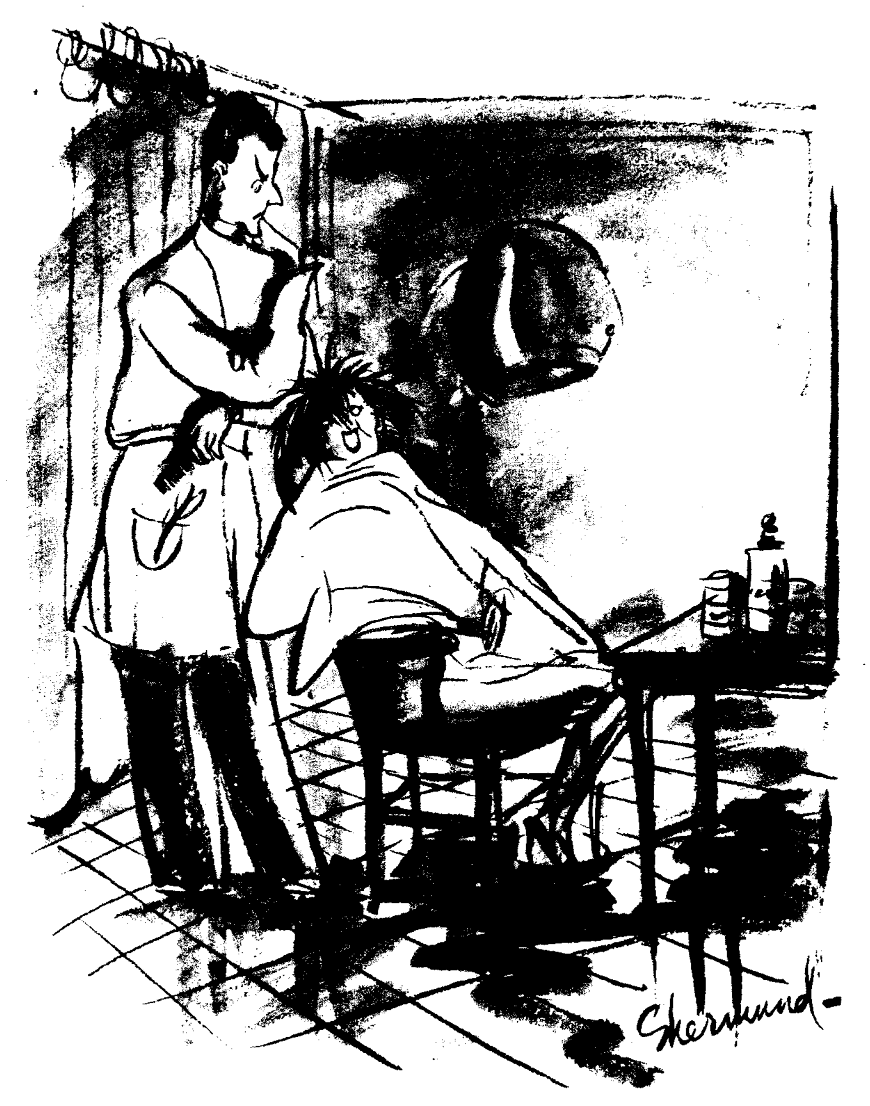
AN HOUR later, Captain Carvel wheezed bitterly in the longboat drawn close up under the stern of the Naughty Sal. There was a keg of rum and another of water beside him, and a heap of canvas with which he could—and presently would—improvise a sail. Captain Morgan looked benignly down, his face showing clearly in the light of a battle lantern. He sawed cheerfully with a rather dull knife at the rope which held the longboat to the ship. When it parted, Captain Carvel would be marooned again in a small boat, exactly as at the moment of his first sighting by Captain Morgan. But this time he had no chest of gems. That, and the bullion below decks now belonged to Captain Morgan by right of conquest. And he would not share it with anybody.

"Y'are a man of parts," observed Captain Morgan benevolently, as the strands parted slowly under his knife. "Aye, a man of parts, even if y'cannot distinguish a Don's tall cloak on a cutlass stabbed into the tiller head from a brother captain steering wi' the same. I think well of you, Captain Carvel. Wi' time an' training you might make a capable bos'n. It may be even a serviceable mate. But not a captain. Nay! Not a captain in our trade!"

He made a deprecatory gesture with the knife.

" 'Tis not that you do not try," he conceded sadly. "You try. Aye! I'll wager you'd already planned even your sailing into Port Royal, since one man could not work the Sal in to anchorage alone. But you'd ha' botched it, e'en if you so contrived as to near the port by daylight. You'd ha' beached her, I'll wager, or else signaled to your friends ashore to come out and help take her in. An' in either case the firstcomers would ha' robbed you of half your cargo o' gems and bullion, if indeed they did not slit your throat an' take it all.

"So as a lesson, now, do you take note that I'll sail lubberly enough the last few leagues, if need be, to make my landfall close to dawn. An' close to the harbor mouth I'll nudge a piragua I'll find lying off it. There'll be half a dozen such, filled with slaves of the tavern-keepers, catching fish for their masters to spoil in the cooking. I'll nudge such a little boat wi' the Naughty Sal so 'twill sink an' the slaves in it will ha' no choice but to scramble to my deck. An' then I'll press them for crew to work ship to a safe, snug anchorage at a pistol's point. Y'see, lad? 'Tis such fine points that show you should not try to be a captain in our trade. You ha' much promise an' many fine qualities, but—" Here Captain Morgan paused to shake his head admonishingly before severing the last strand of the towrope. "But somehow, Captain Carvel, you ha' not the knack o't!"



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Willy's Place

Continued from page 22

good. They weren't like the New York Giants; they weren't like the Jersey City Giants, but they played teams like Hackensack, Passaic, and the Knights of Columbus, and it was a sporting township, Central City, where the gate receipts were sometimes large enough to buy a man who played for George a suit of clothes and pay his rent and leave a little cash besides. He drew a beer for George. George tasted it and put it down. "What's the matter with it?" Willy said.

"Nothin' the matter. I'm a slow drinker, that's all. Don't be so touchy."

"I'm not touchy. But don't make faces at the beer."

"YOU see? You're being touchy now. Let bygones be bygones, Willy. It's beautiful beer." George smiled. "Well, Willy," he said, "we been hit hard by the draft. I've got no reason for coloring the picture, Willy. I can use you Sunday against Hackensack."

"Oh! That's it. That's what got you out of Palermo's joint. Well, I'm not interested, George. Not interested."

"For three hundred dollars for the game?"

"Not in this town, George. Not me. Not after the last time. I'm through. I've got my self-respect. What'd football ever do for me, except give me bad habits and too much money for a kid? Be better if I never had that kind of dough. Be better if I kept on washin' cars in a garage. And what'd this town ever do for me? One day I'm a big shot, so I figure this is my home town, a natural spot. I sink ten thousand dollars in this place. It's every dime I've got. But do they come near my place? Does anyone come here? No! But they'll go to Benny Palermo's place. His joint. And all because I'm a tramp in one single game last year. Me, playin' in your bush-league park and doin' them a favor."

"Just because they booed a little?"

"Booed? They turned on me like mad dogs," Willy said. "Just because I had a bad day—one bad day."

Mad dogs were rabbits, Willy Kleeps recalled, compared to Central City's sporting populace, his former friends, who turned on him. It was a week before the opening of his bar and restaurant; it was a gesture of good will that made him play for George's Bluejays. After all, he'd been the leading player in the National Football League, not long before, and there was value to his name. But things did not go right. The boys from Hackensack were not impressed, and Willy wasn't in the best of shape, and first thing anybody knew, he fumbled on his five-yard line and Hackensack recovered.

When he tried to run, they sat on him as though he were a public omnibus. When he tried to kick, the Hackensacks all but dismembered him upon the spot, and then, when Benny Palermo thrust an elbow in his windpipe, nearly strangling him, and he, in all the honesty of daylight, swung on Benny's guilty jaw, the crowd began to boo and bellow, "Prima donna! Throw 'im out, the bum!" And little boys, in alto voice, kept chirping, "Willy Kleeps has got the jeeps!"

It all was much too much and Willy threw his helmet to the ground and quarreled with the referee, the linesman and the opposition; and George Felix took him out of there.

Now George, with beer in hand, said, "Willy, that's just life."

"Then I don't want any part of it. Margie was the gal who knew this football business, George. She always said it was a game for cannibals."

George shrugged. "Okay," he said. "But if you change your mind before I get some other guy—"

"I won't change my mind."

George left, and only Bertie, with the towel across his arm, was standing near the bar. He grinned and made a gesture with the towel. "It's just like I was workin' here," he said.

"Don't get ideas. But you can sleep here if you want." Willy looked across the room to where the girl sat over by the pin-ball machine. "See if the lady will have anything else," he said.

"She's still got the same beer," Bertie told him quietly. "She just holds the beer. She's a wonderful-looking girl."

Willy, by squinting, could see her turning the half-filled glass in her long white hand. Willy was a little nearsighted, though he never would confess it, and there was much about the girl he wished to see. He hoped she'd turn around. Finally she did. She turned around and she said, "Hello, Willy."

He knew the voice and his heart turned slowly in him, and with squinting now he saw her face. The girl was Margie, and he walked around the bar and across the room and she stood to shake his hand.

It wasn't always that she'd shake his hand. It used to be that she would put her cheek, her lips against his face, though that was quite some precious time ago. No more. She looked the same. She still stood tall and handsome in her clothes. She had a way of wearing them. The show-girl training, he supposed. She seemed a little tired, but she did not betray the thirty years she recently attained.

"Hello, Margie," Willy said. "Sit down."

They sat and Willy realized that George Felix must have come in through the door with her. "Did you come in with George?" he asked.

"No. I was ahead of him. I knew who it was and I didn't feel like talking. That's why I sat at the table and turned my back. Only your feet were showing behind the bar when I came in."

"Oh. Did you hear what George said to me?"

"I was listening, Willy, but I couldn't hear. I supposed you were talking football, but I couldn't hear. I really couldn't, honestly."

"Well, it's all right. After all—" But he was glad she hadn't heard him telling George his new-found attitude toward football, since such an attitude had always been her own and they had fought on such a basis through a number of years.

"But please don't think that I was snooping, Willy. I—I had just hoped you were through with football, with such a nice place and all."

"All right," he said.

"SO THEN we won't quarrel, Willy?" She held her gloves in her hands and she smiled at him. She did the old things to him and he wanted to reach across the table and hold her face in his hands. But there would be trouble. There had always been trouble.

"You still in show business?" he asked her then.

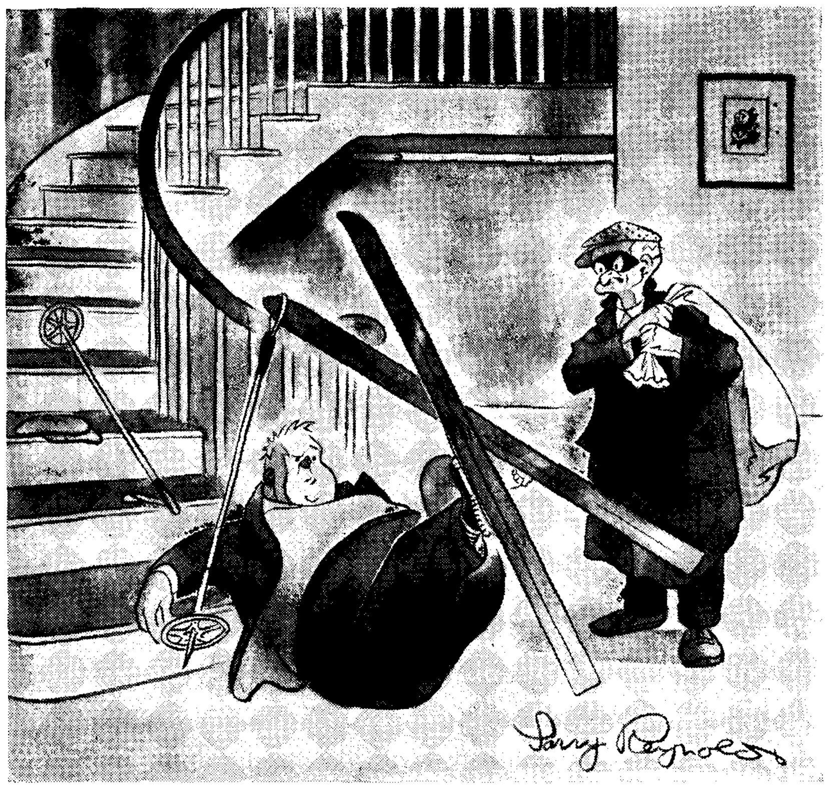
"Yes, Willy." She looked down at her gloves and her face had flushed a little. "That's—why I've come to see you." And for a moment he hoped that she would say she'd sliced her ham and put it all away, but instead, she said, "I have a chance at a legitimate part—road company of My Sister Eileen. And—oh, Willy, I'm so thrilled—"

"Good Lord! You? In drama? Margie, use your head."

"Must you say that, Willy? Must it always be the same?"

"No," he said. "I'm sorry. It's really nice to see you, Marge." So nice, he thought, that I could weep. It kills me just to look at you. He was conscious

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Why'n't you leave things alone you ain't familiar with?"

This shirt will "two-time" you

..and you'll like it!

Wings "two-timing" is in the collar. It gives you twice the amount of wear because it actually outlasts the shirt. Twice the amount of smartness because it can't wilt or wrinkle no matter how much you wear and wash it.

Wings are smart shirts . . . *mighty* smart shirts. Precision-tailored with sloping shoulders, sleeves set-in at an angle like your arms, a waist that curves like your own. Have them in broadcloths, end-and-end broadcloths, oxfords, piques . . . all with the look and feel that says luxury. Eight collar styles. Whites, colors and a flock of inspired new patterns. Write for name of dealer.

165 and 200

Wrinkle-free collar made under Celanese patent

WINGS SHIRTS
With Aeroplane Fabric Collars

PIEDMONT SHIRT CO., GREENVILLE, S. C.

...and I'll Bid "33 to 1"
I'll Double That!
STOP TALKING IN RIDDLES--WHAT D'YOU MEAN--"33 TO 1"?
IT'S AN INVITATION TO A GRAND SLAM IN FLAVOR... AH, AND WE'LL MAKE IT, TOO!
IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON, 33 TO 1... 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER.
HMMM! SO THAT'S WHY BLUE RIBBON ALWAYS HAS THAT SAME, SMOOTH FLAVOR.
I'LL RE-DOUBLE THAT 33 TO 1 BID--THE PAUSE FOR PABST IS THE BEST PART OF BRIDGE.
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT! BLENDING 33 BREWS INTO ONE DELICIOUS BEER WINS EVERY TIME!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

...IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER... IT NEVER VARIES

AS IN THE FINEST COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE, IT'S *EXPERT BLENDING* THAT GIVES BLUE RIBBON ITS SMOOTHER, TASTIER, UNVARYING GOODNESS. TODAY--TREAT YOURSELF TO A COOL, FOAMING GLASS--AND *PROVE* THAT BLENDING *33* FINE BREWS MAKES PABST BLUE RIBBON *ONE* GREAT BEER!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

of the apron he was wearing. He took it off and tossed it on a chair. "My regular man is off," he said.

"You look so—so earnest in your apron," Margie said. She lit a cigarette. She shook the match more than was needed for extinguishing its flame. "I suppose you are wondering why I came here?"

"I couldn't help but wonder. Is there anything that I can do?"

"Yes." Then she looked at him. "I thought I was going to be ashamed," she said, "but I'm not. Because, well, anyhow, it's honest, and I thought I'd like to see you, too, before I went away. I—I need some money, Willy."

His head froze colder than the beer. Because he hadn't any money, other than some nickels and some quarters and some dimes.

"I need someone to sign a note," she said, "for three hundred dollars. It's all legitimate. I—I'll have the money, really, very soon. I have some rents due on the stores next month." Her family had left a little real estate, he knew. "Except that I need the money now, and I didn't want to ask anybody else. Not in Central City, anyhow."

Willy breathed a fine relief. To sign a note did not take any cash. Not when you sign. Often, later, but not when you sign. "Be glad to, Marge," he said. "Be happy to. Of course." But he did not enjoy her difficulties. It was not so good to borrow money. He should know.

Margie said, "I have it here. It's one of those things that require a co-maker. Mmmm." She brought some papers from her purse. "The Central City Finance Company," she explained. "I didn't know any company to go to in New York."

Willy's sweat flowed heavily. He couldn't sign the note. He couldn't tell her that he had a note with Central City Finance for himself, and in the sum she named, which was the limit with the Central City Finance. Thus his signature would be no good. He owed them two months' payments now. Willy looked for exits, fast.

"Those bloodsuckers!" he stormed. "You're borrowing from them? You expect *me* to do business with people like that?"

"Why not?"

"Usury," he said. "Plain usury, and don't forget it. I'm a businessman. I—I'd rather lend you the money myself."

"But I didn't want that, Willy. I wouldn't have come in that case."

"Why not? What's the matter with my money?" The only thing the matter with my money, he recalled, is that I haven't any. "What's the matter with my money, Marge?"

"Nothing. Nothing, except—"

"Forget it. You'll have the money in the morning." Oh, he thought. That's me. I'm it. George Felix and his Bluejays and the vengeful Hackensacks, just waiting for a chance like this! Benny Palermo, and the small boys chirping in the stands that "Willy Kleeps has got the jeeps!" The heavy, endless pain of it. And more than that, the shame of it, all to a guy who had been big league once. Oh, he thought.

"I wouldn't do it," Margie said. "Except that I must buy some clothes and costumes. I'll be leaving tomorrow, Willy. The show opens Friday in Elizabeth."

"And closes in Elizabeth. Throwing good money after bad. Ah, well." He saw her anger rising, so he said, "I'm sorry, baby. Lemme look at you. And then I'll get the money. No. No trouble, honestly."

IN THE early evening, when she had gone to visit with a cousin, Willy called George Felix on the phone. George wasn't there.

"Where is he?" Willy asked.

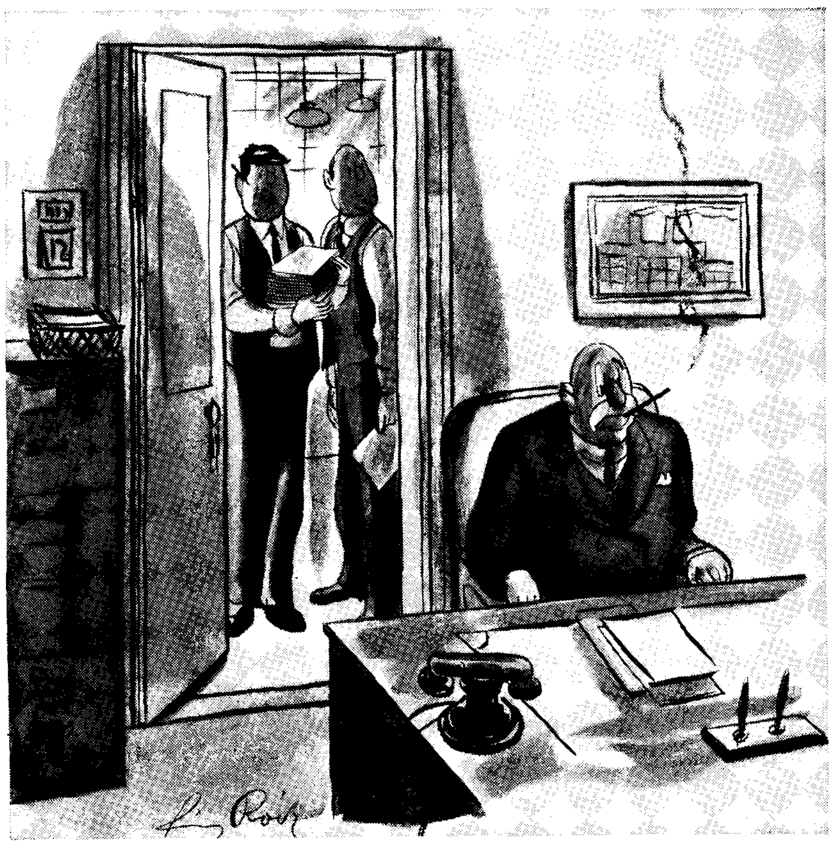
"At Palermo's," he was told.

"Palermo's!"

"Having dinner." And the conversation ended there.

Never in his life had Willy swallowed pride in such a gulp. Palermo's Place was on Corriza Street, between a laundry and a barbershop. It was a squeezed-in little place, with kitchen steam instead of curtains on the windows. Just a small spaghetti house and bar that Benny ran with Rose, his wife.

They did all right, when you consid-

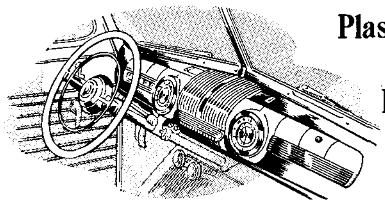


"Mr. Hindly feels bad about not getting that defense order. He wanted so much to help!"

IRVING ROIR

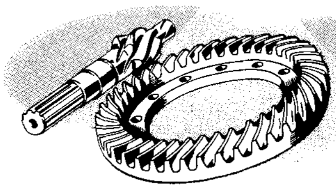
How Defense Needs have been met and Ford Quality improved

As defense production has gained pace, many people have wondered about its effect on 1942 cars. Would shortages of some materials force substitutes into the motor car? Would buyers get less quality for their money this year? For our part at Ford, we are glad to say that defense requirements have been met in full without a single reduction in the goodness of the car mechanically—and with many real improvements in its beauty, comfort and performance. Some new materials have replaced old ones, generally at greater cost to us. In every case, the new is equal to or better than the old. Here are instances of what we have done . . .



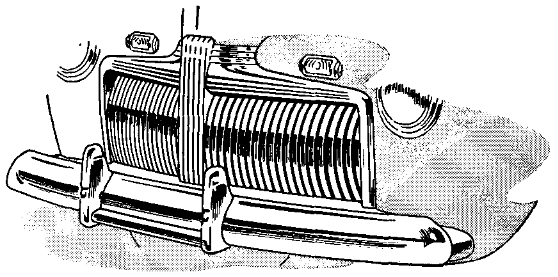
Plastics Replace Metal for Interior Trim

We have been developing plastics for a long time at Ford. The value of this is now apparent. The wider use of plastics this year in instrument panel, radio grille, door handles and other interior trim has released large quantities of zinc formerly used in metal die-castings, as well as nickel and chromium formerly used in plating bright metal parts. The new plastic parts are lighter in weight, fully as serviceable, and very attractive in appearance.



Molybdenum Replaces Nickel

Nickel is important not only in the finish of plated metal but in improving the toughness of steel. In defense production it is used in the manufacture of aviation engine parts and armor plate. Ford valves, transmission gears, shafts, and other parts formerly containing nickel, are now alloyed with molybdenum and chromium. For the purpose, these parts are as good as or better than those replaced.



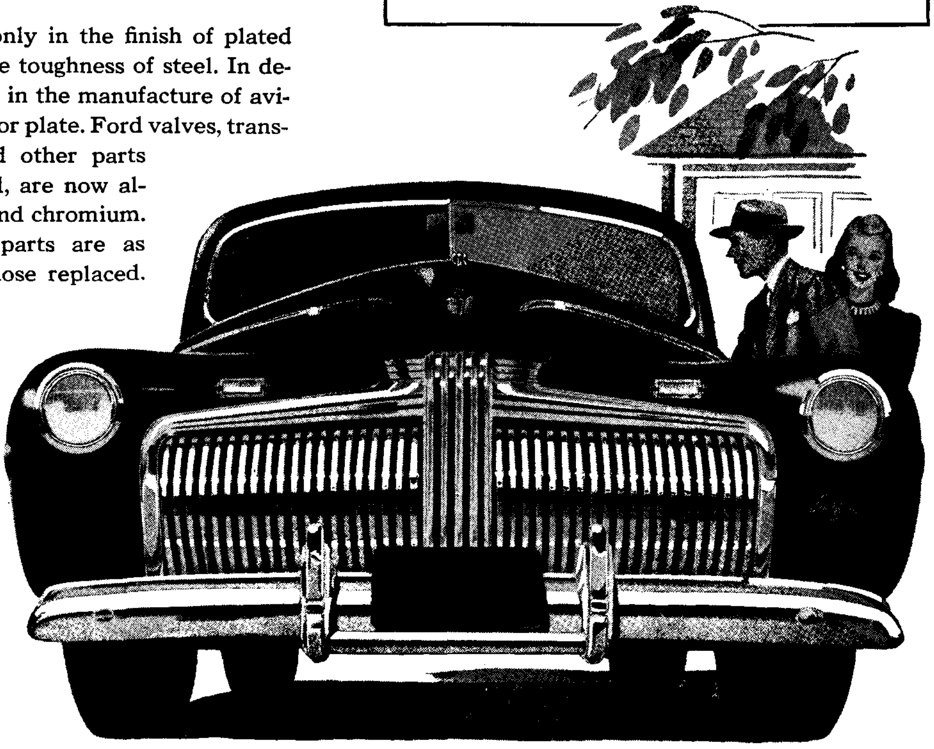
Steel Stampings for Die-Castings

Exterior parts like radiator grilles, and mechanical parts like generators and starter end plates, are now made from steel stampings instead of die-castings, without affecting their usefulness or appearance. This has freed large amounts of zinc, aluminum and other defense-needed materials.

Some Results in Defense Metals Saved

Based on present conditions, here are some examples of how new materials and methods in the 1942 Ford are helping relieve defense "shortages." Figures show the *cut* in use this year of the materials named:

Primary *(new)* Aluminum has been cut out 100% . . . Secondary *(re-melted)* Aluminum has been cut down 70% . . . Nickel has been cut down by 90.7% ... Magnesium, cut out almost entirely, is down 98.7% . . . Zinc has been reduced by 37.5% . . . Copper, Tin, Lead, and Tungsten cut down in varying amounts from 5.2% to 81%.



Ford

America's Most Modern 6...America's Lowest-priced 8

"TELL ME ANOTHER" and win $5.00 – says KLEENEX*

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

No Clinkers in My Blinkers!

SOFT, GENTLE KLEENEX IS TOPS FOR REMOVING MASCARA AND SOOT FROM WELL-KEPT EYELASHES.

(*from a letter by* I. E. K., Chicago, Ill.)

Ever Hear a Dream Squawking!

NEXT TIME WIFEY TELLS ME TO GET KLEENEX, I'LL SAY "YES DEAR" AND GET IT. LAST TIME I BROUGHT HOME A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE AND GOT (CENSORED).

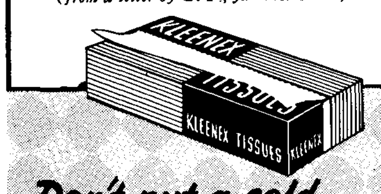
(*from a letter by* A. B., Paducah, Ky.)

KLEENEX TISSUES

Two Bundles From Heaven...

KLEENEX IS A HEAVEN-SENT HELP FOR KEEPING BABY CLEAN AND SWEET...AND PREVENTING CODLIVER OIL FROM STAINING HIS CLOTHES.

(*from a letter by* G. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.)



Don't put a cold in your pocket

USE KLEENEX*

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

ered Benny really was a native torn from Hackensack and not a Central City boy at all—and still on autumn Sundays played for Hackensack. It was a thing that Willy in good conscience had to fight. Besides, it was this evidence of Benny's gainful trade that had persuaded Willy, just one year before, to open up a place himself, a bigger place, with Chinese chef and no spaghetti, and with room to move around in; with the name of Willy Kleeps hung high in lights outside to bring the people in, because it was by far a bigger name than Benny's name, or the names of all Palermos stacked one on another higher than the mountains of their native Sicily.

To think that I should ever put my foot in here, he thought.

George Felix sat at a little table that was covered with a gingham cloth, working, with his elbows wide, upon a cutlet Benny's wife had set before him. George looked up and said, "Why, Willy! What a place to find you. Sit down, Willy. Try the veal."

Willy said no, thanks. But he sat solemnly at George's table. He said, "It isn't funny, George, but I'll play Sunday. I'll win you the ball game, George. I need that three hundred dollars." George listened while he chewed and Willy's appetite was monumental. "Have a sandwich, Willy. Have a steak. Or try the stew. Go ahead."

"No. But about the money, George—"

George listened. He said, "All right, you can have it now, but I don't want any temperament. I want a ball game and I figure you're the one to give it to me, Willy—no matter what they say."

ON SUNDAY afternoon, at two o'clock, Willy Kleeps ran out across the short-cropped grass of Felix Field with the Central City Bluejays. He was more excited than he'd ever been at Soldier Field, Chicago, or the Polo Grounds, New York. He heard the crowd in the tight-filled stands. Just noise. No stinging, special words for him. Not yet. He kept his eyes to business as the Bluejays ran formations down the field. He defied the crowd. Let them say what they cared to say, if they paid admission. Margie had the money, anyway.

In the backfield, Willy ran the ball wide in the mock maneuvers of the signal drill, feeling strong and thrilled with motion now, and thinking that, by sheerest chance, there could be one more ball game left in him.

"Who's that bum?" somebody called.

Willy tried to think of other things. But this was hard to do, because the other things he had in mind were not what you'd call pleasant things. He'd left his bar and restaurant in charge of Bertie, feeling that no evil could be set upon it that was not already there. And he had taken Margie to the train and wished her luck and kissed her much more warmly than he had intended, and the train pulled out and left him all alone to face the job at Felix Field.

George had said to him, "You're not in shape, Willy, and we can't make miracles. But we need you for the kicking and the passing and I'd like to have you call the plays. So don't lose your head. Don't go sluggin' Palermo and those other guys."

Hackensack won the toss and chose to kick. Willy lay back deep against the Central City goal posts, tightening the strap of his leather football hat, working his big legs up and down to loosen them. Benny Palermo was set to do the kicking for the Hackensacks, and this Palermo, he was quite a lump of flesh to have around. A third-rate sort of athlete in his high-school days, a sand-lot player after that, Benny was a many-muscled man whose skill and power developed with the years. The iceman's trade, long practiced by Palermo, had bestowed on him the arms of an ape and the strength of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Willy watched him step into the ball and boot it high. The ball grew small to the eye in the high air where it traveled, then it descended, twisting, until Willy caught it safely in his arms and started up the field.

Willy ran hard and with a cold deliberation, seeing Hackensacks of varied size and speed intent on him. He straight-armed and pivoted and moved up to his twenty-yard line where they hit him solidly and hard and pinned him to the grass.

The Bluejays fell into formation. Willy spoke the signals, working from the T, and fed the ball to Grogan, who went to the line but not an inch farther. The contact shook up Willy like a malted milk and he reflected that the man who plays this game for vanity and not for cash has no more brains than you can find inside of a beanbag, and it only proved the truth of all the things that Margie said, and proved the truth of what he'd said to George the other day.

Willy lay back to kick the Bluejays out of trouble. The pass from the center, a grown-up high-school kid, was not too good, and Willy had to leap for it high in the air, then put his foot against it in a hurried kick that went for twenty yards, no more.

"Willy Kleeps has got the jeeps!"

He heard it from the stands. It was a stupid, childish-sounding theme, seized by the mentally unbalanced. Willy told himself he would not listen to the taunts. It all was too ridiculous that they should think a big-league guy —(the Giants, Packers, Redskins and Chicago Bears—with all of these Willy had played)—should lose his nerve in the emergencies of any bush-league game at Felix Field.

Hackensack now had the ball. They played from single-wing, a powered running game. Benny Palermo hit the Central City line for five. Then someone else came through for four and then for six, up to the Central City twenty-five, and Willy told his linemen and his backs where they should play, to watch the pass—a pass was coming, sure as hell, he said. And the pass did come. Benny Palermo ran out wide and tossed a quick diagonal to a skinny end who took the ball from right in front of Willy's nose and scampered to the last white mark, while Willy, in his effort to retrieve his lapse, fell heavily upon his stomach as he missed the skinny man who slipped around him.

WILLY heard them in the stands. He heard them shouting, "Take 'im out!" Now don't get sore, he told himself. Remember, you don't like this game enough for you to get upset. He waved a slow and recognizing hand at those who called his name. They happily stood up to boo at him. The hell, he thought. He shrugged. No more can happen than has happened, anyhow.

Hackensack did not convert for the extra point. They kicked off to Central City once again. This time the ball was gathered in by Grogan, who moved nicely to the thirty-one before they brought him down. Willy had blocked a man out on the play, but, when he got up, his mouth was red. He wiped his mouth off with his hand, and his hand off on his pants. He considered the Hackensack tackle who had done him thus. Now don't get sore, he told himself. Benny Palermo, wandering behind the scrimmage line as the teams lined up again, said, "You was with the Green Bay Packers, wasn't you?" Benny thought his observation was a funny one.

SOMETHING NEW IN RADIO

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SELF-CHARGING PORTABLE RADIO

Has its own Storage Battery

● Think of it! No battery replacement worries! Plays anywhere on its built-in Storage Battery. Self-charges while it plays on AC house current. Ask the General Electric Radio dealer for a demonstration.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Is lazy circulation making your HAIR FALL OUT?

Wake up your scalp with new finger-massage machine

● Are you losing your hair because circulation in your scalp is sluggish? Your own doctor will tell you that daily *fingertip* massage is one of the most *sensible* things you can do to help.

Now *easy* with Vitalator—amazing machine that imparts to *your own fingertips* the correct *rotary* vibration of Swedish massage. You need no special skill. And Vitalator does the work, as you relax.

Use Vitalator alone, or to apply your hair tonic with professional technique. See it, try it, *own it!* At cosmetic, drug and appliance counters everywhere.

The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

SCALP CIRCULATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

GILBERT Vitalator $8.95

ALSO IN NATURAL PLASTIC OR CHROME $9.95

Willy called the play, which gave the ball to Jeffers, on a wide sweep to the right. Willy told himself, be nice, be nice, remember George; he let you have three hundred bucks. He cleared the Hackensack tackle out of there. He did it with the hard meat of his shoulder in the suet of the big man's waistline, and the man did not get up and Willy felt much better now. He held his hands up to the referee. "All I did was block 'im," Willy said, and there was little doubt of that. But the crowd booed, anyhow.

The Bluejays gained a first down on their forty-five-yard mark. Willy hadn't carried yet. He thought it might be fun to try. Still working from the T formation, Willy faked the ball to Jeffers, pivoted and slipped in through the line, dug his cleats in the earth with a heavy drive and went for five yards, ten, and he was going yet and stumbling from the vast momentum of his drive. They hit him then, while he was smiling to himself, and the ball went out of his arms before the whistle blew, and Willy knew that they had punched it from his arms, Palermo and another guy, and he was sick inside of himself that they could do this thing to him. As he went down someone kicked him in his troubled head, and he saw few things clearly while the Bluejays put the salts beneath his nose.

"Get up, you bum!" they called out from the stands. "You're fakin' it!"

Hackensack now had the ball, by grace of Willy's losing it. Palermo ran it hard into the center of the line, his blockers clearing out for him, his blockers hitting Willy with a dreadful shock that flattened him against the grass. Willy pulled himself erect with effort. Then George Felix took him out. George said, "They'll bury you out there. Those guys got everything ready but your tombstone. It's just that they're small-time guys who don't like big-time guys."

"Whoever told you I was a big-time guy?" said Willy. Then he sat and brooded and the game moved on into the second half and it was quite a game to see. Jeffers almost got away for Central City once, but Benny Palermo pulled him down and the crowd loved Benny, friend or foe; it didn't matter that he played for Hackensack. There was no further score.

Willy watched. He thought it all was amateur out there. He said to George, "I just shook those ice tongs out of my head. Everything is clear. You know what, George?"

George asked him what.

"Those bums out there. I still maintain that they are bums, especially Palermo." Thanks for the comfort, George told him. "I mean it. Lemme go out there, George."

George said, "The fans'll boycott my ball park."

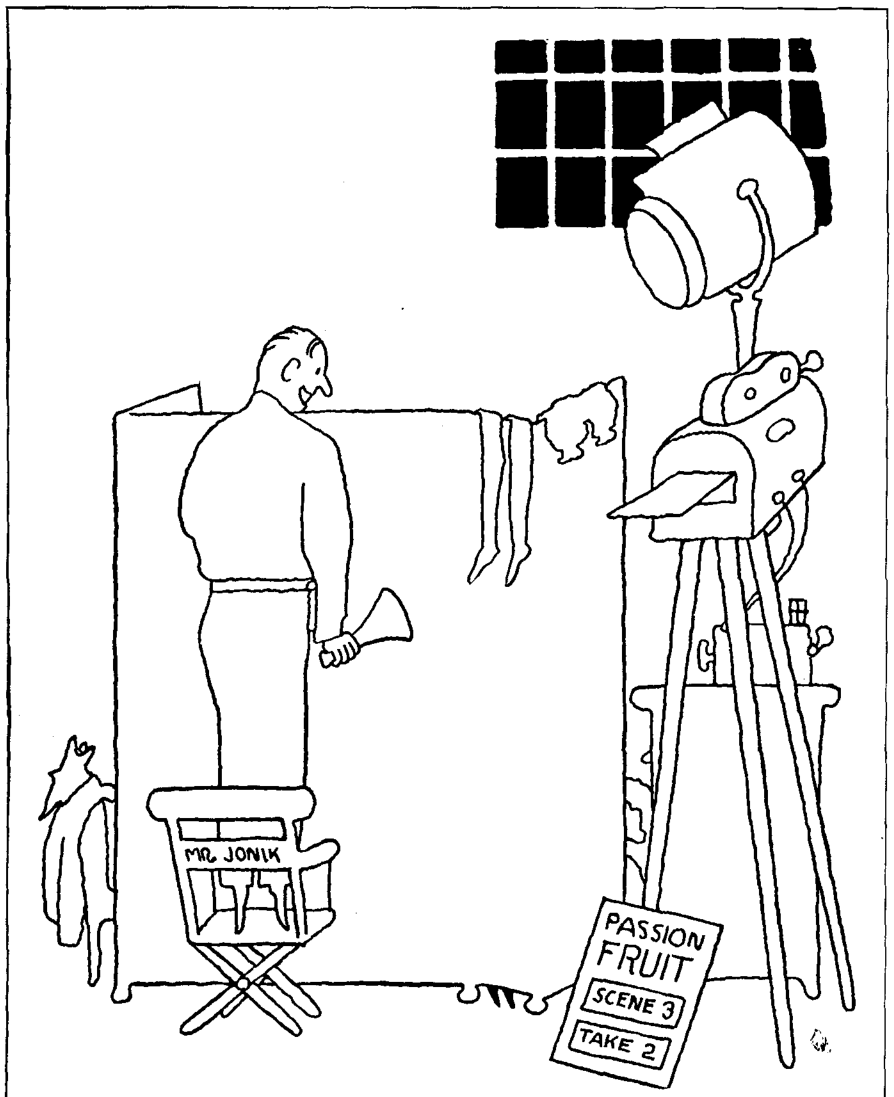
"We'll see," Willy said.

"Go ahead," George said. "We're losin', anyhow."

SO WILLY ran out on the field again and the crowd was yelling while he ran and the things they called to him were choice and fancy things that they'd invented with the greatest concentration through the minutes he had been out of the game. He waved to them. Somebody threw a bottle. Willy tossed the bottle off the grass and then reported to the referee, "Kleeps replacing Goldberg."

Willy figured, well, what can I lose? He took a deep breath and the ball came back to him. He held it tight in one hand with the other swinging free. He picked an artful path between the tackle and the end. He knew that they were waiting for him, tense and over-anxious.

He spun easily, away from reaching hands, into the secondary zone, and put his big free hand in Benny Palermo's



"Would you like a taller screen, Miss Dilling?" GARDNER REA

STEALING THE SHOW—

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING–BUT

you can help your throat!

WATCH *yourself* . . . and you'll *realize* that *all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. And when you do, there's *increased chance* of irritation for sensitive nose and throat passages. But *now* . . . look at the findings reported by eminent doctors—*who compared the five leading cigarettes:*

IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS—AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

You're bound to inhale *some*times . . . but you *can* have this *proved protection.* Full smoking pleasure . . . without smoking penalties . . . if you smoke Philip Morris. No wonder they're "stealing the show"!

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

**FINER PLEASURE PLUS
REAL PROTECTION—
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE**

face, and twisted the hand a little as he caromed to the right, then kept on going for a dozen yards. They pushed him out of bounds. Then they fell on him, a drove of them, and it was not an easy thing for Willy to climb back to his feet again.

But he was calling signals steadily. He took the ball and moved out wide. He checked himself and threw a short pass into Jeffers' hands and it was midfield now, and someone, just a lonely, valiant soul, yelled, "Willy! Yay, Willy!"

Willy grinned. His nose was bloody. Willy took the ball and hit the middle of the Hackensacks and spread them with his strength. He got down to the twenty-five before they stopped him, and the stands were vocal now, more violently than ever, but with fewer of their number howling, "Bum!"

The only trouble was that Willy couldn't move. His strength was gone. He let Delancey take it on a sharp reverse that gained no yards. He used this moment to restore himself by swallowing great quantities of breezy afternoon. His legs shook under him. He tried again. He went for five. All Hackensack stood now opposed to him. He faked the center of the line again. He slipped the ball to Jeffers, who sneaked through to the twelve-yard line, while the enemy was busy pounding Willy on the grass.

Once more, he told himself. Just once. But once was not enough because his drive was piled up on the four-yard line and he lay there for a moment when the pile had been unscrambled. He just stayed there in the welcome coolness of the shadows of the afternoon. Get up, he told himself; they'll think you're faking it. And now he knew how much he wanted to have them think well of him, and how it was the nourishment that he had always lived on. He got up and the boys said in the huddle, "Take it, Willy. This is all for you. We'll clear 'em out of there."

"I'm corked," he said. "Let Johnny take it." Johnny meant Jeffers and Willy meant only to be generous and just.

"You follow me," said Jeffers. "This is your game, Willy. This is big-time stuff we seldom see out here."

The teams lined up again, while Willy tried to pull himself together, get the loose ends of his scattered strength inside of him again. The ball came back. He took it. He moved to the right. The lines locked, like the twisted fingers of opposed and straining hands. Jeffers got the tackle who broke through. He got him right, and Willy moved behind him to the scrimmage line. Palermo was there and almost ready there, but doubting now and scared a little bit, and Willy ran him down the way a truck might run him down, and that was six points for the Bluejays, that was tie score all around. The crowd's roar grew and cut away the shame of last year's failure. Willy stood back now as they lined up to try for the extra point.

He stood easy and relaxed. Jeffers held the ball for him. He placed it neatly where it had to be and Willy put a toe to it and watched it cut the air between the crossbars for the necessary point.

IT GETS dark quite early in November. It was dark when Willy left the dressing room. He had been there a long time, in the showers that helped to heal him and on the rubbing table where the pain and tiredness had lessened in his body. He felt better now. He smoked a cigarette and he was pleased that everybody liked him or at least had stopped defaming him. He said, "That's all the football I'm ever going to play, George. But I'm glad you liked it."

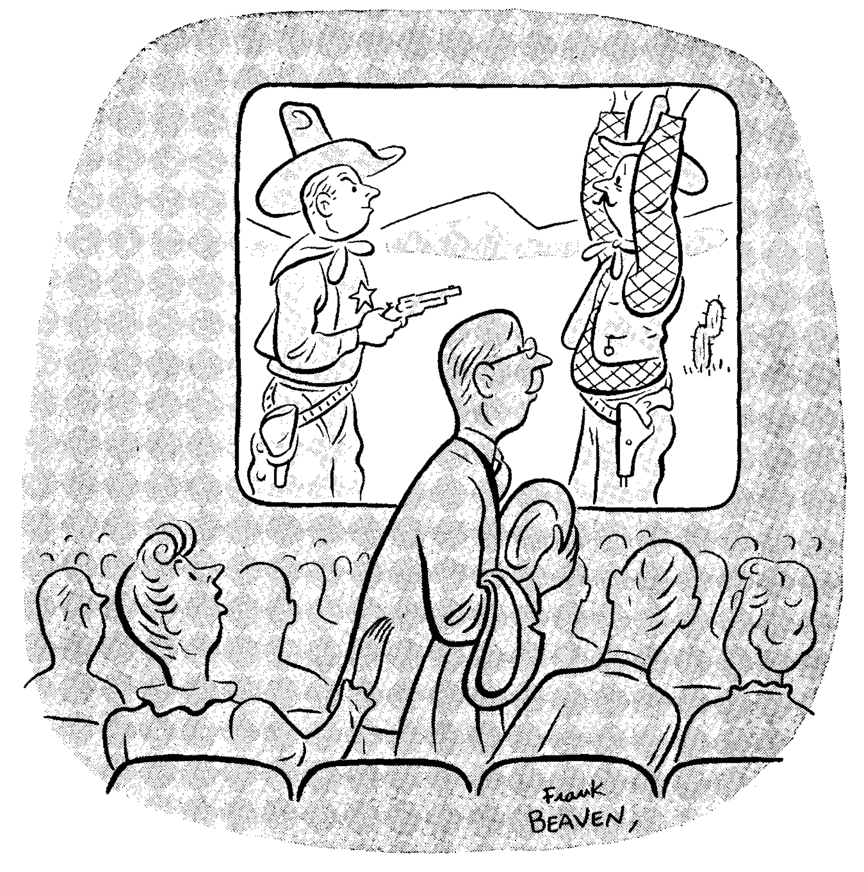
George asked, "Where you going now?"

Willy said, "Dunno. Not going anywhere, I guess. Maybe I'll go back to my place, make some coffee, get the radio news, then go to sleep."

"I'll drive you up," George said.

George drove his big car from the ball park. The car droned easily along until Willy, squinting through his sleepy eyes, could see his name in front of him, see "Willy Kleeps" and "Bar and Restaurant." His joint. Somebody fixed the lights, he thought.

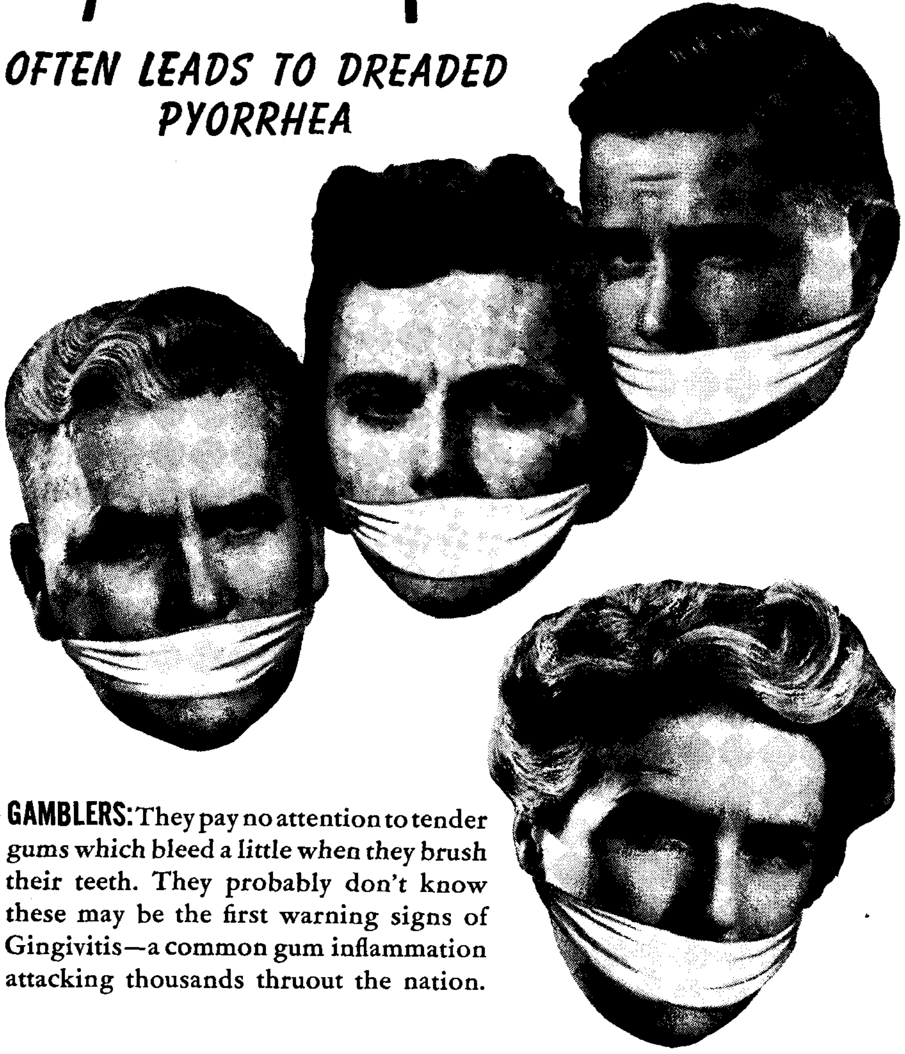
They went into the place and there



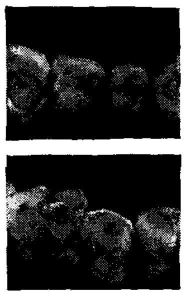
"This isn't where we came in—it's a preview of the movie we saw downtown last week!" FRANK BEAVEN

4 OUT OF 5 of us may be courting GINGIVITIS

OFTEN LEADS TO DREADED PYORRHEA



GAMBLERS: They pay no attention to tender gums which bleed a little when they brush their teeth. They probably don't know these may be the first warning signs of Gingivitis—a common gum inflammation attacking thousands thruout the nation.



NEGLECT OF BLEEDING GUMS of Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea which only your dentist can help. See your dentist every 3 months. Between times help guard against Gingivitis by massaging your gums twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste recommended by so many dentists. Clinical investigation shows this easy Forhan method is ONE VERY BEST help in taking wise precaution against Gingivitis.

WONDERFUL TO BRIGHTEN DINGY TEETH to their natural sparkle, Forhan's Toothpaste known FIRST for both massaging gums to be firmer and cleaning teeth. It ALSO helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—yet costs no more than ordinary toothpaste. Enjoy Forhan's *advantages.* All drug and dept. stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.

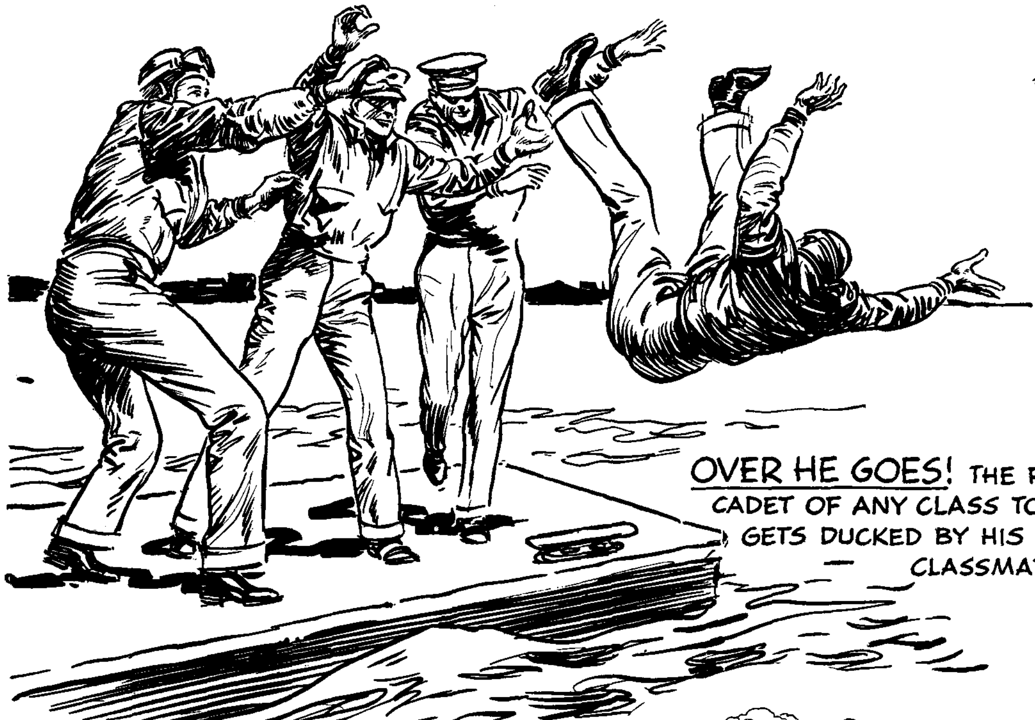
use

with massage

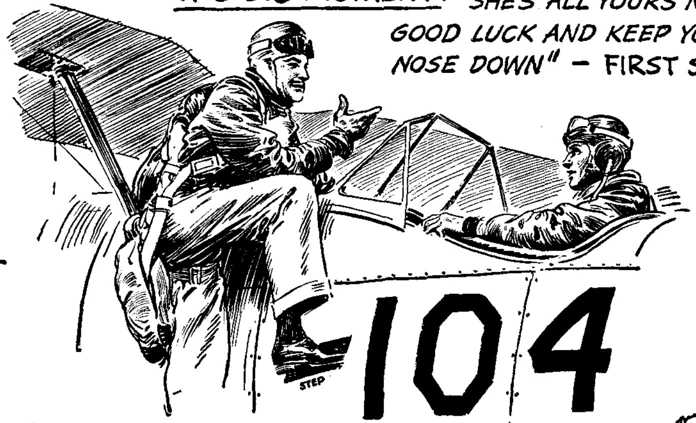
FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH

Life at Pensacola (U.S. Naval Air Training Base)

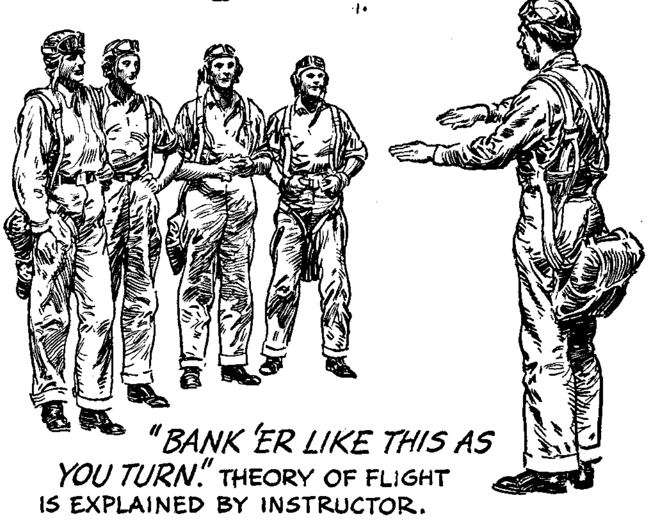
recently sketched in action by Texaco's artist FRANK GODWIN



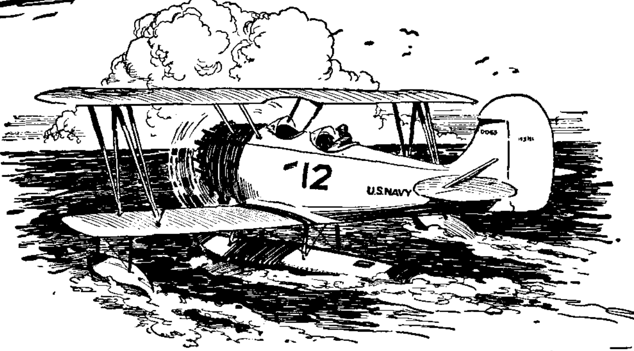
OVER HE GOES! THE FIRST CADET OF ANY CLASS TO SOLO GETS DUCKED BY HIS CLASSMATES!



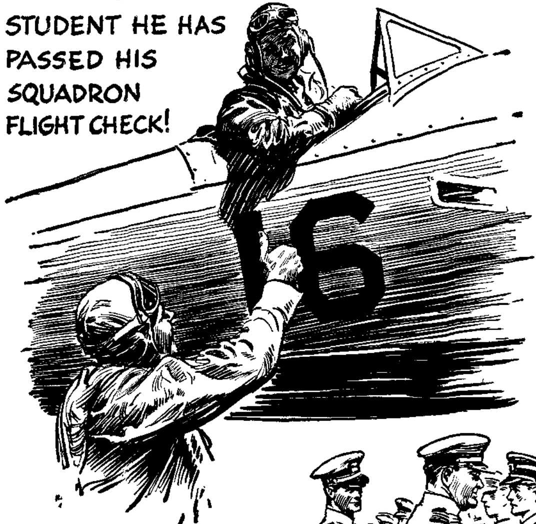
THE BIG MOMENT! "SHE'S ALL YOURS NOW... GOOD LUCK AND KEEP YOUR NOSE DOWN" — FIRST SOLO!



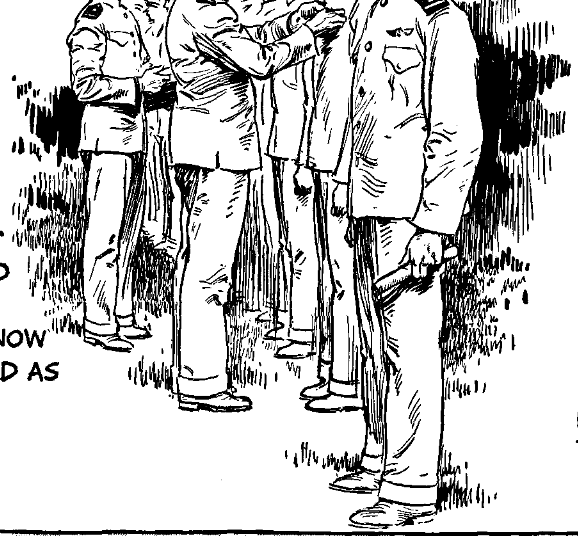
"BANK 'ER LIKE THIS AS YOU TURN." THEORY OF FLIGHT IS EXPLAINED BY INSTRUCTOR.



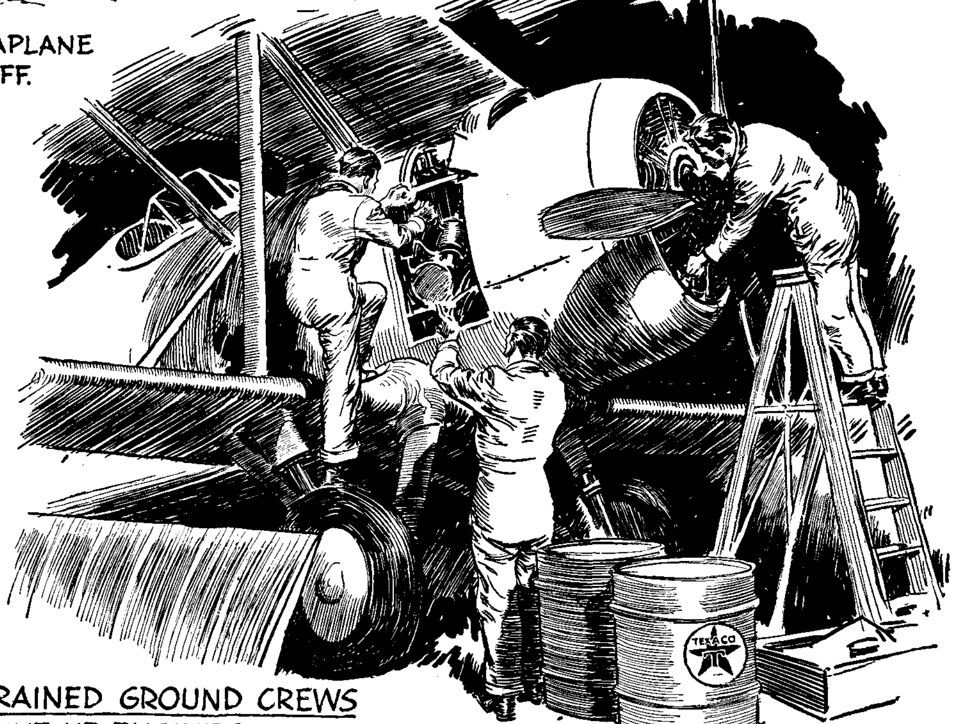
NAVY PRIMARY SEAPLANE TRAINER TAKING OFF.



"THUMBS UP"— NOT FOR A HITCH-HIKE, BUT TO TELL THE STUDENT HE HAS PASSED HIS SQUADRON FLIGHT CHECK!



THEY'VE WON THEIR WINGS... WHICH ARE PINNED ON BY THE "C.O." IN PERSON. THEY NOW ARE COMMISSIONED AS ENSIGNS.



TRAINED GROUND CREWS TUNE UP ENGINES

IN THE NAVY, **TEXACO** LUBRICANTS ARE SUPPLIED TO THE FLEET, TO THE MARINES AND TO THE COAST GUARD FOR EVERYTHING FROM BATTLESHIPS TO BOMBING PLANES.

TEXACO SERVES THE U.S. NAVY

TEXACO

and more than 45,000 Texaco Dealers serve the motorist with outstanding Texaco Products ... Sky Chief and FIRE-CHIEF *Gasolines—Insulated* HAVOLINE *and* TEXACO MOTOR OILS *and* MARFAK CHASSIS LUBRICANT

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT...2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

FRED ALLEN Every Wednesday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

METROPOLITAN OPERA. (Starting Nov. 29) Complete broadcasts of great operas every Sat. afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.

FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

HE WINS ON EVERY COUNT!

Generations of careful breeding make this dog a champion among champions...one of a kind! He can't be duplicated!

SO DOES FLEISCHMANN'S GIN!

- First in smoothness—first in delicate flavor ...because Fleischmann's Gin comes from a distiller with the longest experience in distilling gin for the American taste! It can't be duplicated!

Where Character counts -count on Fleischmann's

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin For Prize-Winning Drinks
Distilled from American Grain—90 Proof

11½"x 8" color print of above dog painting, without advertising, sent for 10¢. Write Box AK
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

were many people there and Willy said, "This must be Benny's trap; it can't be mine." But it was his all right. There was the evidence of Bertie, with a cleaner, whiter towel across his arm, and with a vast array of beers set on a tray, alpaca coat, a haircut, many fine illuminating things including Bertie's smile. Bertie said, "You murdered them, Chief. I knew you'd murder them."

Willy couldn't understand the great number of people eating. They were eating chicken fricassee. He looked at Bertie. Bertie said, "The special for today. With Manhasset Muffins."

"But where'd the people come from?" Willy asked.

"You brought 'em, boss. You're the biggest man in town tonight. It's like you said. It's human nature."

THERE were cloths on all the tables; simple, inexpensive cloths of gay design that dressed the room and made you think of daylight; there were autumn flowers spread about, and autumn leaves and no dust visible to Willy's eyes.

A lot of people came and said, "A great game, Willy. It was something that we won't forget."

"Well, thanks; well, thanks."

"The big-league stuff," somebody said. "The kind of thing that you don't see in Central City. That don't mean to cast any reflection, George," the man apologized. "Except that I know class when I see class."

It was nice of everyone.

Then Bertie came back with the beers again and Willy grabbed him. Willy asked him, "Bertie, what goes on? What makes? Is this my joint? No foolin', now."

"Ask her."

"Ask who?"

Bertie nodded toward the kitchen. Willy walked, with people trailing him and talking, toward the kitchen. He said to all of them, "That's fine; that's nice. I'll see you later, sure."

He went into the kitchen. Margie stood there in a pretty dress and she was giving orders to a lady in the kitchen. She had just removed an apron; there was perspiration on her brow; her cheeks were flushed and she looked wonderful, so wonderful that Willy wanted to kiss her. But he couldn't figure things. He said, "Why don't you let me in on it? I put you on the train for Elizabeth."

"I got off the train," she said. "I didn't go to Elizabeth. I came back here and had a talk with Bertie, and he told me all the things you'd said to George, and he told me what a gentle, kindly man you were and how the world abused you."

"Never mind that stuff."

"And so I told him, 'Yes, I know; the whole world knows that Willy's nice. He's just a little silly in the head, from playing football.' And Bertie said to me, 'The man's in love with you. That's why the beer gets stale inside the pipes.' I cried then, Willy. I cried very hard."

Willy kissed her lightly on the nose. "How sweet," he said. "But what about the drama, baby. What about The Great White Way?"

"I—I hated it," she said. "It's just—it's just that I never could give up—well, not while you were playing football, anyhow. But I know why you played today. You played for me. You didn't have a penny, Willy, but you got three hundred dollars for me. I—I hope you don't mind, but I bought some fresh beer, darling, and some other things, and fixed the place up just a little bit, and Bertie fixed the lights. I like this business, Willy. Oh, I like it very much."

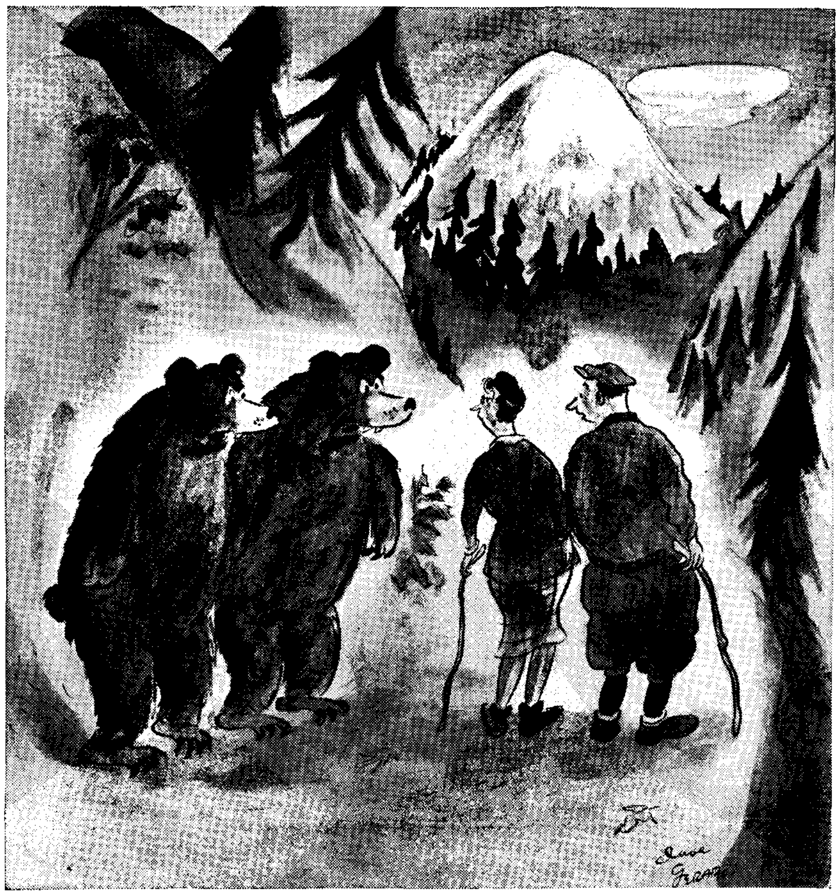
They walked outside and watched the people at the tables and the bar and Willy said, "You're very good at it."

"You brought the crowd," she said. "You won them all this afternoon."

"Yeah, but is it gonna last?"

"I think so, darling," Margie said. She squeezed his arm. "I fired the Chinaman first thing. I gave him four weeks' pay. I had to tell him that I was your wife, but Willy, did you ever taste that man's chow mein?"

Willy scratched his head. "I used to like it very much," he said. "But not after the first six months."



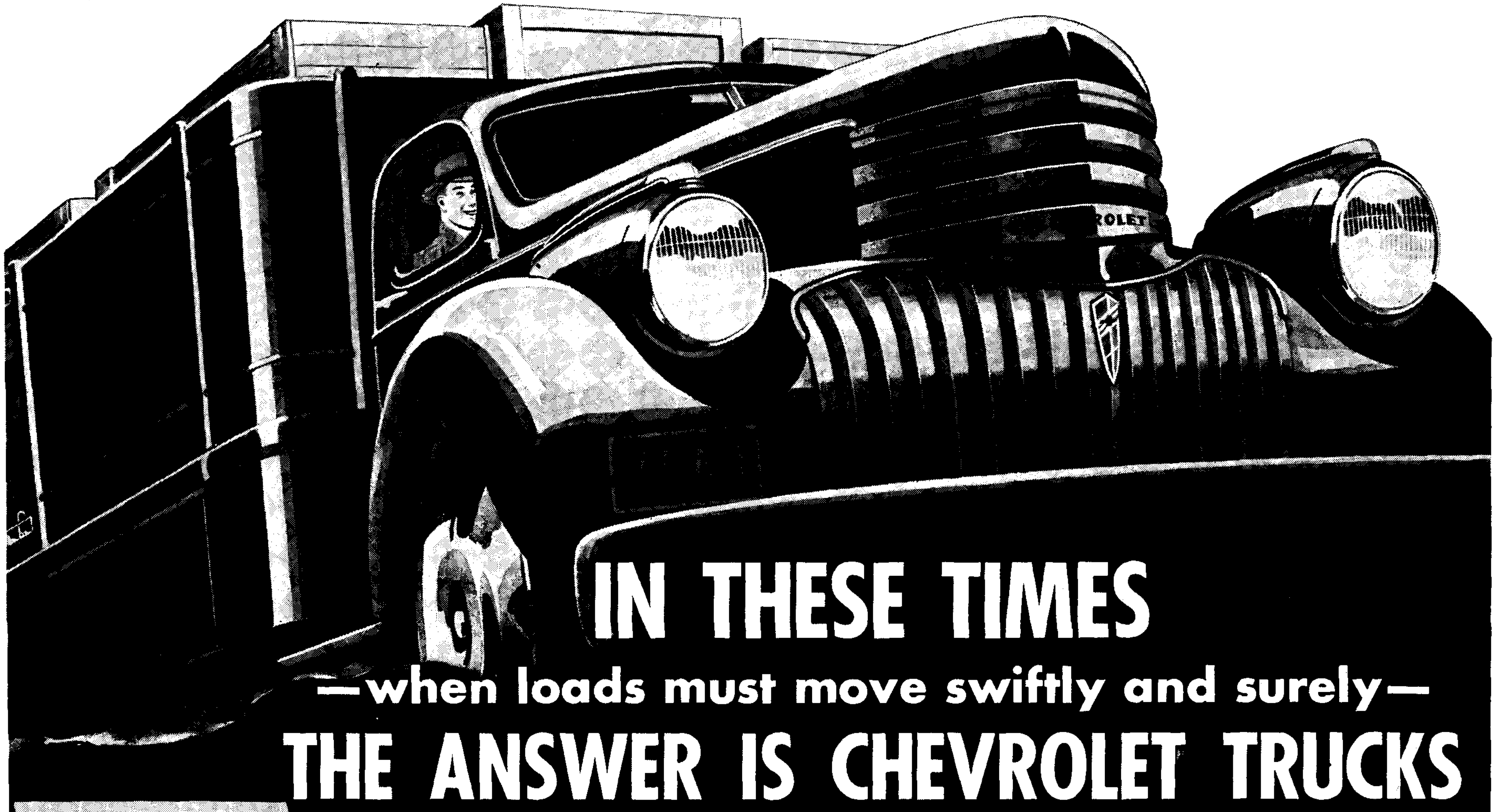
"They say distance is very deceiving in the mountains—I hope!"

DAVID C. GERARD

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

WITH "LOAD-MASTER" ENGINE

"Geared to Haulage Leadership"



IN THESE TIMES

—when loads must move swiftly and surely—

THE ANSWER IS CHEVROLET TRUCKS

MOST POWERFUL biggest-selling trucks

ECONOMICAL beyond any haulage equal

DEPENDABLE as their record A.A.A. tests

These are times that call for POWER—ECONOMY—DEPENDABILITY—in trucks as well as in men! . . . That's why the largest demand, *country-wide,* is for America's leading trucks—Chevrolets with the famous "Load-Master" engine. . . . They're the *most powerful* biggest-selling trucks; they're *economical* beyond any haulage equal; and they're *dependable* and *durable* to an extraordinary degree! . . . Choose Chevrolet trucks for *your* haulage job and own the trucks that are "Geared to Haulage Leadership!"

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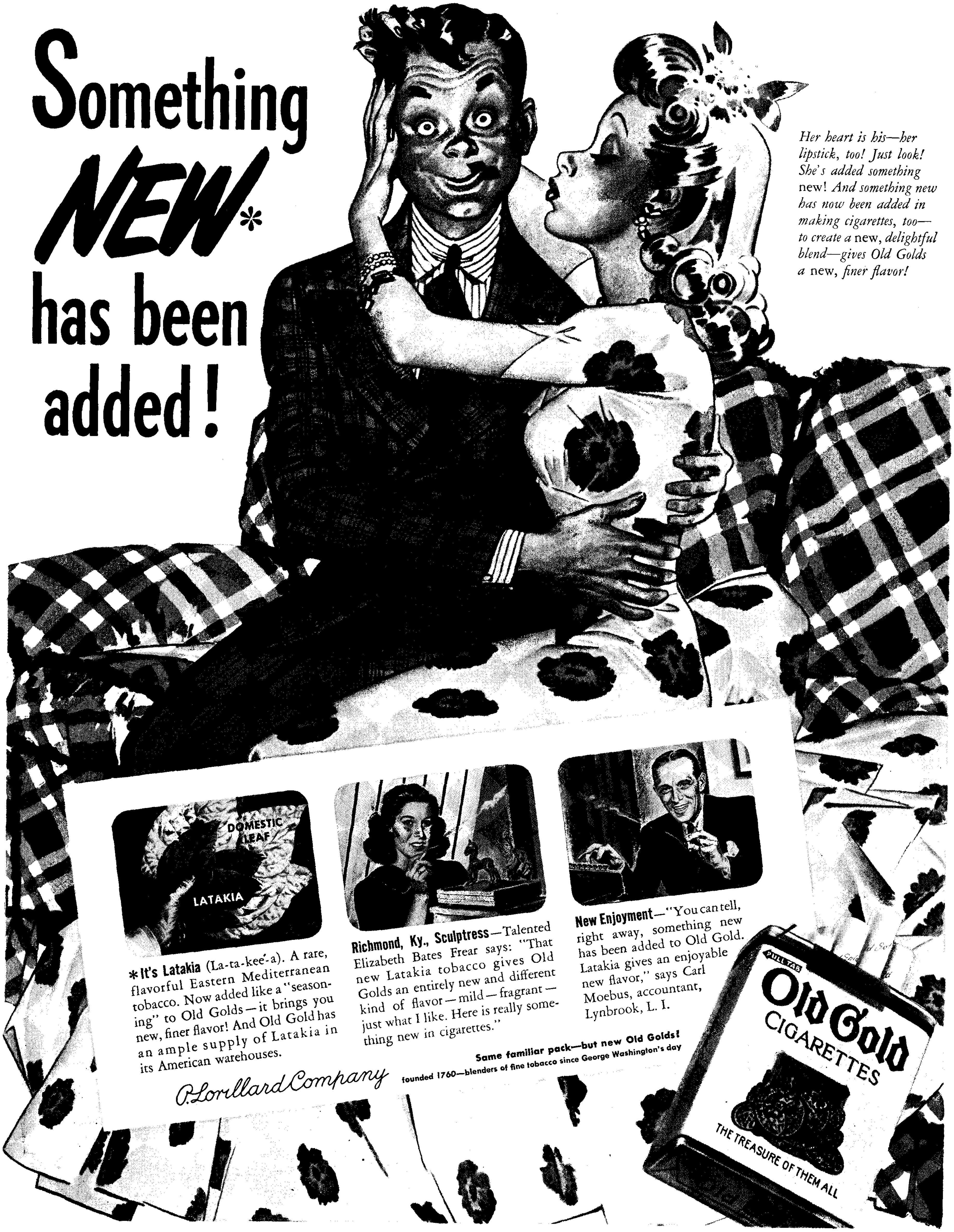
CHEVROLET FEATURES GIVE CHEVROLET LEADERSHIP

CHOICE OF ENGINES—Special Economy engine or a Standard engine in Light Delivery and in ¾-Ton models; Standard or "Load-Master" engine (with extra horsepower and torque) in Heavy Duty model • **UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES**—Built in the world's largest commercial body plant, to fill the varied needs of the world's largest group of truck users • **ALL-STEEL CAB**—With extra room, extra comfort, extra safety • **RECIRCULATING BALL-BEARING STEERING GEAR**—Reduces driver effort • **STABILIZED FRONT END** • **HYDRAULIC BRAKES**—With self-aligning brake shoes floating on movable links • **HYPOID REAR AXLE**

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Something *NEW** has been added!

Her heart is his—her lipstick, too! Just look! She's added something new! *And something new has now been added in making cigarettes, too—to create a* new, *delightful blend—gives Old Golds a* new, *finer flavor!*

***It's Latakia** (La-ta-kee'-a). A rare, flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Now added like a "seasoning" to Old Golds—it brings you new, finer flavor! And Old Gold has an ample supply of Latakia in its American warehouses.

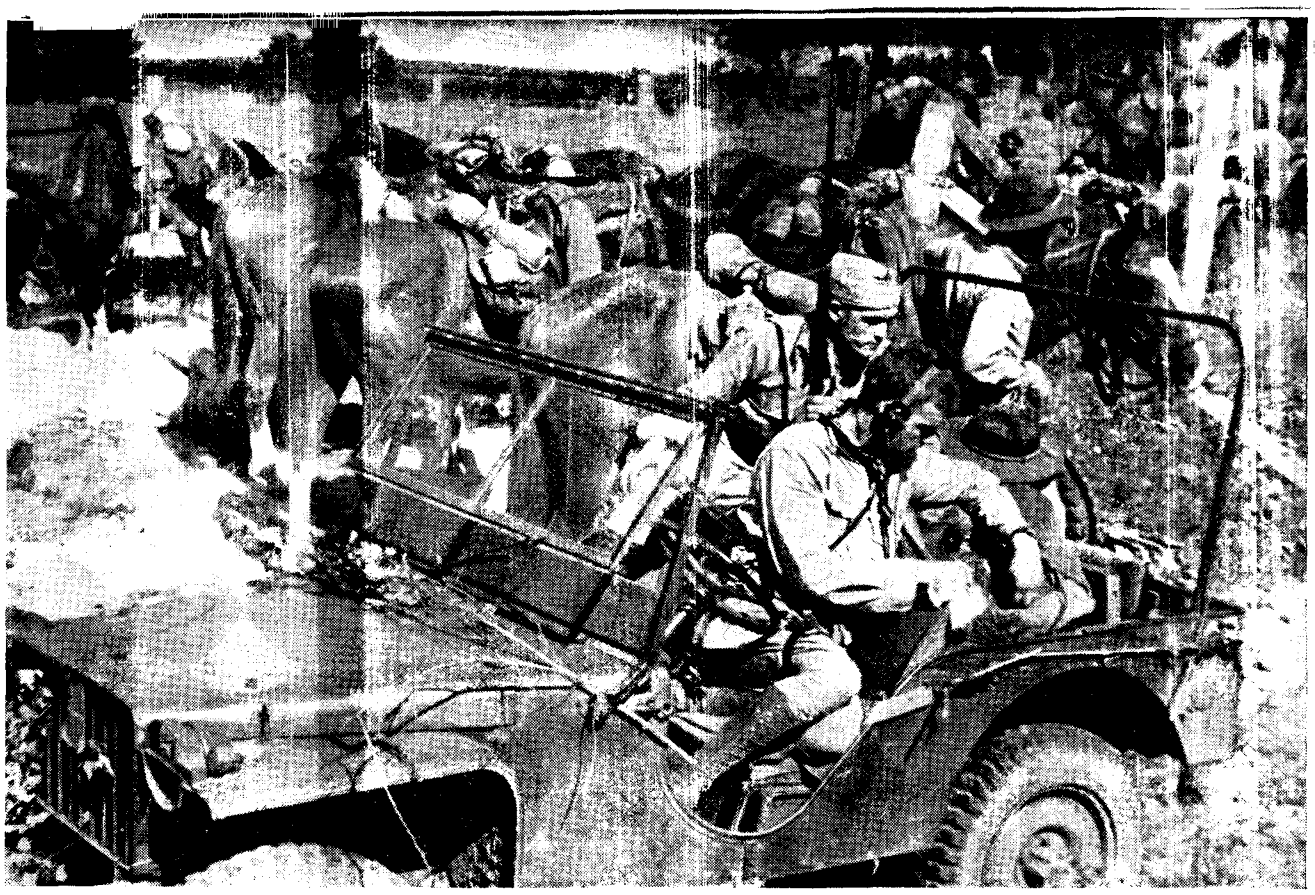
Richmond, Ky., Sculptress—Talented Elizabeth Bates Frear says: "That new Latakia tobacco gives Old Golds an entirely new and different kind of flavor—mild—fragrant—just what I like. Here is really something new in cigarettes."

New Enjoyment—"You can tell, right away, something new has been added to Old Gold. Latakia gives an enjoyable new flavor," says Carl Moebus, accountant, Lynbrook, L. I.

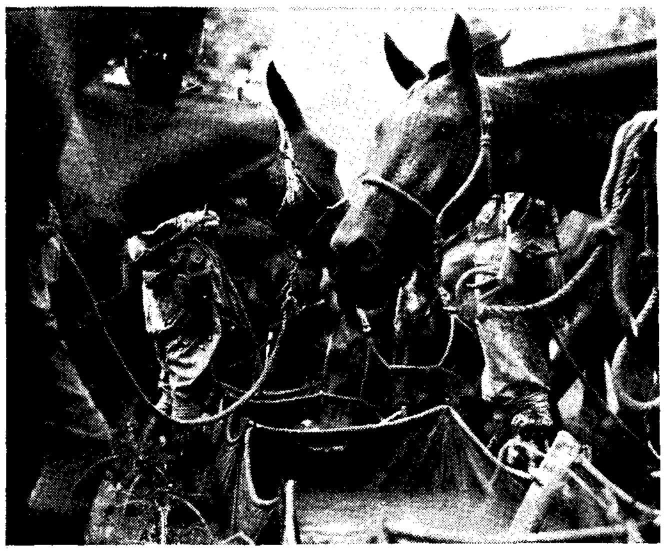
Same familiar pack—but new Old Golds!

P. Lorillard Company founded 1760—blenders of fine tobacco since George Washington's day

THIS IS CAVALRY. With their ability to navigate in terrain impassable to motor equipment, horses play an essential role in modern warfare. Summer maneuvers proved that horse-mechanized units constitute a formidable enemy even to that mechanical colossus, the tank. These action pictures of the 1st Cavalry from Fort Bliss, Tex., taken in Louisiana, show some of the motorized vehicles used by the horse troopers



Two-way radio equipment is installed in a jeep. These cars have great maneuverability, can do 55 m.p.h.

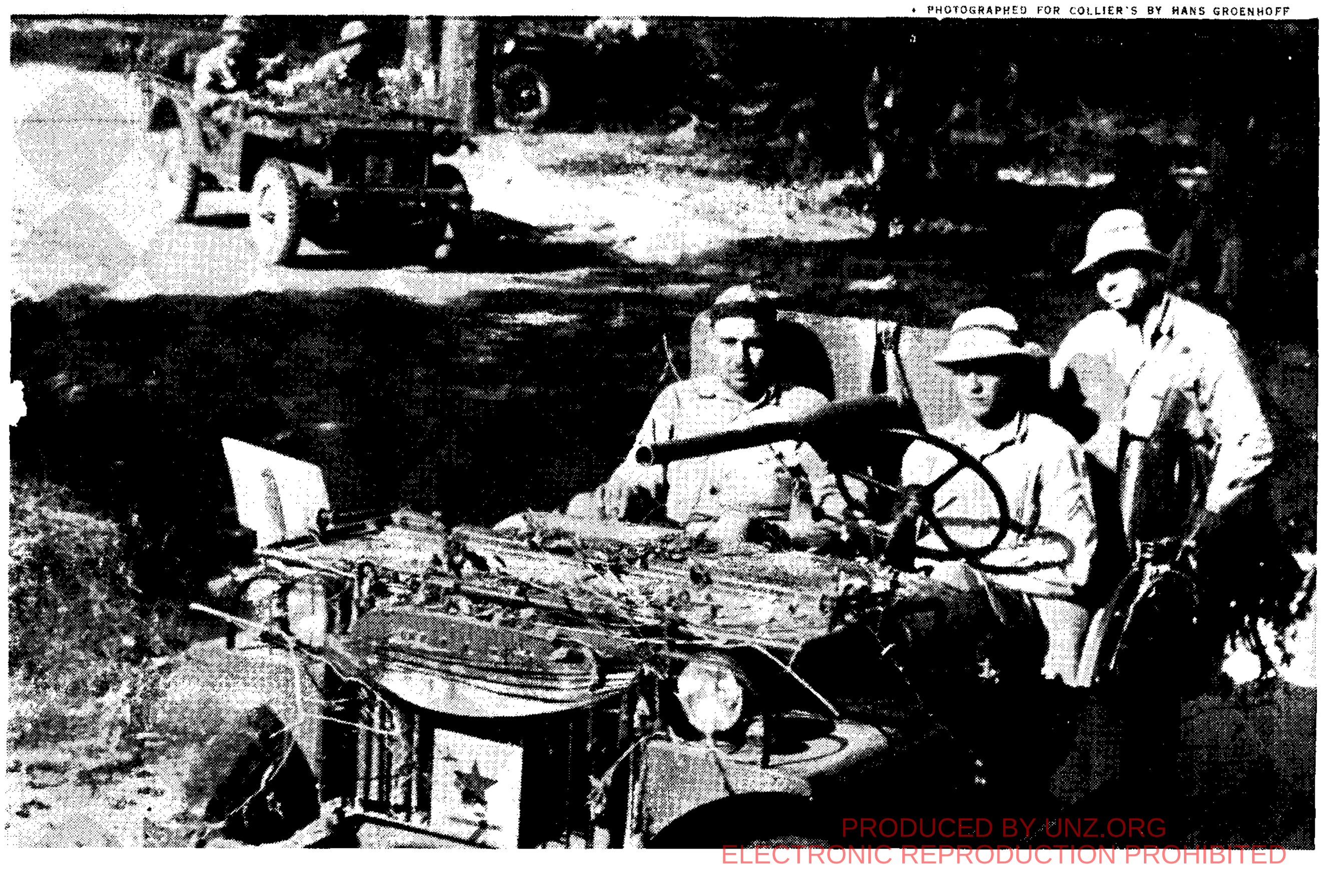


In bivouac, horses are watered from portable canvas troughs into which river or lake water is pumped. On long trips men and mounts travel in trucks and vans

Army officers watch scout cars, armed with machine guns and well camouflaged, move up to the "front"

This provisional antitank company of jeeps, bearing simulated guns, routed more cumbersome armored cars

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF



Our New Army

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER: "There are 20,000 of us in the Panama Coast Artillery and every man is a volunteer fighting soldier. We're the only outfit in the services that isn't preparing for war; we're ready—right now. None of us feel we need sympathy because we're privileged to wear the uniform of the United States Army; we need no hostesses; in fact, we need nothing. And if we did, we'd get it the way we've got everything since we came to the jungles in 1939—we'd go out and get it or build it ourselves before a lot of so-called experts could mess it up.

"Our mission is the defense of the Panama Canal against sea and air attack. We're ready to defend it and are confident we can. We've built more than 200 little cities in the depths of a thousand square miles of tropical jungles, without assistance from any civilian or other temporary hero. Each city is equipped with electric power and refrigeration, its own beer garden and telephone and radio system. We've built the network of roads connecting these cities. Our own newspaper makes a profit of a thousand dollars a month, which goes to the Athletic and Recreation Fund. Our men are content to be fighting men, their morale is excellent, their equipment is excellent. They're the best trained soldiers in the U. S. services. Since June, 1940, they've been on an alert status. If fighting starts tomorrow it will change neither their stations nor their routine duties in the smallest detail except that live ammunition will be substituted for the dummy shells with which they go through many hours of drill each day. The crews live and sleep near the guns and can go into action in less than ten minutes at any hour of the day or night.

"In 1940, almost two dozen batteries of the Panama Coast Artillery, firing their seacoast and antiaircraft guns—ranging in size from three to sixteen inches—made such high scores they were awarded the Red E, the highest official recognition for artillery excellence with its guns. This year we beat our own record and now have the greatest number of Red E's ever won by an artillery organization in the service of the United States.

"The long-suffering public might go for these facts."

NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG. We will now discuss gambling in the Army and how this fort handles it. Gambling comes as naturally to a soldier as griping about his job and then doing it well. Comes payday, when everybody in barracks has a fistful of folding money and no place to spend it, and the camp is overrun *(Continued on page 65)*

"I'M DRUMMIN' UP BUSINESS for BING, MARY and BRIAN... and me, too!"

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"
"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"
"THE WAITER AND THE PORTER AND THE UPSTAIRS MAID"
"WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE"
"ST. LOUIS BLUES"
"TIGER RAG"
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"

Cute little Paramount starlet, *Carolyn Lee*, soon to be seen in *"BIRTH OF THE BLUES."*

Brothers and sisters, gather 'round! . . . while we tell you 'bout *"BIRTH OF THE BLUES,"* Paramount's rollicking story of the men and women who gave the world America's Red, Hot, and Blue music!

Who's in it? Check off these million-dollar entertainment names: *Bing Crosby, Mary ("Kiss the Boys Goodbye") Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn ("Virginia") Lee, Rochester, Jack (King of the Blues) Teagarden* and his Band.

And songs? Looky...and listen to "St. Louis Blues," "My Melancholy Baby" (one of the greatest scenes ever filmed!), "Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine," "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "Tiger Rag"...a brand new 1941 Hit, "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid"...and more, more!

And all this wealth of dazzling entertainment woven into a love story that'll play music on your heart-strings.

So, you can see, "Birth of the Blues" is in the groove. Better not miss it, 'cause it sure is somethin' to see!

More Paramount Hits Heading Your Way Soon:

Remember "Streamlined Heart," that grandest of all Satevepost serials? Well, it's now on the screen, as *"SKYLARK"* ...and it sure makes swell fun. *Claudette Colbert,* as the *"SKYLARK"* who flies so high that she falls flat on her — heart! *Ray Milland* and *Brian Aherne* as the two handsome heart-busters who have Claudette up in the air! For a love lark, a laugh lark, see **"Skylark"!**

More Best Bets Coming from Paramount!

"The Night of January 16th" — runaway romance and "who-dun-it" hi-jinks, starring *Robert Preston* and *Ellen Drew.*

"Glamour Boy" — Mark this down as the surprise hit of the year. With *Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster, Walter Abel, Ann Gillis.*

"Among the Living" — An unforgettable journey into terror with *Albert Dekker, Susan Hayward, Harry Carey, Frances Farmer.*

Paramount Star Parade

* Copyright 1926 by Harms Inc., used by permission.

THEY HEARD THE BREEZE IN THE TREES ♪ SINGING WITH MELODIES ♪ AND THEY MADE THAT THE START OF THE BLUES ♪ AND FROM A JAIL CAME THE WAIL OF A DOWNHEARTED FRAIL ♪ AND THEY PLAYED THAT AS PART OF THE BLUES ♪ FROM A WHIPPOORWILL OUT ON A HILL ♪ THEY TOOK A NEW NOTE ♪ PUSHED IT THROUGH A HORN TILL IT WAS WORN ♪ INTO A BLUE NOTE ♪ AND THEN THEY NURSED IT ♪ REHEARSED IT AND GAVE OUT THE NEWS

Gilmore the Gamin

Continued from page 14

"Get a few extras made while you're at it," said Mom, who had some devious purpose in mind.

When the proofs came, there was a family conference and all faces fell with the exception of Mrs. Gilmore's.

"You can always have them retouched," said Mom easily.

During this period Virginia had been playing at a little theater in San Francisco with some success. She was at her best in Waiting for Lefty, and all her friends told her she ought to be on the real stage or at least in the movies, but nobody bothered her at all from Hollywood. Mamma, however, was not so reticent. She took the retouched pictures and shipped them on to Sam Goldwyn.

What's a Little Bike Trip?

Among Virginia's pleasures at this time was bicycle riding. This was serious business because she used the regular racing bike, the kind where the victim bends his torso to a horizontal line, has his feet encased in special stirrups and really hits the road. Virginia had made several trips to Los Angeles, a mere five hundred miles away, and now she decided she had to see Mexico. A girl friend from the East arrived and they started. They were a touch vague about money but Virginia had fifty bucks, her friend had twenty and they thought this would be ample for a two months' trip.

Quite accustomed to road travel and entirely oblivious to yoo-hoos from truck drivers, ogles from elderly gentlemen and disapproving looks from horrified ladies, they made Salinas by the first night. It had been a strenuous stretch, what with the heat and the traffic, and they thought a glass of beer at the end of the journey would set them just about right.

"We drank up seven bucks' worth, counting a little dinner," reports Virginia.

Next night they felt that a slight touch of refreshment would compensate for the struggles of the day and that took another five bucks. By the time they reached San Diego they were broke. Also they were a sight, having the appearance of a jockey who has run last for two miles on a muddy track. Coming down the trail, Virginia had been bothered by her long hair. It hung to her waist, was unruly even when folded around the dome and she shed hairpins at every bump. She went into a dime store to get more hairpins but once there decided to buy scissors instead.

"We came out, sat on the curb and my friend whacked my hair off, while half the United States Navy stood around watching," says Virginia.

Mamma came through with a bit more money at this point and they continued on to Mexico. Virginia, feeling sentimental about her tresses, tied the hair onto the seat of her bike like a fox tail and they headed for Nogales. As to astonished queries on the prospect of molestation, Virginia explains:

"One sight of us paralyzed all male citizens up to the age of eighty."

What halted them finally was a severe case of dysentery acquired soon after they crossed the Mexican border. It was plain that she was a very sick girl. Mom rushed some coin by telegraph and the girls took the next train home.

Mamma was properly commiserating and worried when she saw her child but after putting her to bed and uttering a few sobs of pity, she exploded with the news that she had been cherishing.

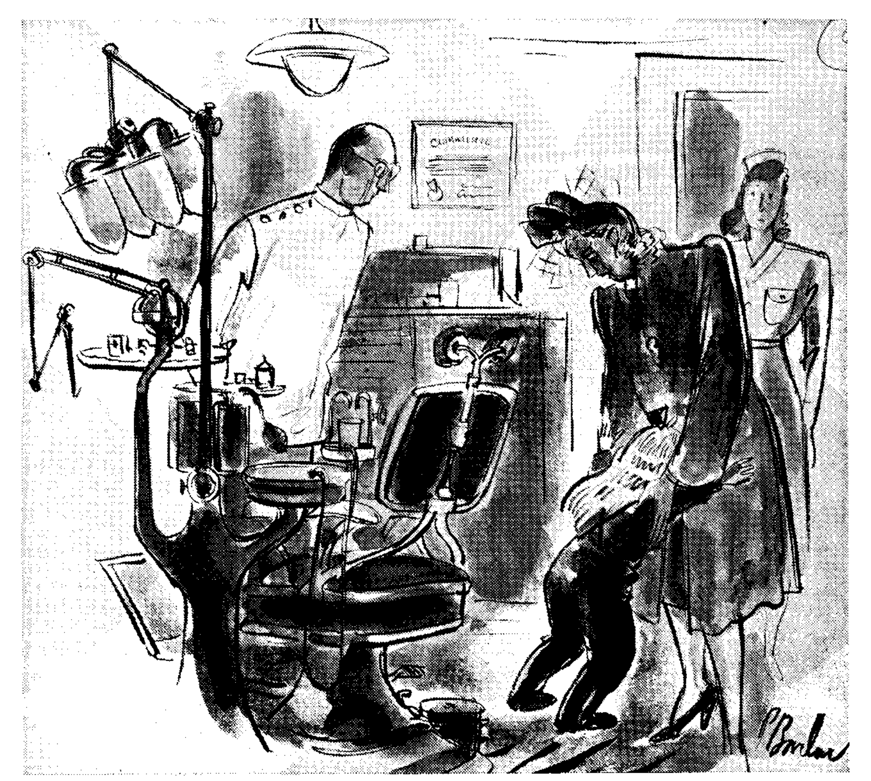
"Mr. Goldwyn has sent for you!" she cried.

Virginia moaned feebly and turned her head to the wall.

After a week another summons arrived from the great man: Where was that lovely girl whose photograph had been sent to him? Have her here forthwith or never bother me again. Virginia dragged herself out of the covers and managed to reach Hollywood. She was interviewed by Bob McIntyre, Goldwyn's casting director.

"This can't be true," said Mr. McIntyre, in an awed voice, looking at the photograph and then back at Virginia.

She had buck teeth, which were accentuated by her drawn face and hag-



"Afterward Dr. Burton will let you drill his teeth, won't you, Dr. Burton?"

PERRY BARLOW

gard look. Her hair had been hacked off at the back in irregular lines and it had dropped off in front because of the dysentery.

"Go on home, little girl," pleaded McIntyre. "This is a tough business and you look like hell."

"I guess I might as well see Mr. Goldwyn since I've come this far," said Gilmore, quietly insistent.

Mr. McIntyre put his hand over his eyes, and waved toward the door.

"I guess I might as well read for you since I've come this distance," said Virginia, planting herself firmly before the great man himself.

Mr. Goldwyn is Good, Too

So they read together, something entirely new in Mr. Goldwyn's experience. It was a one-act play by Noel Coward and Sam was amazed at his facility as an actor. When she read, he looked at her and smiled, thinking of how good he was going to be when she stopped. There was some slight trouble with the accenting of syllables but for an amateur the Goldwyn rendition was acceptable. He agreed with this verdict to the point of hiring Miss Gilmore.

He sent her off to the Studio Club to get a room, with orders to report back on what her expenses would be. She figured it out to the penny—so much for stamps, so much for carfare, so much for laundry.

"Seventy-six dollars," she reported back.

"A week?" yelled Sam.

"A month," amended Virginia and regretted it almost immediately, because that was what she got, to the penny. No salary but seventy-six dollars a month for expenses and not one shilling more.

For six months she was in the hands of a dentist, at Mr. Goldwyn's expense, getting her buck teeth pushed back. When she presented herself proudly to Mr. Goldwyn at the end of that period, she found he was horrified again.

"You lisp!" he cried accusingly, and it was the truth. As a child the buck teeth had allowed her tongue more leeway and the tongue had accordingly grown longer. When the teeth were fixed the tongue refused to contract. Most assuredly she lisped.

More treatments, this time with a psychiatrist. It was a hard job but she won. She still lisps slightly but not when she appears in a scene. If it appears at all it produces an effect which is quite attractive.

Then Sam put her under a stock contract at fifty a week, peon wages in Hollywood. For two years she didn't do a lick of work. She made a test for Rebecca. No dice. She wanted the Patricia Collinge role in The Little Foxes. No soap. Then Sam loaned her out to 20th Century-Fox for a pretty-girl part in High, Wide and Handsome.

"Ai-yi-yi," says Miss Gilmore, in criticism of her performance.

Next she was over at R-K-O doing the ingénue in Laddies. When asked about this Miss Gilmore, who is nothing if not frank about her work, puts her fingers daintily to her nose.

Then came a break when she got a small character part in Western Union at 20th Century-Fox under the direction of Fritz Lang. She felt she was good in that and people said she was good.

Although she is a great beauty, she hates glamor roles and knows she muddies them up. Swamp Water is right down her lane because she has a part in which she looks like somebody who has been weaned in a tree trunk.

In view of her past history as a grease monkey and general hoyden, it is interesting to find that Miss Gilmore is as demure as a squirrel. Nobody has claimed that she is a Pericles for wisdom but she belongs among the smarter of the film ladies. For years she has written poetry under her real name of Sherman Poole and much of it has been printed, some of it in good magazines.

She is probably the only girl in Hollywood who doesn't dance. She has never swung a tennis bat or hit a golf ball or ridden a horse. She swims. She has given up the bicycle. She diets. She reads great big fat books and seems to understand them. Rumor persists that she is the worst-paid actress in Hollywood. When you ask her about that, a thing no gentleman would do, she says:

"What do you want to do? Get Beverly Hills in hysterics?"

This seems to prove that she is not overpaid. The movies may not be much of a career but she has succeeded in doing one thing, anyhow—getting her teeth fixed. Some people never have that luck.

Our New Army

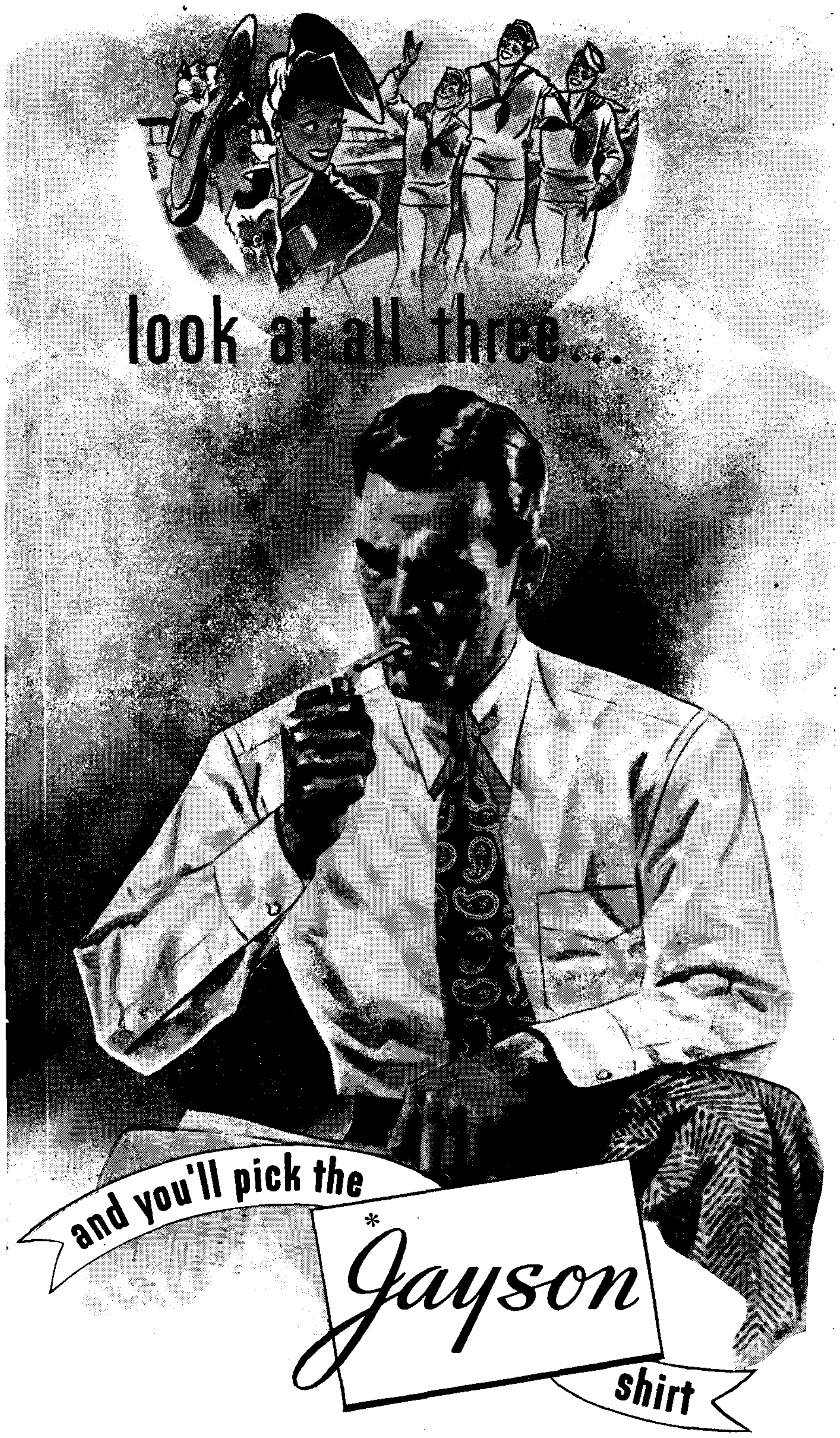
Continued from page 63

with games; not so much poker as blackjack and craps. To prevent the men from running off to gambling houses in town the Army sort of condones this pastime, even in such service buildings as garages, motor pools, and supply quarters. Semiofficially, a noncom runs the game to keep it on the up and up. In one main post unit the corporal in charge of the pool room operates the game down cellar, furnishing cigarettes, soft drinks, clean decks of cards, lights and a blanket for the table (for some reason the boys never play cards on anything but a blanket). The corporal takes a cut from each change of the bank in blackjack, a certain percentage from each pot over a dollar in poker and a cut on each roll of dice. The Army profits from this, too; or rather the soldiers do, because the dough goes for poolroom supplies. One unit of the 47th Infantry goes farther than that; it runs a company game in which the kitty goes directly to the Company Fund from which athletic equipment and magazines are bought.

Queried about these somewhat subrosa goings on, one officer admitted that "the boys are going to gamble and we might as well face it, so why not arrange things so they can benefit?"

THE Field Artillery Replacement Center got word of a shipment of troops from the Midwest, so they sent a crew of trucks and noncoms to greet the new men at the Fayetteville station. When the train pulled in, one lone soldier turned up—lanky William H. Wright, from Arkansas. For some days, until several hundred other men arrived, Pvt. Wright constituted the whole of the 8th Battalion, with a mess hall, an orderly room and three barracks all to himself.

MONTHS ago, hard-labor men and soldiers from the hoosegow were put to work planting soybeans—millions of them, it seemed—around the barracks and buildings at Bragg. The beans grew and sprouted and the men wondered what they had been planted for. Food, maybe? Now in November comes the answer: Plow the crop under to fertilize the soil. But the artillery area won't forget the soybean affair for



Men of America...add to the freedoms that are guaranteed to you as your heritage...the freedom of choice. Exercise it. Look at all three nationally advertised, nationally distributed trade marked shirts, offered to you at identical price ranges. Compare them. We're confident your own good judgment will pick a Jayson Troy-tailored shirt every time! The greater value in fabrics and superior workmanship is immediately apparent. Jayson shirts look more luxurious, fit better and wear longer.

The WHITEHALL* Group exemplifying JAYSON superiorities in white shirts

Costlier broadcloth...finer weave...better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch, wrinkle-free collar models. Sanforized—fabric shrinkage less than 1%...Available at good stores everywhere.

WITH CELANESE [illegible] COLLAR [illegible]

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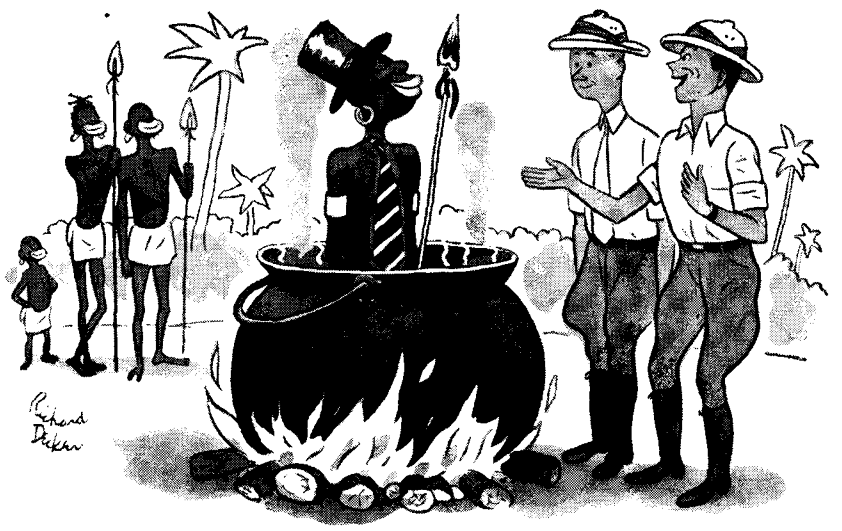
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR



"He said we could cook him instead if I gave him my Arrow Tie!"

• Prescription for shirt fronts—Arrow Ties! The new fall Arrows have spruce stripes and sprightly patterns . . . plus a wrinkle-resisting lining that discourages creases! Arrows knot to perfection! See them at your Arrow dealer's! $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

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ALL BY OURSELVES TONIGHT?
SWELL! I'LL BRING HOME SOMETHING SPECIAL!
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
65 proof

(Suggestion to husbands)

Why not throw a *special* glamor over a cozy dinner at home by yourselves—with a curtain-raiser of your favorite cocktails, made as only *Heublein* can make them?

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS add the lift and sparkle that make dinner at home *a Party for Two!* Buy a bottle of these perfect cocktails. They are completely ready to serve. You just add ice. No mixing. No mess. And any cocktails left in the bottle keep perfectly until *next time!*

FREE PARTY BOOK. Write for the Club Cocktail Party Book. 42 easy recipes for appetizers. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. U, Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

SIX KINDS—Always ready—Always right

Copyright 1941, G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

some time. When the beans sprouted in front of a much-disliked officer's headquarters they spelled out a very insulting message indeed. It was plowed under—but quickly.

LOTS of letters have been leaving the fort bearing S-M-R-L-H on the envelopes. Postmen were puzzled, sweethearts were skeptical until it was explained the letters stood for Soldier's Mail—Rush Like Hell.

6TH ARMY CORPS

WITH THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS ON MANEUVERS. The 16,000 men and 2,300 vehicles of New England's Yankee Division ran the gamut of temperatures on their trip from Camp Edwards (Cape Cod) to Maness (North Carolina), where they established base camp for the duration of the First Army maneuvers. The first night out from Cape Cod was bitter cold . . . Virginia seemed like early summer . . . and in North Carolina the meteorological section of the 51st F.A. Brigade hung a thermometer in the sun and watched it pop up to 118 degrees.

But it wasn't the heat alone that bothered the Northern boys. The Sixth Army Corps (of which the 26th Division is a part) pitched its tents smack in a territory occupied by more than a million peach trees. So what? Well, it seems the trees had bugs. As one YD boy put it: "For every tree there's a million bugs, and just try multiplying that by a million trees." Natives assured the Army that the fruit flies would disappear come the first frost, which would leave only rattlesnakes, copperheads and moccasins for the men to shoo away. The gents of the 101st Observation Squadron, parked near Norwood Airport, have snakes but don't worry about them. "It's these black widow spiders," they say cheerfully, "that have us hopping."

26TH DIV.

There are compensations, though; not the least of which are the Southern gals. They not only look beautiful, the lads state, but "they talk devastating." One fast-working gent worked a little too fast. At the end of the second day in camp he made a beeline for the nearest town (Ellerbe), caught up with something sweet and Southern and sat on the doorsteps with her—just all eyes and ears. Pretty soon, the way we heard it, the mother of this cute mouse came out and fixed the soldier with stern eye. "It's all right," she said, "for you to sit on the stoop with Charlotte, but just don't you two go wandering off." Next night, back came the boy for another session of stoop sitting. Presently the mother appeared again. "Charlotte, honey," she said, "how do you think you going to like it up No'th?" The soldier didn't go back, we guess.

TEXAS

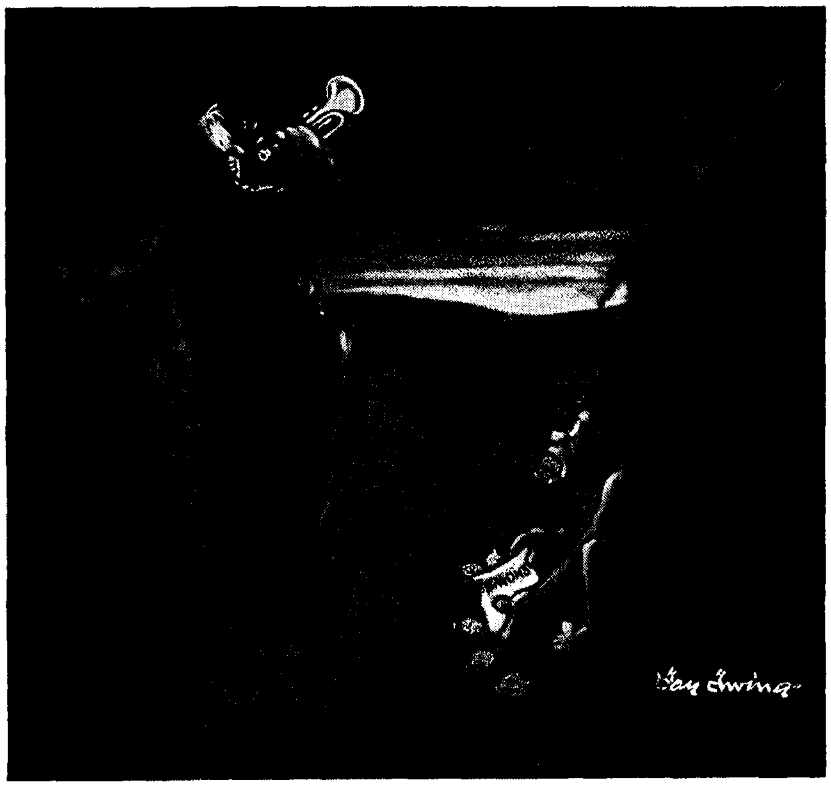
RANDOLPH FIELD. Although only three months old, Aviation Cadet R. E. Knucklehead of the Army Air Corps has already made an unenviable reputation for himself. Cadet Knucklehead is the brain child of Artist Jack Zumwalt, Randolph Field cartoonist in the Training Film Preparation Unit, and his mission is to show Randolph cadets how not to fly. Everything he does is as wrong as parsley on peanuts. Samples: He didn't know that Air Corps fliers no longer count to ten before pulling a parachute ripcord; they simply fall clear and immediately put the 'chute into full blossom. Knucklehead bailed out, stuttered badly, and didn't make it; he beat Santa Claus down the chimney by two months, going 489 miles an hour . . . Ten minutes after reporting to the flying line, his first morning, Knucklehead tried to shut off the motor by grabbing the propeller . . . At present, instructors are trying to convince him that an aviation cadet should never try to take off from inside a hangar, especially when both doors are closed.

Knucklehead doesn't know what to think of cartoonist Zumwalt, who hails from Galveston. "He's always sabotaging me!" yells the looping lowbrow, digging himself and his plane out of another mountain. Or so they say.

CALIFORNIA

40TH DIV.

FORT ORD. Deer in some areas of the reservation have become so used to rifle, machine-gun and pistol fire they hardly wiggle an ear when slugs zing overhead. A 40th Division man would rather plug himself through the foot than shoot a deer by mistake, but civilians aren't so considerate. So many have been sneaking onto the reserva-

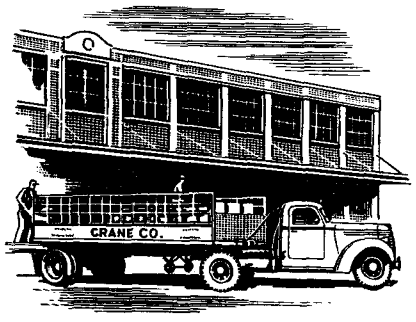


JAY-IRVING

EVERY TRAILER ON THE ROAD *Contributes to* NATIONAL DEFENSE!

★ THERE ARE THOUSANDS of Truck-Trailers in daily use on *direct* defense work . . but that's only a fraction of the Truck-Trailer industry's contribution. As a matter of fact, every Trailer we build contributes in some way to the all-out job in which our Nation is engaged:

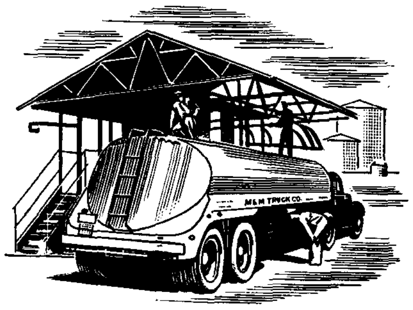
HEAVY-DUTY TRUCKS CONSERVED FOR DIRECT DEFENSE USE . . .



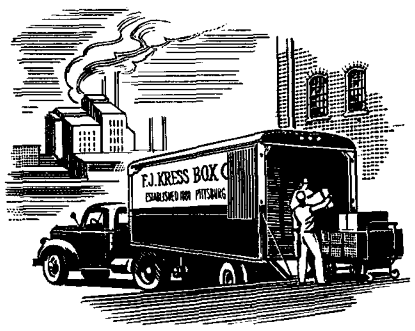
• *Example* — The Crane Company, Chicago, is using a 1½-ton truck and 10-ton Fruehauf Trailer for work on which they formerly used a 5-ton truck . . because any truck can *pull* far more than it can *carry*. Across the country, Truck-Trailers release thousands of heavy-duty engines that are sorely needed for other essential work.

RAILROAD TANK CARS FREED FOR LONG HAULS . .

• *Example*—M & M Truck Co., Denver, whose fleet of fifty 5,000-gal. Fruehauf Tank-Trailers hauls gasoline for one of the major producers, delivers about 75,000,000 gallons in a year. The year-'round use of about 100 tank cars would be required to make these same deliveries. Consider, then, the value of 100 cars in the present emergency . . and the fact that this example represents only a very small fraction of the country . . and that Tank-Trailers can assume a still larger share of the responsibility!

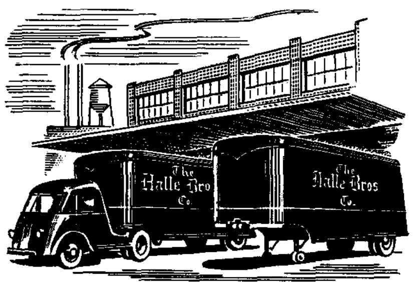


GASOLINE AND OIL CONSERVED . . .



• *Example*—The F. J. Kress Box Co., Pittsburgh, uses up to 20 percent less gasoline and oil for the same tonnage hauled, because a *smaller* truck, *pulling* a Fruehauf Trailer, now transports more tonnage than was formerly carried on a *bigger* truck . . . and uses less fuel, of course. Multiply this by the number of Truck-Trailer users in the United States . . . and the conservation of gasoline and oil is tremendous!

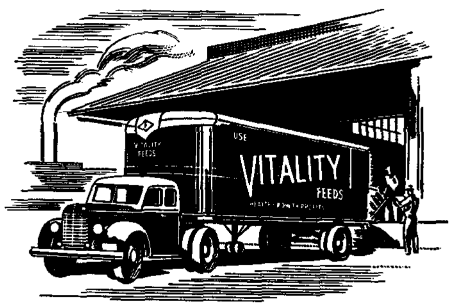
ENGINE PRODUCTION FACILITIES INCREASED . . .


The Halle Bros Co.
The Halle Bros Co.

Example — The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, uses the "shuttle system" between its department store and warehouse. One truck handles three detachable Trailers — it's constantly pulling one Trailer while the others are being unloaded and loaded. Without the "shuttle system," *three trucks* would be required. Thus, production facilities for *two extra trucks* are freed for defense work. Multiply this by the thousands of users "shuttling" with Trailers, and you have an immense added production capacity!

RAILROAD FACILITIES RELEASED . . .

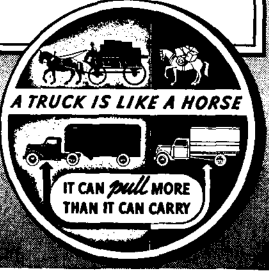
• *Example* — Vitality Mills, Chicago, now ship their livestock feed to certain of their markets by Truck-Trailer, instead of by rail freight. Through faster delivery and improved service, Vitality's business in these markets has increased by 35 percent . . . but, beyond that, the change has released rail facilities for those types of hauling work that railroads can handle best.



Our soldiers must eat! Transporting their food is just one of the thousands of jobs that motor transport is handling. For example, one firm, using Fruehauf Trailers, hauls 64,000 lbs. of produce weekly to Fort Sill, Okla. Motor transport is helping America to put the job across!

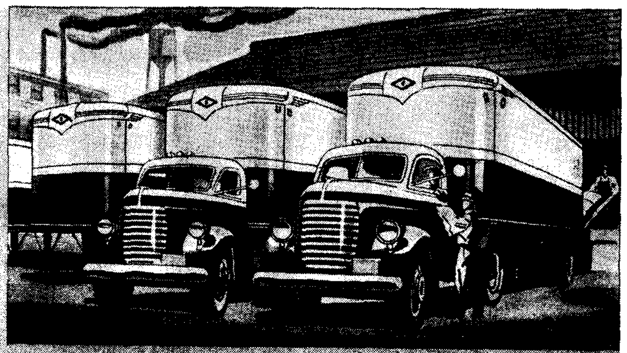
FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION [illegible]


A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE
IT CAN *pull* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

That's Why We Say

"EVERY TRAILER ON THE ROAD CONTRIBUTES TO NATIONAL DEFENSE"



World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers — *Sales and Service in Principal Cities*

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

★ ★ ★ MOTOR TRANSPORT IS ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE ★ ★ ★

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts,

So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was *going* to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)

LARUS & BRO. CO.
211 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

*Name*__________
(Please print your name and address clearly)
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*City or Town*__________
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HUNTING AND FISHING MAGAZINE
205 SPORTSMAN BLDG. BOSTON, MASS.

tion, especially at night, that Post Commander Col. Roger S. Fitch has established deer patrols. Hardly a week passes without one or two of the poachers being nabbed and placed on the colonel's carpet. They get the game laws and the Fort Ord riot act read to them, then the colonel locks up their guns—just in case.

"MAYBE they do it with mirrors," muttered members of the 757th Tank Btn. What they referred to was the sight of eighteen—count 'em—eighteen tanks. For months they've been training with scout cars, jeeps and trucks bearing signs: Tank. The genuine articles aren't new but can get around without tow cars. First time the battalion went out into the hills in the armored wagons some guy put signs on three of them. Field Kitchen, they read.

CAMP ROBERTS. Two officers from Fort Benning came here and let it be known there was room down there for men interested in parachute soldiering. Some 20,000 new men, getting their thirteen weeks' basic training, yawned politely. The officers said it was interesting work. More, and less polite, yawns. Also, added the officers, it meant $50 extra pay per month. The officers signed up 259 out of the stampede that followed, and in a few days the would-be paratroopers were on Georgia-bound trains. Shortly thereafter came a wail from one of the volunteers. "By now," he wrote back, "I expected to have both legs broken from jumping out of an airplane a mile up, but all I've got is housemaid's knee from three weeks of learning how to fold a 'chute."

MOFFETT FIELD, Sunnyvale. The odds are 3,000 to 1 against him but Ralph H. Donovan never sidesteps an argument over the relative merits of the Army and Navy. A chief electrician's mate, he's the only Navy man at this Army Air Corps training center and his job is to keep an eye on a mast that has no ship. It's the huge mooring mast built years ago for the unlucky dirigibles Akron and Macon. The hangar is now an Army plane-conditioning plant. Mate Donovan's duties include (1) running the mooring mast up and down the runway's tracks twice a month to keep it from settling and (2) explaining what a sailor is doing at an Army post.

CAMP CALLAN, San Diego. Selectees of the 56th Coast Artillery training battalion are preparing for war with a few BB guns, a moving clothesline and an electric metronome. Sounds futile, but wait. Lt. Col. Manly B. Gibson, battalion commander, added the above articles to the arsenal, and he uses them as follows:

The BB guns are clapped alongside Springfields with strips of inner tubes, and the BBs land in a short-range target box whence they are retrieved for further use. At thirteen cents a thousand, Lt. Col. Gibson says he isn't going to waste ammunition; moreover, he maintains that his system teaches the boys aiming and firing weapons just as well as though they were using noisy and expensive stuff. On the big 155-mm. guns the air rifle is strapped to the barrel and the gun pointer aims at tiny bits of cloth hanging from slowly moving twine forty yards away. All distances and speeds are on a 1/100th scale. When the gun pointer finds the target he yells "Fire!" and an obliging fellow selectee squeezes the BB-gun trigger. The pellet lands in a near-by tank of water and the splash tells how close the projectile came to the "ship." As for the metronome, Lt. Col. Gibson attached same to the battalion's public-address system and its rhythmic beat has the boys picking 'em up and laying 'em down in astounding unison during basic infantry drill. Lt. Col. Gibson says he wouldn't mind if other camps swiped any or all of these innovations.

WASHINGTON

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. To be funny, somebody wrote a Write-to-a-Lonely-Soldier letter and dispatched it to a Chicago newspaper's lovelorn column, signing the name of Pvt. Leon Kvetko, of the 60th Signal Btn. Few days later Pvt. Kvetko went to get a letter he was expecting and was handed 115 of them. To date he has received some 800 as a result of the gag, but he no longer considers it a gag. When he began to wade through the letters he found they were in earnest, from World War veterans, mothers, young girls. Some sent pictures, some sent candy. Pvt. Kvetko parceled them out and his whole company got into the spirit of the thing and pitched in to answer the letters. "I'm the fort's biggest buyer of stationery now," says Kvetko. "Lots of people sent extra stamps and that helps to keep mailing costs down. Funny thing—I never used to write my parents, even, before this thing started." He writes home regularly now, but has to wait a week to find out what's in his mother's notes. She writes in Hebrew, which Kvetko can't read, and he has to get the rabbi to translate her letters for him.

GENERAL

PVT. KVETKO probably has his hands full, so if you want to write to soldiers, here are some in outlying posts who promise to answer all comers. First Class Privates Sanford Silverman and Ed Farber, Station Dispensary, Dept. Training Center, Rio Hato, Republic of Panama. Pvt. Dick Fayant, Battery H, 73d C.A. (A.A.), Fort Amador, Canal Zone. And Chaplain Chester P. Hanson, U.S. Army Air Base, A.P.O. 801-C Newfoundland, thinks some letters sent to him for distribution at the airport would hike up morale no end. As we've said before, this column cannot forward any correspondence and can concern itself only with the letter problems of men in posts outside the continental United States.

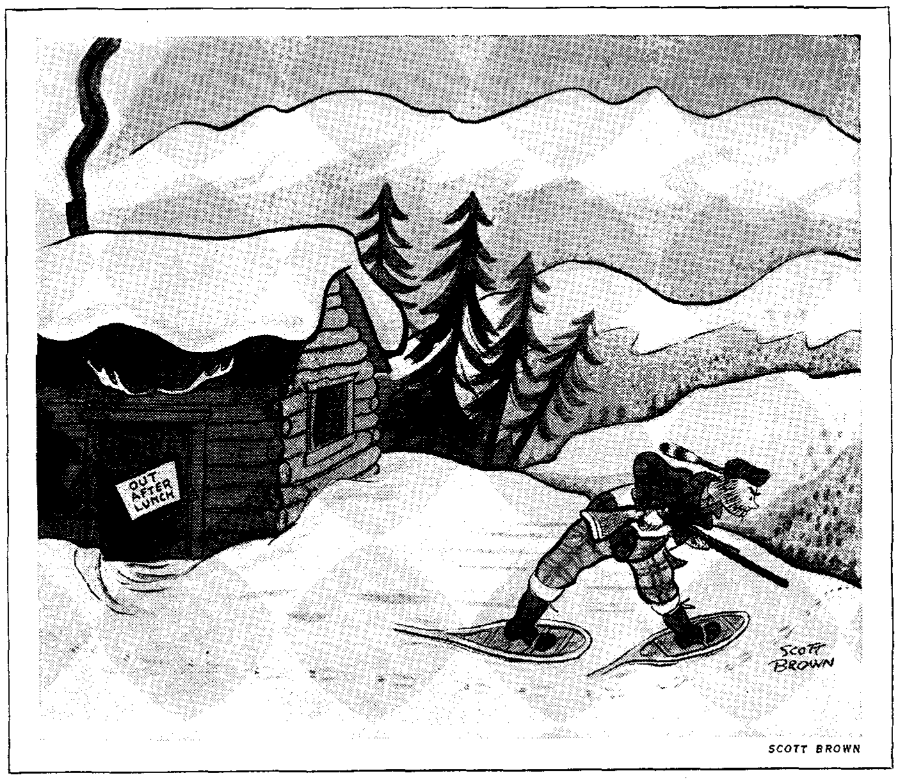
INEVITABLY, many of the current morsels of Army humor are merely modernized relics of former wars and attributed to Army posts from Maine to Texas and diagonally the other way. "This really happened to Pvt. Joe Yardbird at Camp McAntitank," is the way most of them start. We'll print them here from time to time, clearly labeled for easy identification so they won't be confused with the McCoy. Might as well begin with the one about the new soldier who bought and ate sandwiches at the post exchange his first three days in camp because he thought it would be too expensive to eat in the mess hall. That one has come in from posts in nineteen states and is the first and last time it will be printed herein. Kinda funny, though.

BRINGING the total to sixty-two, the following newspapers are reported as mailing free copies to soldiers from their home towns. Michigan: The Berrien Springs Journal-Era and The Charlotte Republican. Illinois: The Downers Grove Reporter, Illiopolis Sentinel and Du Quoin News. New York: The Randolph Register, Pleasantville Townsman, Newcastle (Chappaqua) Tribune, Bayshore (L. I.) Sentinel and nine Long Island papers published by the Griscom-Van Alen Publications, Inc. Pennsylvania: The Easton Express and Westinghouse Valley News. Iowa: The Fenton Reporter. New Jersey: The Rockaway Record. Tennessee: The Greenfield Gazette. Maryland: The Bowie Register. Indiana: The Goshen News-Democrat. Florida: The Dade City Banner, New Port Richey Press and Zephyrhills News. West Virginia: The Mineral Daily News-Tribune.

"BEAN DAY!" writes Technical Sgt. Walter A. Luce, from 8th Army Corps HQ., Brownwood, Texas. "That's what the Army needs. Where are the beans? All my life I've heard about bean-eating soldiers and when I got into the Army two years ago I thought: 'Ahhh—here is my chance to get plenty of beans.' Did I? In the two years I don't suppose they've given me beans a dozen times. Roast pork, roast beef, steak, fried ham, roast this and fried that—but no beans. My plan is to instigate Bean Day, and if you can get the idea into print, maybe the cooks and mess sergeants will catch wise, give us beans occasionally and make a lot of soldiers happy."

ALL right, Sergeant; you've stuck your neck out. Is everybody happy?

G. W.



SCOTT BROWN

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IT'S A GOOD YEAR TO ECONOMIZE

FIRST—Avoid Risk of Winter Repairs.

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THIRD—Make Your Car Last Longer...See Your Mobilgas Dealer.

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MADE IN U.S.A.

- COOPERATE with defense. Be penny-wise, too. *Get your car well protected,* NOW, *before cold weather strikes!*

Your Mobilgas dealer has the service you want —a "Fresh Start" for your car this winter.

He's equipped to protect radiator, gears, chassis...and to refill your engine with new Mobiloil Arctic—the world's favorite winter oil that now cleans as it lubricates. Drive in—today.

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Give Your Car a Fresh Start for Winter

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WALT DISNEY'S NEW BOOK OF 100 SONG HITS

HURRY!

Book Size 7½" x 9½"

100 SONG HITS

WALT DISNEY'S DUMBO Song Book

FREE at your retailer's (while his supply lasts)

NO BOX-TOPS TO SEND —NO WAITING

Merely purchase a 15-cent bottle of Parker Quink— the amazing new ink that cleans a pen as it writes

Quink CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES

STOPS TWO-THIRDS OF PEN TROUBLES

DRIES ON PAPER 31% QUICKER

RICH FULL-BODIED BRILLIANT COLORS

You get your Song Book FREE RIGHT THEN AND THERE!

(Offer good only in U. S. A.)

Six big hits from Disney's very latest Feature Picture—"DUMBO"—the flying elephant of the circus—songs you'll be hearing *everywhere;* lyrics like, "I've Seen Everything," "Look Out for Mr. Stork," and "Baby Mine"—in all, 42 hits from Disney productions and 58 other Popular Favorites—100 lyrics—many published by Irving Berlin, Inc.—and all FREE if you hurry!

This almost incredible offer is made by The Parker Pen Co., solely to introduce millions of people to Parker's amazing new writing ink—*Quink.* See this:

1—A harmless, secret agent in *Quink* dissolves deposits left by pen-clogging inks. *Quink* ends clogging.

2—*Quink* dries ON PAPER 31% faster than the average of 4 others, yet does NOT dry in your pen.

3—Two kinds (1) PERmanent *Quink,* as permanent as the paper, (2) WASHable *Quink* for home and school. Take your choice.

Parker created *Quink* to guard pens—especially 50 million Parkers—from inks that clog and gum. Now we make this exciting offer of Disney's Song Book FREE to induce every pen user to try *Quink.*

Just go to any store selling *Quink* and purchase a bottle for only 15¢. With it the retailer hands you your Disney Song Book FREE!

Your *Quink* will keep till you need it, but your retailer's small supply of Song Books WON'T LAST LONG! So hurry! This chance may never come again.

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. C-11, Janesville, Wisconsin

LOOK! THIS FREE BOOK OF SONG LYRICS INCLUDES

—from DUMBO
Look Out for Mr. Stork
I've Seen Everything
Baby Mine
Pink Elephants on Parade
Casey Junior
Song of the Roustabouts

others
Give A Little Whistle
Snow White
Whistle While You Work
Heigh-Ho

One Song
Ferdinand The Bull
Some Day My Prince Will Come
Spring Is In The Air
Pied Piper of Hamelin
While A Cigarette Was Burning
Careless
La Cucaracha
Imagination
The Beat o' My Heart
Santa Lucia
Home On The Range
Auld Lang Syne
I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen
The Wearing of The Green
Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes
America
The Star-Spangled Banner
And 71 more Popular Favorites (many published by Irving Berlin, Inc.)

PERMANENT PARKER Quink BLUE-BLACK

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Sin of the Father

Continued from page 12

"But it all leads up to our awful experience at the camp, Mildred!"

"Awful experience—"

"You see, when Reid and I were arguing about his going off with Sammy and that Screwball idiot—the poor boy looked so troubled—so I asked him what was the matter. And he said, 'I can't figure Pop out. He's got no enthusiasm whatever. You suppose we've got a pro-Nazi in our midst?' Of course, I shut him right up—"

"Edgar is definitely not pro-Nazi. I heard him tell Joe—"

"Oh, no, no—that's not it. The whole thing goes back to what happened to Edgar in France. If you'll stop and analyze it logically, you'll see yourself that when a man has been absolutely mum about a chapter in his life—why—oh, Mildred, I'm so miserable!"

"What happened at camp?"

"At the camp—oh—I meant to tell you. Edgar didn't want to go!"

"Not visit his own son?"

"No. You see, we'd had a terrible argument about Reid. I wanted Edgar to use his influence and get Reid a commission in the pro—pro—where they buy things for—"

"Procurement."

"THAT'S it. Or at least in the Intelligence, where Reid could make his scholarly talents felt. But Edgar said, 'He's had no military training.' And I said, 'Whose fault is that? You wouldn't let him take military training.' Furthermore, I pointed out that he would never allow Reid to play with toy soldiers. So why should the poor boy be handicapped at this late date—and have to go in the Army as a common private soldier? Was I right or wrong, Mildred?"

"We-ell—"

"The plain and simple truth was that Edgar did not have a commission when he was in the last war. He was a corporal or a sergeant or something like that—"

"A top sergeant, I *think* he told Joe—"

"So he told Joe! Well, he never told me what he was. I am married to a human clam. All I could get out of Edgar was that Reid should start from scratch and work up to a commission, if he wanted one."

"What did Reid say?"

"Oh, you know how he is about Edgar. Anything Edgar says is law and prophets to him. Goodness knows, Edgar has never said much—so I suppose it is only right and natural that Reid should be impressed. Why, Mildred, I argued with that boy practically all evening—and his father just sat there like a bump on a log, smoking—and when I was hoarse and limp, do you know what happened? Master Reid Ralston turned to Edgar and said, 'Should I volunteer or try to wangle a commission, Pop?' And my precious, loyal husband said just one word. 'Volunteer,' he said."

"Then why shouldn't he want to visit Reid at the camp? If he approved—"

"I don't know. But he acted right from the start as if he were going to the electric chair. Actually! His first announcement was that Reid didn't want to be bothered with us. I telephoned the camp—deliver me from ever having to do *that again*—like a call to China and everyone so curt and rude—but I finally got Reid. He said he was expecting us and would be very much disappointed if we didn't come. He said, 'It'll be like old times to Pop,' and couldn't understand Edgar's attitude."

"Joe says Edgar—"

"So I had my precious where he couldn't squirm out of going. All he did was to grumble about the car not working right . . . bad traffic conditions . . . we'd probably have a smashup—imagine, a father going to see his own son who'd been away for weeks—and grumbling."

"Joe says Edgar talked very depressed about the war—"

"This wasn't war, my dear. This was just driving down to camp to see his own boy in the Army. Edgar didn't even try to make *that* excuse. On the way down, all I could get out of him was that we'd make Reid feel like a fool. Then, when we got near the camp, he'd look at the soldiers and grunt. It seemed so outlandish for a grown man to be sort of grunting and sighing, without a single word of explanation. So I finally said, 'Edgar, you are driving me utterly nuts. If you have any comment to make, come out with it!' And you know what he came out with?"

"Not the faintest—"

"He said, 'They're just schoolboys—just kids.' So I said, 'My dear Edgar, you were only nineteen when you joined the Army in the last war. I don't think you looked much older than these boys.' Wasn't that a natural, polite comeback? Do you see anything obnoxious about such a remark?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, our dear, calm, mild, meek Edgar said, 'Damn us all for this'—and just sat there and scowled for half an hour. The traffic was bad, but I'm sure that didn't justify a supposedly loving father going to see his only son—and using such language. It startled me, because Edgar very rarely uses profanity of any kind."

"But, Janey, wasn't he damning us older people because we let Hitler happen?"

"EDGAR was just simply sulking. I had ample proof of that when we got to the Post Headquarters or whatever they call it where they receive visiting parents. It turned out that Reid's division or regiment was on parade or inspection—anyway, marching around. So Edgar, the proud and doting father, wanted to go back to the car and sit. I said that *I* took sufficient interest in our son to want to see him in the parade. Edgar said we couldn't pick him out—that all soldiers look alike on a parade ground. But I put my foot right down and took Mr. Edgar Ralston with the party of parents going to the same parade field we were. It was horrible!"

"Horrible?"

"The way that man acted. You see, the camp authorities had placed our party in charge of an extremely nice young ensign or lieutenant or—anyway, a commissioned officer. He had such a beautiful uniform compared to the common private soldiers that my heart just ached for Reid. Not meaning anything in particular, I said: 'I'd hoped to see Reid with epaulets on his shirt!' Wasn't that an innocent enough remark?"

"Yes, but—"

"It positively enraged Edgar. Not openly, you know. He never comes right out and expresses his feelings in so many words. He just boils inwardly and becomes very grumpy. I thought I would sink right down and die from shame, my dear. Oh, Mildred—"

"What'd Edgar do?"

"Oh, it wasn't what he did. It was what he said. You see, the young officer started telling us about the fine housing situation and how the food would do credit to a big hotel and how the government even fortifies it with vitamins—extremely interesting and comforting facts for parents to know. But my precious husband has to sniff nastily and say, 'The latrines smell familiar, kid.' I really thought I would perish from shame. The poor young officer was put completely out of countenance and everybody stared at Edgar."

"That's not so terrible. Joe would have—"

"It was his *attitude,* Mildred. Grumpy and sniffish and hypercritical—like as if he were a pro-German pouring cold water on everything. About the tank—it was ghastly—he called it a tin can. Right out in front of everybody. I just stood there and died the death while that poor officer explained to Edgar that the Army would soon have plenty of better ones. So Edgar said, 'Glad they won't have to fight Hitler with their bare fists, sonny.' I *died*—but slowly. And then, I really did check off at least eight of my nine lives. About the rifle—have another nip of sherry, Mildred, and I'll take one, too."

"But I don't see how a few sarcastic remarks should have upset you—"

"I HAVEN'T come to the truly agonizing part yet. The things that make me wonder about what happened to Edgar in France—the things that haunt me. All Edgar said about the beautiful new machine-gun rifle the officer showed us was, 'It'll jam in the mud. You can't kid me.' By that time, we were distinctly not popular. Then, Edgar saw all those American Legion men—now, then, say my suspicion isn't justified!"

"Pardon . . . what suspicion?"

"My suspicion of Edgar!"

"I'm a little bewildered, darling—"

"Now, listen carefully. This is important: We had just got to the parade field, with everybody looking daggers at Edgar, when all of a sudden he saw the American Legion men. I had begged Edgar to wear his Legion cap, but he wouldn't. Now, listen carefully—all of a sudden, he saw them and he must have recognized one of them. He turned positively pale and furtive. He grabbed me by the arm and said, 'Let's get away from here!' I tried to put up an argument—Reid's part of the Army was out on the field—but Edgar literally dragged me away!"

"Why?"

"I'm asking you, my dear."

"Did you ask him to explain?"

"Naturally. But he wouldn't even admit that he knew any of the Legion men. In fact, he denied it."

"What did he say?"

"He merely muttered that he couldn't take it. He said he thought he could, but he couldn't."

"Take what?"

"Now, Mildred, you know Edgar. He is the original human clam. He'd already spoken about five sentences that day—all of them nasty—and he simply decided he would say, 'I can't take it' and knock off. That was his quota, you know?"

"But I still don't see why you should be upset. Edgar's a pretty sensitive person, Janey. Maybe the sight of Reid in the Army and all—"

"You think so?"

"A lot of the men that were in the first war have queer reactions, darling. Take Joe, f'rinstance—"

"Joe. Ha!"

"Just the same—for all his fire-eating talk—I can't drag him to look at soldiers. Furthermore, he says Edgar was deeply marked by his experience—"

"I'm afraid he was."

"Why, Janey — you look — so — so odd."

"I know what happened to Edgar in France!"

"*Really?*—"

"He—oh, I've got to tell it—he was a coward. He—he ran away—"

"Nonsense!"

"Yes—he did."

"What—what makes you think that?"

"I know it."

"Did he tell you?"

"Oh, if he only would! I'd understand. I could help him. If he'd only confess to me—and talk it out. He thinks I'd be revolted. I wouldn't—not at all. I'm a very understanding person. Oh, Mildred, the terrible thing is—our boy. He's always admired Edgar so, in spite of his silence about the war. And, after the way Edgar acted at camp—what he said to Reid—the poor boy must suspect. It must be haunting him. Maybe he believes he inherited Edgar's—his—weakness—"

"I still don't believe it!"

"That's very sweet and loyal—"

"Joe wouldn't either. Whatever happened to Edgar in France—it wasn't that. How on earth could you ever get such an idea?"

"I was there, Mildred."

"You mean—at camp?"

"Yes. Edgar insisted that he was going to Reid's barracks—you know, the big building where the common, private soldiers have to sleep—and he would wait for Reid there. I put my foot right down. I said I could look at American Legion men and soldiers, too, without feeling sick and wanting to run and hide. I said I was simply amazed at his actions and talk. I said we had come down to camp to see our only son, and cheer him up and build his morale, so he could do his duty by his country in her hour of peril. I didn't mean to be cruel—even though I now suspected why Edgar would never say one word about his adventures in the last war—but what hurt me was his refusal to take me into his confidence all these years. After all, when you've been married to a man twenty-one and a half years, you should be trusted—"

"Joe doesn't trust me."

"—well, I happen to be an unusually tolerant and understanding person. I said with heavy emphasis that it was no part of an old Army soldier to go criticizing latrines and tanks and machine-gun rifles and saying he can't take a mere drill at an Army camp, with his own son a member of the Army—"

"WHAT did Edgar say to that?"

"Not one word. He merely turned on his heel and walked off. So I went back to look at the parade and by this time it had broken up and I had the dickens' own time finding Reid. It turned out that he and some of his friends had been surrounded by a lot of proud fathers. One of these older men was telling a story—ugh—it made my hair simply stand on end—do you think they should tell practically boys such things? I mean, when they are preparing for war themselves and need to have their morale bolstered?"

"Well . . . I'd have to hear the story . . . but I'm much more interested in—"

"The man that was telling the story was in the middle of the group, talking to Reid and the others. It was about a man nicknamed No-Medals—oh, Mildred, I shudder even now to think of it. Do you suppose it actually could be true?"

"How should I know, Janey? You haven't told—"

"This man said that No-Medals was in the American Army near a place called Sedan—wasn't that in France during the last war?—Well, anyway, No-Medals had a very close and dear friend. Some Germans pretended to surrender and then shot No-Medals' friend. So No-Medals went simply stark, raving mad. He found the dugout where the Germans were that had killed his friend. He filled his pockets

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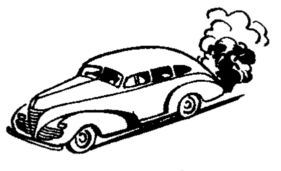

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with hand grenades and crept up on them. Then, he deliberately threw all his hand grenades on top of them and blew them to shreds. Imagine that!"

"Fair enough, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was not, Mildred. Because, look, the Legion man said No-Medals was killing crazy. And instead of reporting him to the authorities, they let No-Medals stay right in the front line. He led all the attacks—and the whole battalion or regiment or whatever it was got infected with No-Medals' dreadful blood lust. They sent out word to the Germans that they would not take any prisoners. Oh, they did h-horrible things . . . led by that madman, No-Medals. The Legion man said that General Pershing finally had to take them from the battle and put them to work at hard labor for punishment. Do you actually believe such a thing ever happened?"

"I'd have to ask Joe. Maybe he—"

"But the most atrocious part of it was that the bigmouthed oaf bragged about No-Medals as if he were a bigger hero than men like York and Woodfill. He seemed to think that No-Medals was a fine example to hold up before those nice kids."

"OH, THE old vets like to shock 'em, Janey. But what about Reid and Edgar?"

"I'm coming to that—but first I had to settle that Legion man's hash. I pushed right into the group around Reid. I certainly ticked that big galoot off to a fare-you-well. I said—"

"What about Edgar, Janey? Why do you think—"

"I simply have nothing else to think—judging by Edgar's speech and actions. I told Reid his father had an upset stomach and was waiting for us at the barracks. Reid grinned, as he always does, and said he couldn't believe it. You know, I was sort of proud of Reid for the way he had listened to that hideously grisly story about No-Medals. He didn't show any ill effects, I mean it hadn't disturbed his morale or poise or whatever, at all. Even though he had come fresh from Harvard to face the ugly realities of life—"

"What about Edgar, Janey?"

"Oh, *well*—Reid's casual, cheerful attitude made Edgar's behavior so starkly impressive. Mind you, here was a supposed war-veteran father visiting his only son in camp for the first time. Well, Edgar was just sitting on the grass in front of the barracks like a bump on a log and staring all around. He looked positively fugitive—*no, it's furtive—he* looked furtive. As though he were afraid of being exposed or unmasked or whatever. Reid and I had to do absolutely all the talking. Until at the end—when it was time to go—oh, Mildred—"

"What *happened,* Janey?"

"It wasn't what happened. It was what Edgar said. It gave him away completely. You see, Reid still had that ghastly story the Legion man told on his mind. He repeated it word for word to Edgar. And if I ever saw a man shiver in his very bones, it was Edgar. Imagine—showing such emotion before your own son who has got to be brave and do his duty—well, *my heart just sank* lower and lower. When Reid finished the story, he said, 'You guys must have been pretty rough on the Huns last time, Pop!' Surely that was a plain, matter-of-fact enough statement, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

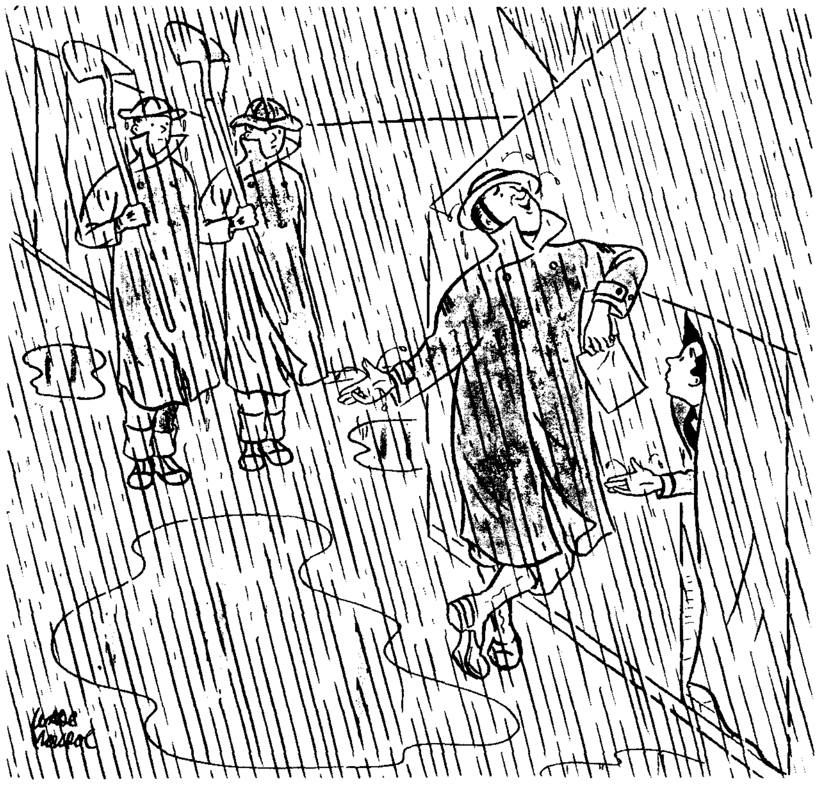
"So what does Edgar do but get tears of sheer terror in his eyes—a grown man, a father—and say to Reid, 'There's two things wrong with Americans fighting Huns, kid. Huns make you hate them too much. And Americans, once they get started, are the killin'est soldiers on earth. You—you try not to hate the Huns too much. If you feel *that coming on—for God's sake run.* Just remember that man they called No-Medals.'

"Yes, *run,* he said. Oh, Edgar—oh, my poor dear Edgar—what a dreadful thing to say to Reid. I'm sure he suspects the truth. The poor boy may be afraid this very minute that he has inherited the taint of cowardice . . . why, what's the matter, Mildred? Why do you look at me that way? Tell me this instant!"

"I'm afraid you missed the point, Janey!"

"What point?"

"Well . . . about No-Medals. I'll ask Joe—and have him talk to Edgar—and if they say it's all right to explain it, I will!"



"By George, it is raining! I'll just duck over to the library and get you a nice book to curl up with" WADE MONROE

The Pied Piper

Continued from page 19

o'clock. It stood there in the station in the hot sunlight, interminably. Presently a man came down the corridor.

"Descendez, monsieur," he said. "This train goes no farther."

Howard stared up at him dumfounded. "But—this is the Paris train?"

"It is necessary to change here. One must descend."

"When will the next train leave for Paris?"

"I do not know, monsieur. That is a military affair."

He got the children into their coats, gathered his things together, and presently was on the platform, burdened with his luggage, with the three children trailing after him. He went straight to the stationmaster's office. There was an officer there. The old man asked a few straight questions, and got straight answers.

"There will be no more trains for Paris, monsieur. None at all. I cannot tell you why, but no more trains will run north from Joigny."

THERE was a finality in his tone that brooked no argument. The old man said, "I am traveling to St. Malo, for England, with these children. How would you advise me to get there?"

The young officer stared at him. "St. Malo? That is not the easiest journey, now, monsieur." He thought for a moment. "There would be trains from Chartres. . . . And in one hour, at half past two, there is an autobus for Montargis. . . . You must go by Montargis, monsieur. By the autobus to Montargis, then to Pithiviers; from Pithiviers to Angerville, and from Angerville to Chartres. From Chartres you will be able to go by train to St. Malo."

He turned to an angry Frenchwoman behind Howard, and the old man was elbowed out of the way. He retired onto the platform, striving to remember the names of the places that he had just heard. Then he thought of his little "Baedeker" and got it out, and traced the recommended course across country to Chartres. It skirted around Paris, sixty miles farther west. So long as there were busses one could get to Chartres that way, but Heaven alone knew how long it would take.

He knew the ropes where French country autobusses were concerned. He went and found the bus out in the station yard, and sat in it with the children. If he had been ten minutes later he would not have found a seat.

Worried, and distracted by the chatter of the children, he tried to plan his course. To go on to Montargis seemed the only thing to do, but was he wise to do it? Would it not be better to try and travel back to Dijon? The route that he had been given through Montargis to Chartres was quite a sensible one according to his "Baedeker"; it lay along a good main road for the whole of the hundred miles or so to Chartres. This bus would give him a good lift of thirty-five or forty miles upon the way, so that by the time he left it he would be within sixty miles of Chartres and the railway to St. Malo; provided he could get a bus to carry him that sixty miles he would be quite all right. If all went well he would reach Chartres that night, and St. Malo the next morning; then the cross-Channel boat and he would be home in England.

It seemed all right, but was it really wise? He could get back to Dijon, possibly, though even that did not seem very certain. But if he got back there, what then? With the Germans driving forward into France from the north, and the Italians coming up from the south, Dijon seemed to be between two fires. He could not stay indefinitely in Dijon. It was better, surely, to take courage and go forward in the bus, north and by west in the direction of the Channel and home.

The bus became filled with a hot, sweating crowd of French countrypeople. All were agitated and upset, all bore enormous packages with them, all were heading to the west.

Presently the driver climbed into his seat, and the grossly overloaded vehicle started.

The road was full of traffic. As far as Howard could see it was thronged with vehicles, all moving toward the west. He felt it really was a most extraordinary sight, a thing that he had never seen before, a population in migration.

After about two hours the bus drew off to the side of the road. The driver got down and looked under the hood. Howard and the children got out of the bus and rested at the side of the road. Howard gave the children sandwiches and milk.

Presently Rose said she heard an airplane.

Instinctively Howard turned his head. He could hear nothing.

"I hear it," Ronnie said. "Lots of airplanes."

Sheila said, "I want to hear the airplane."

"Silly," said Ronnie. "There's lots of them. Can't you hear?"

The old man strained his ears, but he could hear nothing. "Can you see where they are?" he asked nonchalantly. A cold fear lurked in the background of his mind.

The children scanned the sky. "Yes," said Rose, pointing suddenly. "Three planes—there."

Ronnie twisted around in excitement to Howard. "They're coming down toward us! Do you think we'll see them close?"

"Where are they?" he inquired. He strained his eyes in the direction from which they had come. "Oh, I see. They won't come anywhere near here. Look, they're going down over there."

"Oh . . ." said Ronnie, disappointed. "I did want to see them close."

THEY watched the aircraft losing height toward the road, about two miles away. Howard expected to see them land among the fields beside the road, but they did not land. They flattened out and flew along just above the tree-tops, one on each side of the road and one behind flying down the middle. A little crackling rattle sounded from them as they came. The old man stared, incredulous—it could not be . . .

Then, in a quick succession, from the rear machine five bombs fell on the road. Howard saw the bombs actually leave the airplane, saw five great spurts of flame upon the road, saw queer, odd fragments hurled into the air.

From the bus a woman shrieked, "The Germans!" and pandemonium broke loose. The driver of a little car fifty yards away saw the gesticulations of the crowd, looked back over his shoulder, and drove straight into the back of a mule cart, smashing one of its wheels and cascading the occupants and load onto the road. The French around the bus dashed madly for the door, hopping for shelter in the glass and plywood body, and jammed in a struggling, pitiful mob in the entrance. The machines flew on toward them, their machine guns spitting flame. The rear machine, its bombs discharged, flew forward and to

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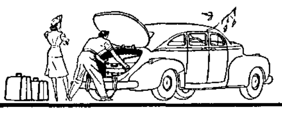

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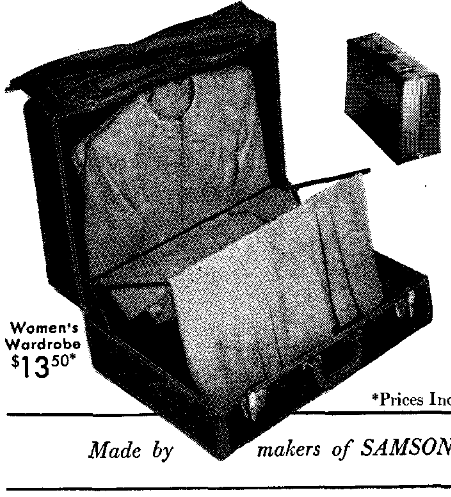

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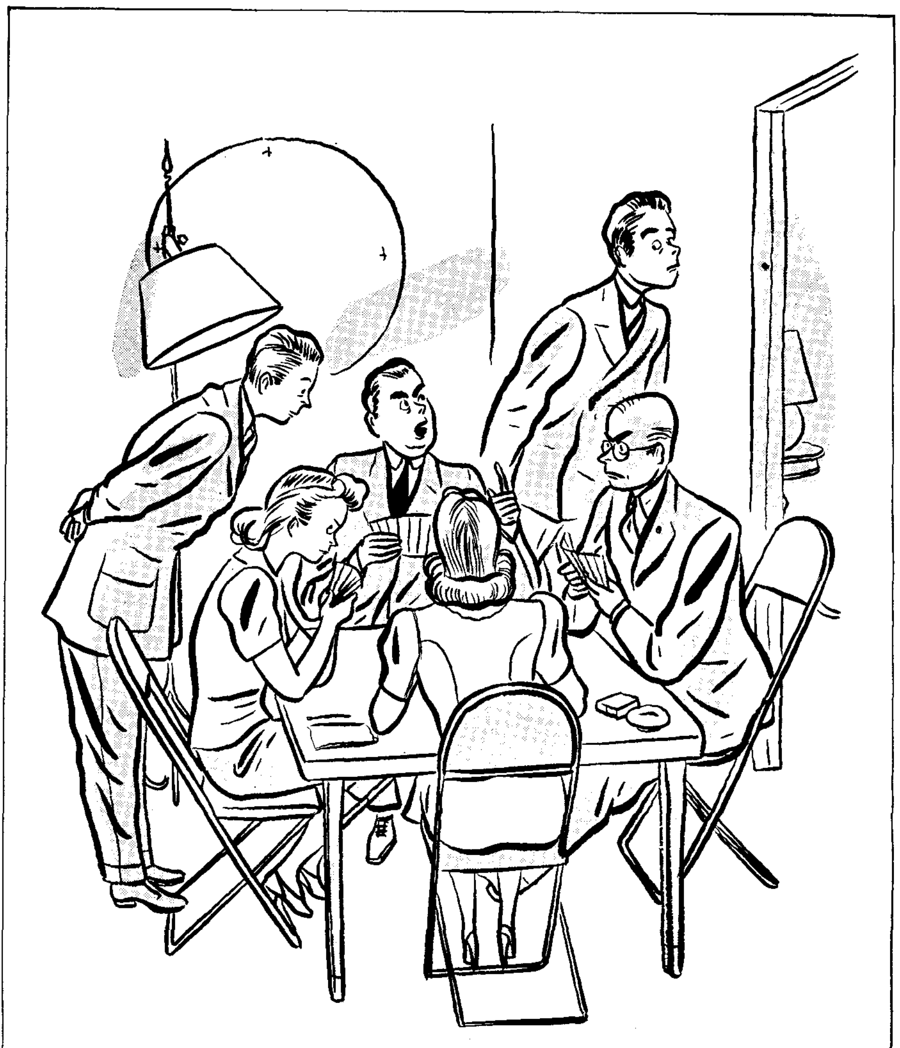


"Would you care to make a sixth at bridge?" FRITZ WILKINSON

the right; with a weaving motion the machine upon the right dropped back to the rear center, ready in its turn to bomb the road.

There was no time to do anything, to go anywhere, nor was there anywhere to go. Howard caught Sheila and Ronnie and pulled them close to him, flat upon the ground. He shouted to Rose to lie down, quickly.

Then the machines were on them, low-winged, single-engined monoplanes with curious bent wings, dark green in color. A burst of fire was poured into the bus from the machines to right and left; a stream of tracer bullets shot forward up the road from the center aircraft. A few bullets flickered straight over Howard and his children on the grass and spattered in the ground a few yards behind them.

FOR a moment Howard saw the gunner in the rear cockpit as he fired at them. He was a young man, not more than twenty, with a keen, tanned face. He wore a students' yellow corps cap, and he was laughing as he fired.

Then the two flanking aircraft had passed, and the center one was very near. Looking up, the old man could see the bombs slung in their racks beneath the wing; he watched in agony for them to fall. They did not fall. The machine passed by them, not a hundred feet away. He watched it as it went, sick with relief. He saw the bombs leave the machine three hundred yards up the road, and watched dumbly as the debris flew upward. He saw the wheel of a cart go sailing through the air, to land in the field.

Then that graceful, weaving dance began again, the machine in rear changing places with the one on the left. They vanished in the distance; presently Howard heard the thunder of another load of bombs upon the road.

He released the children, and sat up upon the grass. Ronnie was flushed and excited. "Weren't they *close!*" he said. "I did see them well. Did you see them well, Sheila? Did you hear them firing the guns?"

He was ecstatically pleased. Sheila was quite unaffected. She said, "May I have some orange?"

Howard said slowly and mechanically: "No, you've had enough to eat. Drink up your milk." He turned to Rose, and found her inclined to tears. He knelt up, and moved over to her. "Did anything hit you?" he asked in French.

She shook her head dumbly.

"Don't cry, then," he said kindly. "Come and drink your milk."

She turned her face up to him. "Are they coming back? I don't like the noise they make."

He patted her on the shoulder. "Never mind," he said a little unsteadily. "The noise won't hurt you. I don't think they're coming back." He filled up the one cup with milk and gave it to her. "Have a drink."

Ronnie said, "I wasn't frightened, was I?"

Sheila echoed, "I wasn't frightened, was I?"

The old man said patiently, "Nobody was frightened. Rose doesn't like that sort of noise, but that's not being frightened." He stared over to the little crowd around the bus. Something had happened there, he must go and see. "You can have an orange," he said. "One third each. Will you peel it, Rose?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur.*"

He left the children happy in the prospect of more food, and went slowly to the bus. There was a violent and distracted clamor from the crowd; most of the women were in tears of fright and rage. But to his astonishment, there were no casualties save one old woman who had lost two fingers of her left hand severed cleanly near the knuckles by a bullet. Three women, well accustomed to first aid in accidents upon the farm, were tending her, not inexpertly.

Howard was amazed that no one had been killed. From the right a dozen bullets had entered the body of the bus toward the rear; from the left the front wheels, bonnet and radiator had been badly shot about. Between the two the crowd of peasants milling round the door had escaped injury. Even the crowd in the small car had escaped, though one of the women in the mule cart was shot through the thigh. The mule itself was dying in the road.

There was nothing he could do to help the wounded women. His attention was attracted by a gloomy little knot of men around the driver of the bus; they were staring despondently at the engine. The old man joined them; he knew little of machinery, but it was evident even to him that all was not quite right. A great pool of water lay beneath the engine of the bus; from holes in radiator and cylinder casting the brown, rusty water still ran out.

One of the men turned aside to spit. "It won't go further," he said succinctly.

It took a moment or two for the full meaning of this to come home to Howard. "What does one do now?" he asked the driver. "Will there be another bus?"

"Not unless they find a madman for a driver." There was a strained silence. Then the driver said, "You must go on by foot."

IT BECAME apparent to Howard that this was nothing but the ugly truth. It was about four in the afternoon and Montargis was twenty-five kilometers, say fifteen miles, farther on, nearer to them than Joigny. They had passed one or two villages upon the road from Joigny; no doubt one or two more lay ahead before Montargis. But there would be no chance of busses starting at these places, nor was there any reasonable chance of a hotel.

It was appalling, but it was the only thing. He and the children would have to walk, very likely the whole of the way to Montargis.

He went into the wrecked body of the bus and collected their things, the two attaché cases, the little suitcase, and the remaining parcels of food. There was too much for him to carry very far unless the children could carry some of it; he knew that that would not be satisfactory for long. Sheila could carry nothing; indeed she would have to be carried herself a great deal of the way. Ronnie and Rose, if they were to walk fifteen miles, would have to travel light.

He carried his burdens back to the children and laid them down upon the grass. It was impossible to take the suitcase with them; he packed it with the things that they could spare most easily and left it in the bus in the faint hope that one day it might somehow be retrieved. That left the two bulging little cases and the parcels of food. He could carry those himself.

"We're going to walk on to Montargis," he explained to the children. "The bus won't go."

"Why not?" asked Ronnie.

"There's something the matter with the engine."

"Oh—may I go and see?"

Howard said firmly, "Not now. We're just going to walk on."

They started out to walk in the direction of Montargis. The heat of the day was passing; it was not yet cool, but it was bearable for walking. They went very slowly, limited by the rate at which Sheila walked, which was slow.

Presently they came to the place where the second load of bombs had dropped.

There were two great craters in the road, and three more among the trees at the verge. There had been a cart of some sort there. There was a little crowd of people busy at the side of the road; too late, he thought to make a detour from what he feared to let the children see.

Ronnie said clearly and with interest, "Are those dead people, Mr. Howard?"

He steered them over to the other side of the road. "Yes," he said quietly. "You must be very sorry for them."

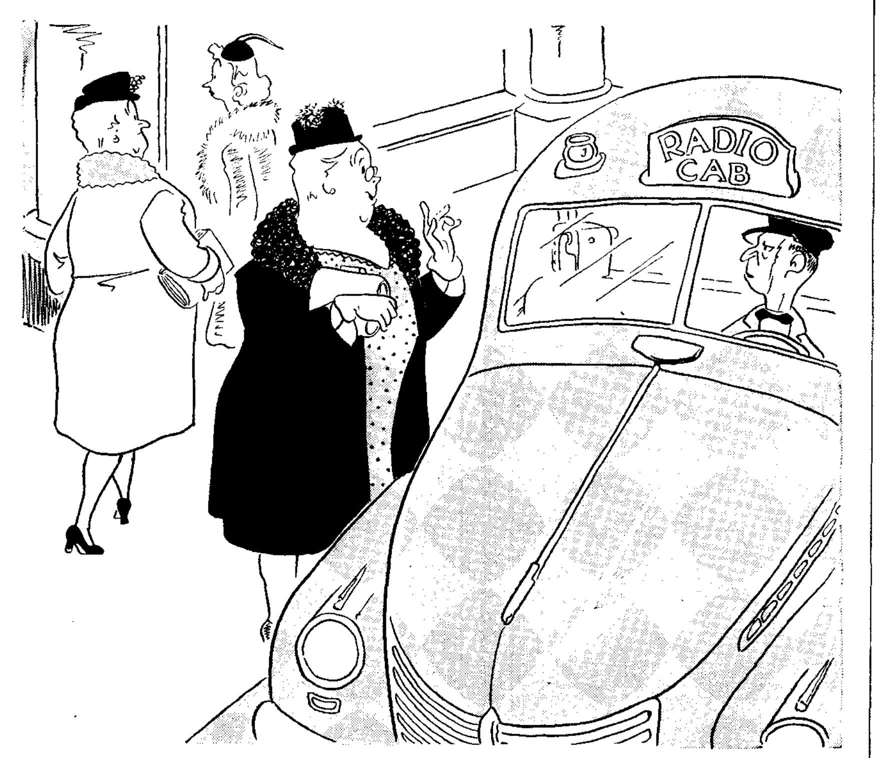
"May I go and see?"

"No," he said. "You mustn't go and look at people when they're dead. They want to be left alone."

"Dead people do look funny, don't they, Mr. Howard?"

He could not think of what to say to that one, and herded them past in silence. Sheila was singing a little song and showed no interest; Rose crossed herself and walked by quickly with averted eyes.

They strolled on at their slow pace up the road. If there had been a side road Howard would have taken it, but there was no side road. It was impos-



"While you wait for me listen closely to the serial, so I won't lose the thread of the story"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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Made by J. P. Smith Shoe Company, also makers of Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, and British Walkers for men and women.

You Can't Wear Out Their Looks

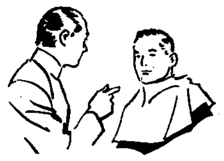
Smith SHOES

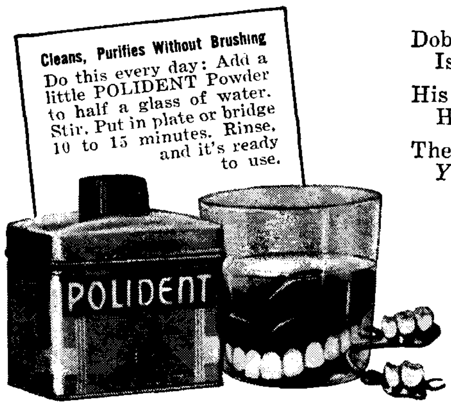
FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;
Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.
Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.

A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The *modern* thing to do.
"Although *you neither rub nor scrub*
Your teeth will 'look like new';
"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."





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Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.

Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;
His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
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The *lesson?* POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!

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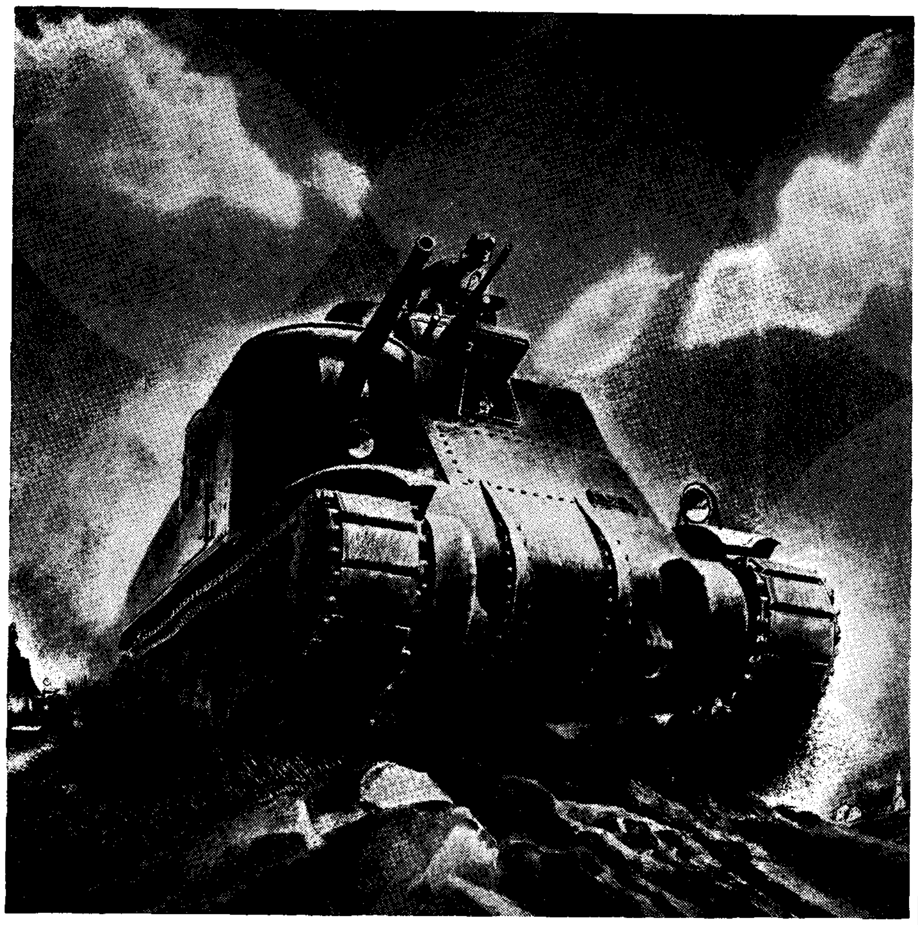
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c



Portrait of Mrs. Whitlock's New Water Heater Tank

When Mrs. Whitlock ordered her new water heater, she asked for a *Monel* hot water tank. But that Monel was needed for *another* kind of tank. And Mrs. Whitlock is a "good sport" about it.

In fact, when she learned that her share of Monel was needed for tanks, ships and guns she soon saw *why* she has to do without her long-dreamed-of Monel hot water tank.

Even a home engineer like Mrs. Whitlock can understand that the same toughness and rust-proofness that make Monel the A-1 metal for hot water tanks also makes it an A-1 priority material during the Emergency.

And she also realizes that her bit of Monel is hastening the day when she, like so many of her friends, *can* enjoy the rust-free, trouble-proof hot water that flows from a Monel tank.

MONEL *Water Heater Tanks*

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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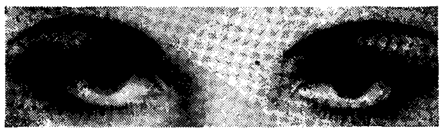
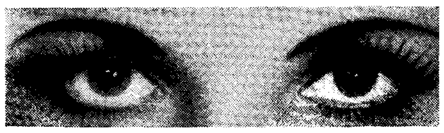


EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe.* You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed.* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

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WHAT'S MISSING FROM YOUR MEALS?

Food seem flat, appetite sluggish? Call for A-1, the savory sauce that puts taste appeal in every meal.

A-1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH

sible to make a detour other than by walking through the fields; it would not help him to turn back toward Joigny. It was better to go on.

They passed other casualties, but the children seemed to take little interest. He shepherded them along as quickly as he could; when they had passed the target for the final load of bombs there would probably be an end to this parade of death. He could see that place now, half a mile ahead. There were two motorcars jammed in the road, and several trees seemed to have fallen.

Slowly, so slowly, they approached the place. One of the cars was wrecked beyond redemption. The bomb had burst immediately ahead of it, splitting the radiator in two and blasting in the windscreen. Then a tree had fallen straight on top of it, crushing the roof down till it touched the chassis. There was much blood upon the road.

FOUR men, from a decrepit old car, were struggling to lift the tree aside to clear the road for their own car to pass. On the grass verge a quiet heap was roughly covered by a rug.

Pulling and heaving at the tree, the men rolled it from the car and dragged it back, clearing a narrow passage with great difficulty. They wiped their brows, sweating, and clambered back into their old two-seater. Howard stopped by them as the driver started his engine.

"Killed?" he asked quietly.

The man said bitterly, "What do you think? The filthy Boches!" He let the clutch in, and the car moved slowly forward around the tree and up the road ahead of them.

Fifty yards up the road it stopped. One of the men leaned back and shouted at him, "You—with the children. You! Look out for the little boy!"

They let the clutch in, and drove on. Howard looked down in bewilderment at Rose. "What did he mean?"

"He said there was a little boy," she said.

He looked around. "There's no little boy here."

Ronnie said, "There's only dead people here. Under that rug." He pointed with his finger.

Sheila awoke to the world about her. "I want to see the dead people."

The old man took her hand firmly in his own.

"Nobody goes to look at them," he said. "I told you that." He stared around him in bewilderment.

Sheila said, "Well, may I go and play with the boy?"

"There's no boy here, my dear."

"Yes, there is. Over there."

She pointed to the far side of the road, twenty yards beyond the tree. A little boy of five or six was standing there in fact, utterly motionless. He was dressed in gray—gray stockings above the knee, gray shorts, and a gray jersey. He was standing absolutely still, staring down the road toward them. His face was a dead, grayish white in color.

Howard caught his breath at the sight of him, and said very softly, "Oh, my God!" He had never seen a child looking like that, in all his seventy years.

He crossed quickly over to him, the children following. The little boy stood motionless as he approached, staring at him vacantly. The old man said, "Are you hurt at all?"

There was no answer. The child did not appear to have heard him.

"Don't be afraid," Howard said. Awkwardly he dropped down on one knee. "What is your name?"

There was no answer.

Howard got to his feet again, desperately perplexed. He must go on his way, not only to reach Montargis but also to remove his children from the sight of that appalling car, capable, if they realized its grim significance, of haunting them for the rest of their lives. He could not stay a moment longer than was necessary in that place. Equally, it seemed impossible to leave this child.

He crossed quickly to the other side of the road, telling the children to stay where they were. He lifted up a corner of the rug. They were a fairly well-dressed couple, not more than thirty years old, terribly mutilated in death. He nerved himself, and opened the man's coat. There was a wallet in the inside pocket; he opened it, and there was the identity card. Jean Duchot, of 8 bis, Rue de la Victoire, Lille.

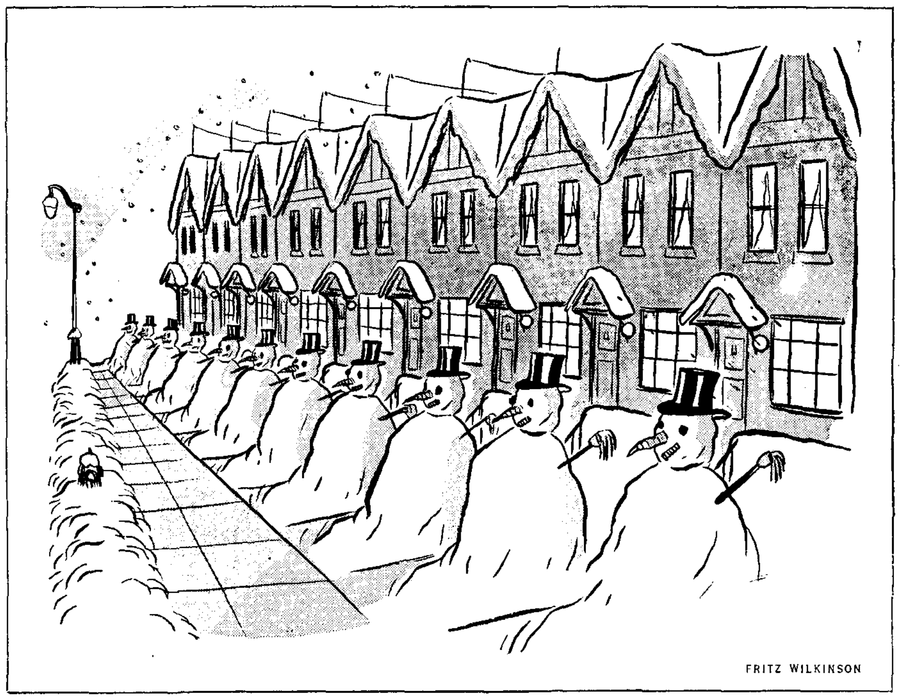
He took the wallet and some letters, and stuffed them into his pocket; he would turn them over to the next gendarme he saw.

HE WENT back to the children. He said to Rose and Ronnie, "You take one of the cases each, for a little bit." He went up to the little boy and said to him, "Will you come with us? We're all going to Montargis."

There was no answer, no sign that he had heard.

For a moment Howard stood in perplexity; then he stooped and took the boy's hand. In that hot afternoon it was a chilly, damp hand that he felt. "Come," he said with gentle firmness, "we're going to Montargis." He turned to the road; the boy in gray stirred and trotted docilely beside him. Leading one child with either hand, the old man strolled down the long road, and the other children followed behind, each with a case.

(To be continued next week)



HAWAII is my home and to me the charm of the Islands is fittingly symbolized by Dole Pineapple Juice. I have tried to express this pleasant association in this painting—"Hauoli," which means *Happiness.*

Floyd Sexton

• **BEAUTY**...you see it in a glass of Dole Pineapple Juice—the true, undiluted juice of big, ripe pineapples. And Dole Pineapple Juice tastes as good as it looks—at breakfast—*anytime!*

• **HAPPINESS** depends largely on good health. Dole Pineapple Juice is a good source of Vitamins B_1 and C, and contains Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus.

• **JOY OF LIVING**... isn't it freedom from petty tasks... *less work in the kitchen?* Dole Pineapple Juice is always ready. Just shake a chilled can...punch...pour...DRINK!

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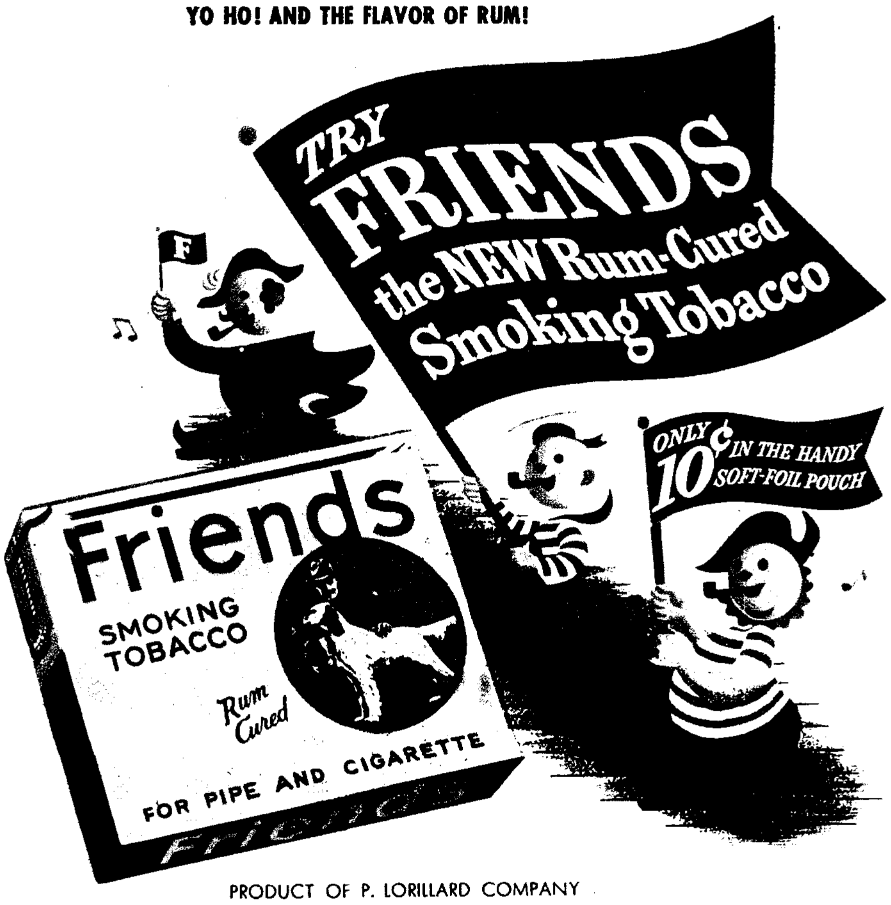
Climb aboard and get this treasure...
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

It's a brand-new taste sensation
Cool and free from irritation...
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

Note the soft-foil pouch—it's handy,
Keeps the mixture fine and dandy...
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

Mark the name of this tobacco,
Ask for FRIENDS... ten cents a pack-o...
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



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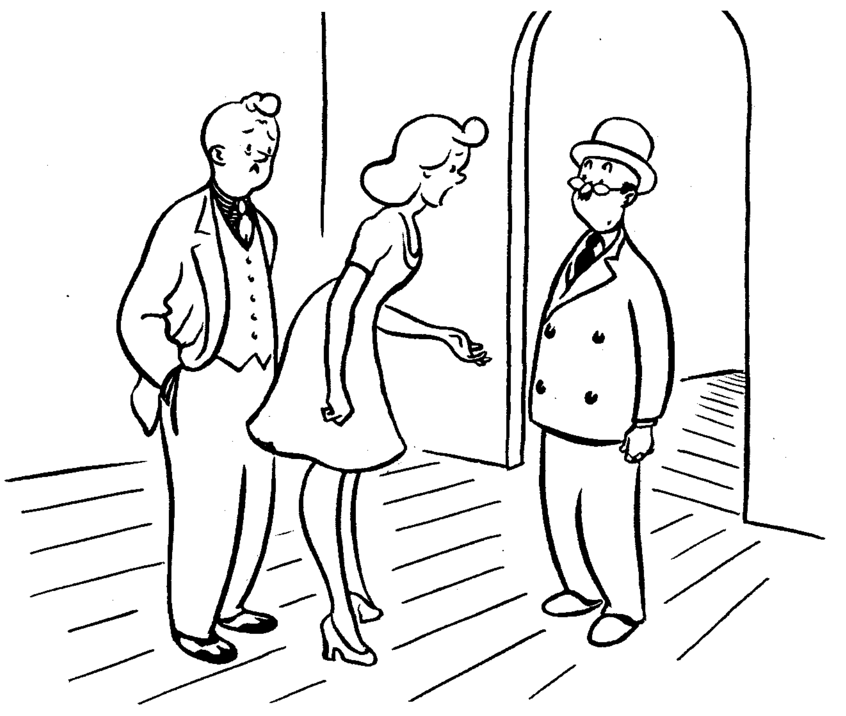


"Please excuse the appearance of the place, Father—we expected you to get here before the finance people!"

GEORGE SMITH

Suspicious Speed

Continued from page 20

Plume, owned by the Millsdale Stable and trained by Tony Pelleteri, coughed up a carrot at Belmont one morning during the early 1939 meeting. A stable attendant seized the carrot, turned it over to the authorities and it was found to contain morphine sulphate. The discovery led to the arrest of two men, Patrick Panza and Richard Hohman, who were sent to jail for a year and fined $500 each. Pelleteri and the horse's groom were suspended by the N. Y. Racing Commission for a short period, for negligence.

Other depressants have been placed in thick glucose capsules and fed to favorites. The capsules were so thick that the pill passed from the horse's stomach to its intestinal tract without melting or breaking—and then broke during the heat of the race and lulled the horse into a drowsy performance.

Formula vs. Formula

As for the non-narcotic stimulation, Anslinger's office is powerless to act. But honest racing states do their best to stamp out this particular section of foulness. And, as usual, get scant thanks when successful.

The full story of the depravity of American racing through the so-called Golden Twenties will never be known. Suffice it to say that more than one decent horse owner retired from the game with heavy losses rather than be a part of an enterprise which had degenerated into a case of formula vs. formula instead of horse vs. horse. The filthy rottenness extended from the back-turning owners and track officials down to the lowliest swipe. The punishment the horses took (and some still take) staggers the imagination. The toll of horses which dropped dead from heart trouble or broke down because they were too coked up to know that they were breaking legs or pulling tendons mounted dizzily during the decadent decade. Bad post actors abounded.

And on the breeding farms, which are the core of the sport, the number of sterile stallions, diseased mares, miscarriages, stillborn foals and worthless get gave ample proof of how much dope was coursing with the blue blood in the veins of the country's racing stock.

The first clear-cut alarm was sounded by Thomas B. Cromwell, then editorial writer for the famed publication, Blood Horse. In the March, 1929, issue he wrote:

"The trainers of today who are using stimulants have done away with the needle and use a powder or a capsule. They have also increased the ingredients so far that today some of them are using a concoction of heroin, cocaine, strychnine and nitrate of glycerin in capsules. . . . It is also a known fact that today they are using heroin in many two-year-olds. This is destroying the thoroughbred horse of America.

"Up until the year 1893, I would venture to say that there would not be a half-dozen horses stimulated with drugs in a week's racing, as ninety-nine per cent of the old-timers owning and training thoroughbreds had some love and thought for the horse and did not believe in this brutal practice. They would no more think of putting a boy up on a horse and sending it to the post in the condition that the majority of trainers are sending them today, and endangering the boy's life, than they would of committing suicide themselves.

"But, things have changed . . . and it now seems that the majority of the men who have come into the business in the last twenty-five years have come in with a 'hop' prescription tucked away in their pockets."

When the article appeared, a few lonesome souls such as Joseph E. Widener and the late Admiral Cary T. Grayson uttered soulful "yeas" and shortly after that Anslinger's office went to work. It had noticed that many of its narcotic raids were taking place in the vicinity of tracks. Some of the men picked up were apprehended around thoroughbred barns. It was not long before the doping crooks in the game realized that Mr. Whiskers was in racing for keeps.

Anslinger took a terrific beating as a "publicity-seeking interloper," and, to some extent, still does. But Anslinger knows how to take it, as he ably demonstrated when he weathered the firmest efforts of the New Deal's patronage mob to unseat him in 1933. The detection of horse dopers is but one of a score of his duties, but the man loves a race horse and he bears down especially hard when the doping evil comes close to one. He showed up at last winter's meeting of state racing commissioners in Florida, in good voice, to cry down a proposal to have the commissioners' doping rule rewritten to erase the clause that a trainer "shall be barred" when his horse is doped and substitute "may be barred."

When he first began throwing his weight around, Anslinger was challenged by a prominent owner who offered to bet him $5,000 that none of the owner's many horses had ever been tampered with. Anslinger accepted, and suggested to the owner that he get ready to send the $5,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The owner shut up. But the surprising fact is that a number of thoroughly honest but touchy owners continually heckle Anslinger. They blame him for fostering state racing laws which hold owners or trainers personally responsible for horses found doped in their barns, even if the owners or trainers had absolutely nothing to do with the administering of the juice.

When Owners are Helpless

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, for instance, has said that he will not race in California this year because of that state's law pinning all responsibility for doped horses on the owner. Vanderbilt has had a sample of how powerless an owner can be in the face of a determined doping ring. His Airflame got a "slow-down" shot of morphine from someone in New York in 1938, a urine test showed. It came as a deep shock to the young owner. Unlike owners who pay much more attention to the social side of the turf than they do to supervising the conduct of their stables, Vanderbilt is up at the crack of dawn more often than not to help train his horses. He is in exceptionally close touch with every employee from his head trainer to his lowliest swipe. Yet Airflame was doped. Hence his and other honest owners' reluctance to accept blame for something they have done everything in their power to guard against.

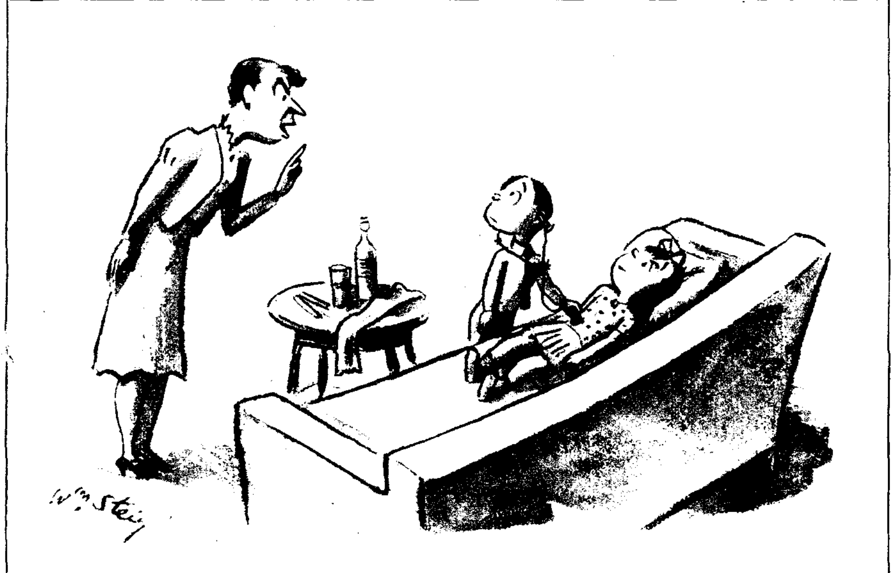
Despite the recent scandal in California, involving some of the fancier stables, the game is getting cleaner all the time. New York set a remarkable record during 1940. Its well-equipped laboratory for the testing of the saliva, urine and blood of the thoroughbreds which ran there did not find one "positive." A "positive" means that tests have proved that a horse was primed. In all, the laboratory made 1,292 saliva tests, and Commissioner Herbert Bayard Swope was justly proud of the record for clean racing. Spotless also in 1941.

But, sadly enough, it doesn't necessarily follow that there wasn't a stimulated horse running in New York. There are roughly 120 narcotics and stimulants, but the saliva tests will detect only half of these. In addition, the saliva test is made on the winner only, and such other scattered horses as may be selected by the stewards on the ground that their reversal of form has been too marked. A pretty good cross section is arrived at in this way, but the fact remains that tests are made on a rather small percentage of the total number of horses competing in New York. Yet New York leads all the states in the number of saliva tests made. Its laboratory does the saliva testing for Maryland and Michigan tracks, too. Maryland sent it only 492 samples and Michigan 308. Kentucky, incidentally, tests only three horses a day.

Considerably sounder than the saliva test is the urine test, but it is involved and costly and some racing states frown on it because it is too accurate. A good substitute for all tests, when they are found to be impractical, is a well-guarded receiving barn, to which entrants are led several hours before their races. Narcotics and stimulants must be administered within thirty minutes of the race, else their effects will wear off and the horse will be a wreck instead of a streak. A properly policed receiving barn at every track would work wonders for every long-suffering two-dollar bettor and long-abused animal.

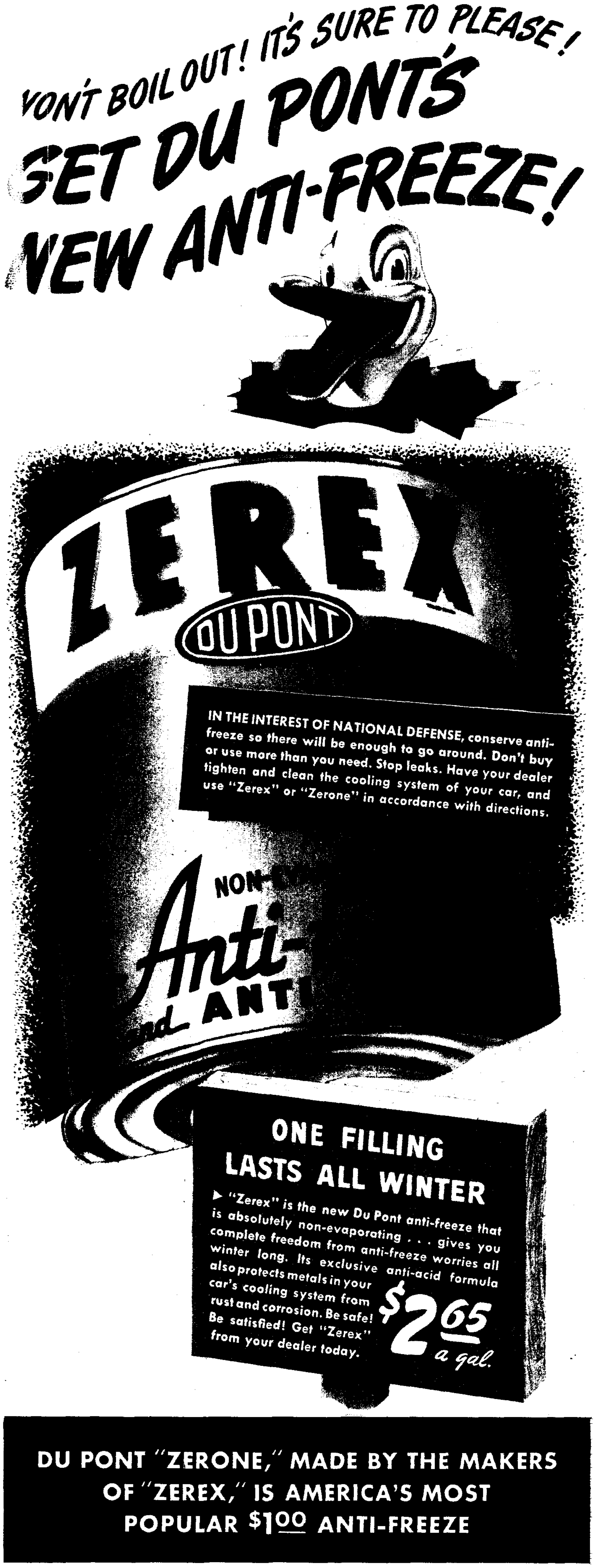
The reprehensible practice of hopping up horses probably began in the fifteenth century when gypsies, then mostly horse dealers, discovered that red pepper and ginger, inserted under a horse's tail, lent him a temporary air of friskiness which fooled the average buyer. Sweden barred gypsies as horse dealers in 1727, and Emperor Joseph II of Austria put through an imperial decree of that nature in 1783.

It remained for France to come up with the first convicted doper of thoroughbreds. He was the owner of a colt which won the Grand Prix at the turn of the century. The colt's amazing reversal of form and his highly charged appearance at the post and after the race caused officials at the track to hold up the purse. The government took a saliva test, probably the first ever made for this purpose. It was "positive." The horse was laden with heroin, and though



"Wilbur, your father and I do not intend you to be a doctor"

WILLIAM STEIG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What STALIN TOLD HOPKINS ABOUT HITLER

A DRAMATIC PAGE from the WORLD'S HISTORY

HOPKINS was in England, with Churchill, when he got Roosevelt's cable: "Go to Moscow, see Stalin."

Three days later he was in the Kremlin with the man [illegible] whose ruling is Russia's law; with the [illegible] and the utter blackouts so different from [illegible] What is Stalin like, what are his [illegible] victory? Does he want our [illegible] did he tell Hopkins of the [illegible] how does he regard the Ger[illegible] man staff, the man Hitler?

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American
The Inside Story of
MY MEETING WITH STALIN
BY HARRY HOPKINS

the owner sued everyone in sight he was convicted and paid a heavy fine.

England took up the saliva test after that. It was there that Joseph E. Widener first saw it in operation, but it was not until 1929 when he built his Hialeah track that he could persuade an American track to install this modest protective. Its introduction at Hialeah raised a great furor. Many stables threatened to boycott the track. Widener had a mint invested in the layout, but he stuck to his guns, backed by a sternly honest Florida Racing Commission, which was all for barring for life all culprits caught with the goods. The stables cried that the saliva test would "kill the public's confidence in the sport," a memorably droll line.

One of the first men the saliva test caught at Hialeah was one of Widener's closest friends. But Widener persevered and in due time, with the support of Admiral Grayson, Anslinger, Swope and several others, he spread the gospel around the country. Today the test is standard equipment at all tracks. Even the harness-racing game is taking to it, albeit reluctantly. But there are still some conscienceless racing states which whisper to horsemen, "Send your nags to our meetings and we'll let you stuff them with so much hop that they'll explode if they hit a rail."

Disbarment Doesn't Help

State commissions such as these exist because, by and large, the commissioners' jobs are filled by political hacks. There is precious little co-operation among the racing states. Anslinger's office has pointed the finger at more than one criminal, and had him barred, let us say, in New York, only to discover that he is persona grata elsewhere.

In all, Anslinger's office has been able to get about one hundred convictions, and fifty owners, trainers, grooms or sneaks have been packed off to jail. Many caught dopers have beaten the government's cases on the ground that evidence was obtained by an illegal search. Others have been put on probation. The various state commissions have ruled several hundred off, for periods ranging from life to several days, but these disbarments are rarely nation-wide.

The old reportorial curiosity of Commissioner Swope helped make New York a comparatively spotless leader in the assault of the states on the horse-doping practice. When Swope took office in 1934 he pledged his administration to the eradication of the evil. But, first being the good reporter he is, he wanted to know his subject. He persuaded William Woodward, a pillar of the frosty Jockey Club, to turn two of his thoroughbreds over to the commission for the purpose of testing the power of different dope formulas and the efficacy of the several types of narcotic detectors.

The horses were Andalusian and Foxton, the latter by Mr. Woodward's immortal Gallant Fox. After three months of secret testing, engaged in not only by the commission's chemists, Dr. J. G. Catlett and Charles E. Morgan, but also by veteran early-morning clockers, it was agreed that of eleven fundamental drugs four showed unmistakably that they could get more yards per minute out of the steeds. Of these, heroin was by far the most potent. It was found that morphine, most always a depressant in humans, may stimulate horses. Nitroglycerin injections helped the circulation of the dope by expanding the horses' blood vessels. Strychnine excited the spinal cords. Aconite was almost as speed-producing as heroin. Cocaine made the horses wild at the post. The urine test recovered doping proof as long as forty-eight hours after the injection, the saliva test was useless after eight hours.

Yet for reasons of convenience the saliva is the main test today—the barrier that keeps a rather unhealthy situation from becoming as hopeless as it was in the twenties. The saliva test itself begins when the selected horse is made to bite down on a piece of gauze placed in its mouth after a race. The gauze is then sealed in a glass preserving jar and mailed to the laboratory concerned. There, a wringer first takes all of the moisture out of the gauze.

Then the gauze is dipped in alcohol and again wrung out. The resultant liquids are put together in test tubes and evaporated until they are a brown crystallized stain on the bottom of the last small evaporation cup.

The chemist now takes a wet rubber stick and scrapes the stain until it is a tiny amount of amber-colored liquid. This is placed in a small tube at the bottom of which is a small asbestos filter. This tube is put in a larger one, and both are spun rapidly, an act which forces the liquid through the filter and strains it into the larger tube. Then the strained residue is mixed with ether, which soon rises to the top of the tube and brings with it the evidence, if any.

If the ether fails to reveal anything, then a mixture of chloroform and ether is mixed with the strained residue. Chloroform will reveal drugs which ether misses. If all tests fail, then the horse wasn't doped or the men who tampered with the horse used a formula which beat the saliva test, or the stimulant boiled away during the evaporation process. Benzedrine does this. However, there are other ways of proving that a horse has been primed with benzedrine, as will be duly attested by trainer Guy Bedwell, who was suspended for sixty days by the Maryland State Racing Commission on a charge that his horse Ginoca was pepped up with this stuff last April 24th at Havre de Grace. The commission at no time accused Bedwell personally of administering the stimulant.

The Owner's Viewpoint

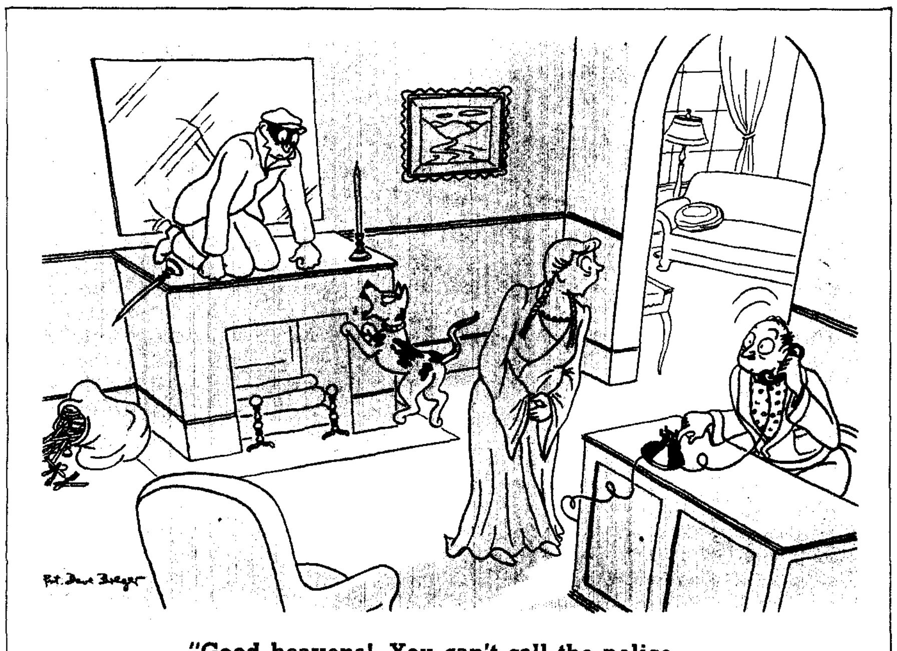
The howls of indignation which greet the announcement that a saliva test has come back "positive" are sharp indeed. The owner of the brutally mistreated horse invariably goes into a jowl-quivering rage over the audacity of linking his name with a scheme to make a few paltry hundreds. Usually he is rich and threatens to use his influence to oust the conscientious public-spirited citizens and officials concerned. The trainer cries that he is prey to every groom he hires. The grooms, who recently have been striking for more pay, deny everything. All concerned turn on whichever reporter prints the story.

W. L. Brann, wealthy owner of Challedon, offered to resign from the Jockey Club and the Maryland Jockey Club at the height of the open airing given the California caffeine-syrup case this summer. Commissioner Giesler, who had listed Brann's Challomine as one of the horses tampered with, entreated Brann not to resign. The commissioner reiterated that it was obvious that Brann was in no way suspected. But in answer to Brann's highly pardonable complaint that he disliked having even his name linked to the investigation, Giesler replied that even if some strictly innocent toes were stepped on, the general effect of the investigation would be cleaner California racing.

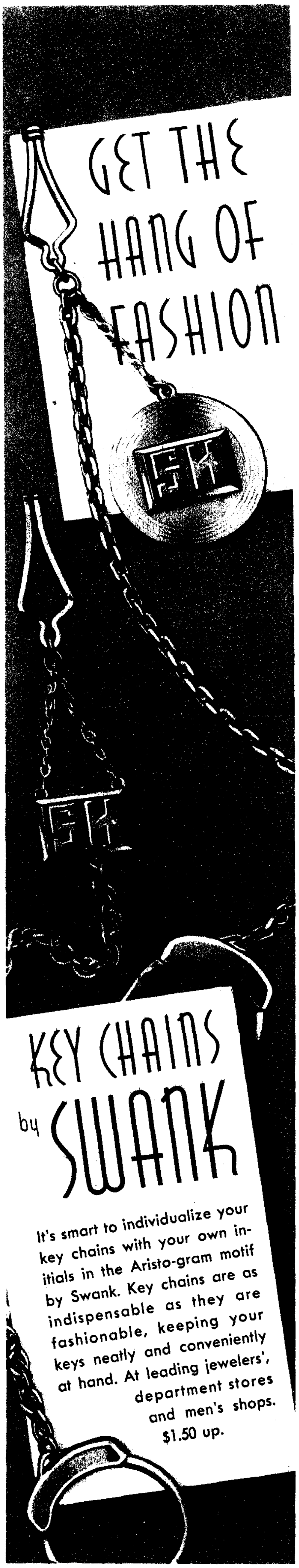
Just as indignant as Brann was Louis B. Mayer, whose horse Painted Veil was listed by Giesler. The movie magnate-turfman demanded of Giesler that Giesler buy out his vast turf holdings and warned Giesler from the witness chair that the embarrassment of having to appear in connection with such a scandal might induce him to retire from racing. Brann, Mayer and their racing stables were cleared of all blame in the syrup case, of course. But on July 23d, the California horse board suspended trainers A. A. Baroni, Charles McDonough, Darrell Cannon, Noble Threewitt and S. DeVore for sixty days, in the same case, and ordered them to return the purses their horses won while under the influence of the ersatz vigor.

Giesler had achieved his purpose. He had gotten a suspension pinned on men found guilty, he had given the crooks in the game another warning, and he had impressed once again on the decent men in the game the need for more careful supervision of their barns, which are, in a way, public trusts.

And so the battle continues without abatement. The beneficiaries of the work of the men who are trying to cleanse the game of the doping practice are the bettors, the suckers who are badly gypped out of untold sums each year by coked-up betting coups. The bettors, yes, and the thoroughbreds. Because of the crusading work now going on behind the scenes in racing, fewer thoroughbreds will finish their lives as hopelessly ravaged dope addicts. And more and more of them will know the peace of their well-earned green pastures.



"Good heavens! You can't call the police—we still haven't got a license for Rover!" PVT. DAVID BREGER



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Block that Toot!

Continued from page 29

Baseball umpires who work behind the plate use a little indicator that registers balls and strikes; they don't depend on their memory or on the scoreboard. There seems no reason why the same device couldn't be used in football. As it stands now, the referee is the Supreme Court; what he says goes and there is no recourse. If you protest, you are lucky if you get off without a five-yard penalty for "delaying the game." If you squawk too loudly, he can bench you as a troublemaker.

Sunny Sundstrom, Cornell's 1923 All-America tackle, tells an anecdote about Gil Dobie that illustrates the point. Gathering his squad around him on the first day of practice, Dobie said:

"Before starting the season it might be advisable for you fellows to know how many players constitute a football team. Can anybody answer that?"

After they had all had a try at it, Dobie shook his head in disgust.

"There are ten players on a football team; ten players and a captain. He will be so worried about his questionable association with the officials that he'll be little more than cargo."

Those little tin gods with their little tin tooters. . . .

What's "Unnecessary Roughness?"

I know. I've played. I've gunned it from a left-tackle slot in the Yale Bowl where the officials seem thicker and buzz louder than flies on pane glass. In Princeton's Palmer Stadium I've seen and felt those juicy pass-interference penalties snap a team double. Penalties on warped calls that deaden, ruin a game. . . . Penalties that hit where no tape and liniment can reach.

The most damaging penalties in recent years have been for "unnecessary roughness." Three recent "bowl" games have been marred by these penalties. When invoked by a too sticky official, unnecessary roughness can mean anything from a wounded ego to a punch in the nose. It calls for a fifteen-yard penalty from the point of the foul. In the Tennessee-University of Southern California game of 1940, with less than a minute to play in the first half, Tennessee was battling desperately to hold the Trojans. With the ball on the sixteen-yard line on a play Tennessee had piled up for no gain, Umpire H. W. Scholar socked Tennessee fifteen yards for roughness, thus putting the ball on Tennessee's one-yard line, where Schindler bowled over for a touchdown.

On the same day down at New Orleans almost the same play occurred. Tulane was struggling to keep the Texas Aggies from scoring just as the first half was ending. The Aggies were plowing ahead under the drunk-tank work of John Kimbrough. Then Derace Moser of the Aggies swept to the eighteen. Here came the damaging roughness penalty and Umpire Jimmy Higgins paced off fifteen yards and placed the ball on Tulane's three-yard line, a crushing disaster at that juncture. Kimbrough barged through on the next play and the Texas Aggies finally won, 13-12.

But last year, at the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, the punishment was even worse for Fordham when Umpire Russell B. Goodwin ruled that the 162-pound Fordham quarterback had roughed 230-pound Kimbrough of the same Texas Aggies team. It happened in the third period. The Aggies had just scored and gone ahead, 7-6. From deep in Fordham territory Jim Blumenstock punted to Moser of the Aggies, who galloped back to Fordham's twenty-five-yard line. Kimbrough, who had gone ahead for interference, tangled with Noble on the sixteen-yard line, not even within shouting distance of the play. Noble was socked for unnecessary roughness. The fifteen-yard sock therefore was stepped off from the sixteen-yard line, putting the ball on the one-yard line, from where Kimbrough bulled it over. In short, that sad event made a difference of twenty-four yards at the most critical moment of the game. The Aggies finally won, 14-13.

In our book, that particular penalty can be murder. Unless that ball carrier or blocker is a victim of real roughing—that is, kneeing, slugging or outright viciousness, an umpire has no business calling it. Teams that get "bowl" shots are tough outfits. A player that didn't jolt his opponent on a tackle when the chips were down would deserve to get yanked from the game. What he has to fear now is an overzealous official who has all the power of a czar. His whistle toots, he points at a player and yells "unnecessary roughness" and the team is ruined. There is no recourse; it is entirely a matter of the official's judgment. If there is ever a scandal in football it will come out of this penalty. In the hands of a prejudiced or crooked official it could do something dreadful to football odds.

Perhaps the cruelest mistake of all time was made by Referee John Getchell in the Carnegie Tech-Notre Dame game in 1938. The game was an 0-0 standoff when Carnegie got the ball in the middle of the field. Quarterback Paul Friedlander asked Getchell the down.

"Third down!" barked Getchell.

Friedlander called for a running play. Ray Carnelly fumbled but recovered a yard short of first down. Friedlander would naturally have called for a fourth-down punt but he never had the chance. Getchell, after unraveling the heap, ruled the previous play fourth down instead of third down and gave the ball to Notre Dame.

"You said it was third down last time," protested Friedlander.

"I know," admitted Getchell, "but I was wrong."

Encouraged by that break, Notre Dame immediately went down to score and the game ended 7-0.

A Penalty that Killed

In that same year, 1938, Yale was leading Michigan 13-8, with seven minutes to go. It was shaping up as the biggest upset of the year because Michigan had gone into that game a four to one favorite. Michigan kicked on fourth down from her own twenty. Purucker's punt was short, Humphreys of Yale returning it to the Michigan thirty-seven.

"We knew we had 'em," said Yale tackle, Bill John. "You suddenly sense when a team begins to sag. But after Humphreys was tackled Referee J. E. Keegan blew his whistle and ruled that Bob Brooks of Yale had rushed into kicker Purucker. He gave Michigan first down on their thirty. Purucker was so surprised he laughed. That penalty killed us! Harmon's passes began to click. That's the way it generally goes when a blow of that sort hits a team. They worked the ball to our two. They tried three smashes and lost a yard. Then Harmon, on a fake buck, passed to Nicholson. They beat us 15-13. We didn't come back."

Perhaps the worst of all was the Army-Navy game at Philadelphia when Navy passed from Army's twenty-one but the ball was intercepted by Jim Schwenck of Army, who started to fight his way upfield. An official tooted his horn. The ball was recalled and given to Navy on Army's two-yard line, from where it was put over for the winning touchdown.

Afterward the official (he shall be nameless) said:

"I should have called interference against Army on the preceding play. I let them get away with it. But not two in a row."

Talk about your cold-hash victories!

And so it goes each football Saturday, with those little figures in white pants blowing their gizzards blue, putting your big ball game into a strait jacket. What better plan for better officiating can be offered? Just this: Make a concentrated effort to obtain officials who are equipped to handle a rough, tough game without featuring themselves above that game. Obtain men who, through previous experience as players, can appreciate the meaning of personal contact; men who realize what a drunk-with-power official can do to ruin a game.

Look At the Wise Officials

Football is the most intricate of speed contact games. It needs rules but those rules must aid the game's effectiveness. Too many officials confuse officiousness with efficiency. Any player with the intuition of a catfish can sense when an incompetent official takes over. Once the galoot starts riding his whistle both sides will proceed to make it tough for him. Have you ever wondered why persistent whistle-tooting seems to encourage fouling rather than stop it? That's the reason.

One of the most respected referees was Dr. Eddie O'Brien, who, until forced to retire a few years back, worked the East's big games. Umpire Tom Thorp is another understanding but firm official who finds it possible to keep a tight rein on the teams without acting as a browbeating top sergeant. Games worked by Mr. Thorp have a habit of being enjoyable to everybody concerned. Little picayunish fouls are overlooked but none of the important ones get by. The result is that the players have fun, the play is fast and pleasingly rough and the spectators have the pleasure of seeing a game that runs along evenly and without the usual whistle-tooting irritations.

Head Linesman A. B. Maginnes belongs among the better officials because he works with the teams, warns them of small technical faults and eventually gets the game on an even keel where it is being played fairly and keenly and with satisfaction to the players themselves. Al Marsters, Dartmouth's great running back of a decade ago, is moving up as a younger official who knows what it is all about. There are others but they are as rare as blonds in a Zulu tribe.

Asa Bushnell, head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association, has done a job of carpet-sweeping since taking over the office four years ago. He has been lining up younger officials with a sense of timing. Grading of officials both by coaches and scouts has helped. Various pappy guys whose tickers can't stand the gaff any longer now spend their Saturdays scouting active officials.

Bushnell's most advanced piece of legislation was last winter's dictum divorcing college from professional officials. It was clearly a case of "take the college or the money game—you can't work both." As a result Friesell and five prominent Eastern officials went over to the professionals.

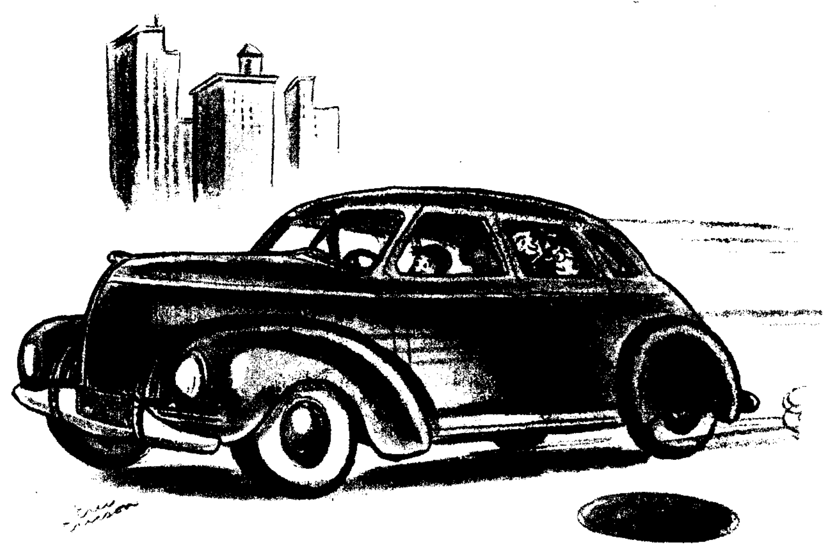
But even more important was this year's two-day clinic at West Point where intensive work was done on the rules so that officials would have a common understanding of what went on.

"We want men who can work games with authority and part of that consists in keeping whistle-blowing and horn-tooting to a minimum. We are aiming at sensible officiating without featuring those who handle the games."

That standardization of officiating can be established is seen in the difference with which the forward-pass interference play is now called. This is a very fuzzy rule depending entirely upon the good sense of the officials. It can be interpreted in fifty ways. Some field judges in the scrap-iron league call it only if the intended receiver dies. Others call it if the defender even waves at the receiver. In a Dartmouth-Yale game in 1936, Field Judge Reagan awarded Yale a touchdown for pass interference *behind* the Dartmouth goal line. It took almost a riot for Dartmouth to get that overruled. After wild protest Referee C. M. Waters ruled that even a Divine Being in the guise of a field judge couldn't do that. He gave the ball to Yale on Dartmouth's one-yard line, first down. Dartmouth smeared two plays, the final gun sounded and the game was saved for them.

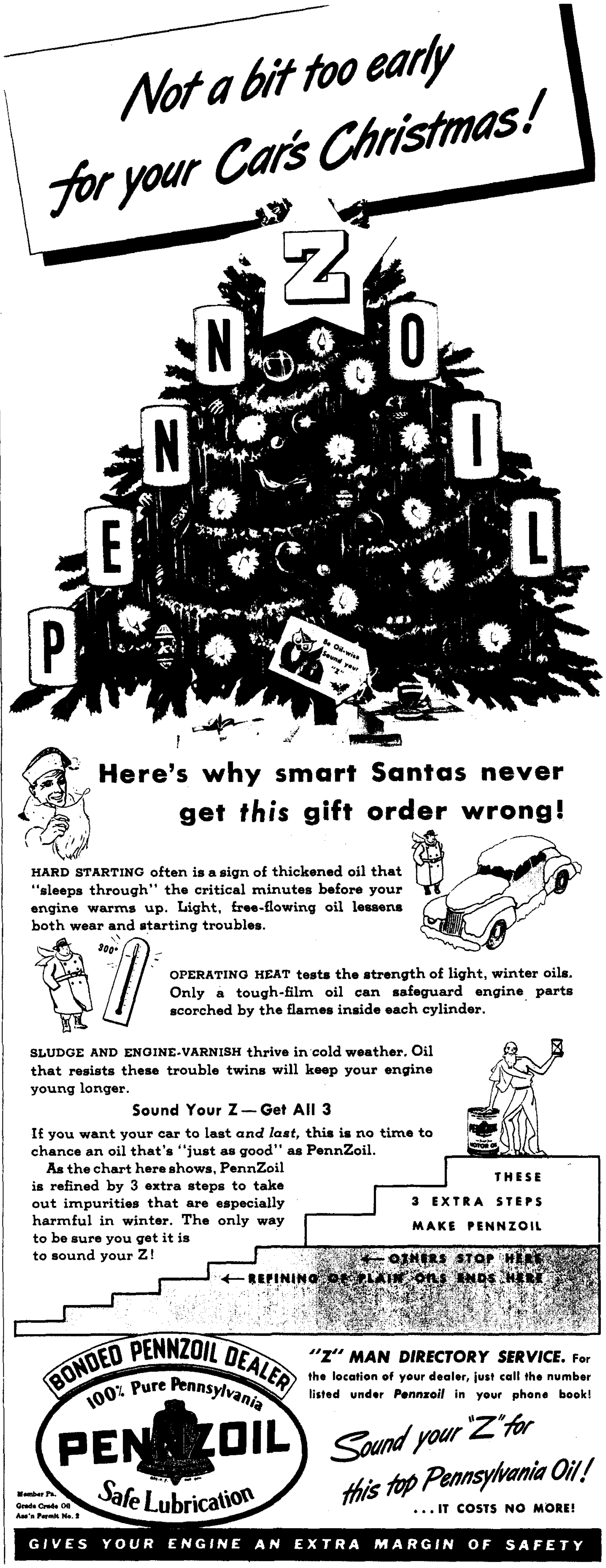
Since then there has been noticeable improvement in calling the play and there are few kicks over decisions. At one time it was feared that the anger aroused over pass-interference decisions would ruin the game. It didn't because common sense arrived on the scene.

At that instant when it can be proved to all officials that they are not necessarily being magnificent when they keep their whistle going like a drunk on New Year's Eve on Times Square, the millennium will have arrived. It can't come too soon.



"I have to let the kid drive or he won't let me play with his electric trains!"

ERIC ERICSON



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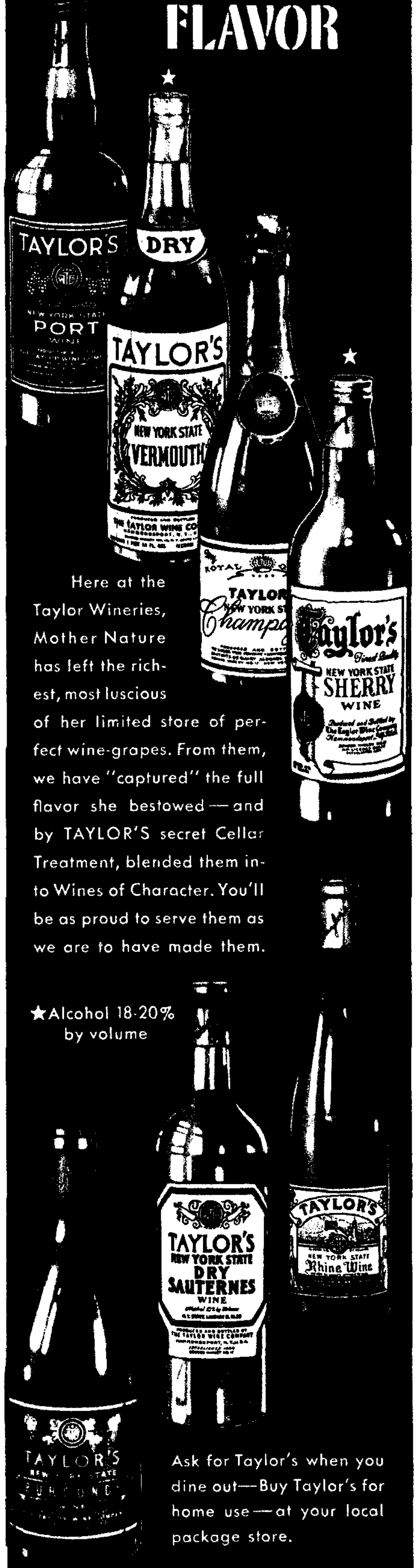

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LEAVES
from the
TABLE

Life by the Pint

Continued from page 13

asked him. "It was bad," he nodded gently. "We fought for eight days. I killed many Germans before they got me."

One room after another showed its quota of men who had been brought back to life by the genius of Grastchenkov.

In the last war mortality from brain wounds was thirty-five per cent in this hospital. It is now less than five per cent. This is chiefly due to the efficiency of sulfanilamide as a deterrent to infection. Grastchenkov says his main problems come from bullets and shrapnel lodged in the spinal column. These are much more serious wounds than are brain injuries.

Interesting is his observation that while during the last war shrapnel caused fifty per cent of all wounds, today it causes ninety-five per cent of them. Apparently the day of the ordinary rifle is over. Bombs and shells do the damage now.

Grastchenkov is only one of many thousands mobilized to fight wounds and diseases in Russia. The whole army of surgery, medicine and research has been thrown into the battle. In many cases the civilian population has come to the aid of the men and women of science.

Blood is a precious commodity in time of war. The Soviet Central Institute of Blood Transfusion is presided over by brilliant Andre Bogdassarov, dark and eager-eyed. The Institute has three additional branches. Every day from 1,500 to 2,000 civilians go to these clinics and offer their blood. Nine tenths of the donors are young girls and women—mothers, wives and sisters of men at the front. Nearly all of them refuse pay for their services, but after each giving of her blood she is given a good meal and an extra ration coupon.

"We have three times as many donors as we need," Bogdassarov laughs. "Everyone wants to do his or her part in beating the Germans. Those who come here feel that in giving their blood they are saving the lives of soldiers and of course they are right."

One More Arrow to Cupid's Bow

Only those above eighteen are taken. They sit on benches filling the long halls of the clinic dressed in white gowns waiting their turn. They chat and laugh and now and then one proudly displays a letter from the man who was helped to recovery by her blood. Each has the privilege of sending a note with the ampule of her blood which goes to the front. The recipient often writes his thanks, correspondence springs up and Cupid thus finds himself with one more arrow to his bow.

"Russia has for a long time been a leader in the conservation of liquid blood for the purpose of transfusion. Thousands of damaged lives have been repaired since the war began by methods either introduced or developed by Bogdassarov. Blood which he and his small army of assistants gather at the clinic can be kept "alive" for more than thirty days. Only as recently as the Spanish civil war, blood was considered to be usable only if it had been drawn ten days before.

Bogdassarov keeps the blood alive and preserved by the addition of sodium citrate and glucose. It is packed in airtight ampules and kept at a constant low temperature. A constant stream of blood from Russian women flows to the front. Bogdassarov has done a great deal of experimenting with cadaver blood but he believes in its use only in emergency. Cadaver blood is efficacious only if used within twenty minutes after it is taken from a dead person. Two years ago this explorer in the dark red streams of the blood took up the study of plasma, or dried blood. There is a quantity of this at every front-line operating station but it again is only for emergency use. Plasma is usable for eighteen months or so but Russian doctors are not completely sold on it.

There's No Glamor in this War

This discussion of blood and its use in reviving those on the border line of death is hardly pleasant talk, but it is war talk and it concerns the conduct of the war and is an important item in the saving of lives.

There is little of the glamorous to write about in this Russian-German phase of the war. It is a war of killing, not one of bands playing and flags waving.

It is more interesting to talk to the girls in Bogdassarov's clinic as they lie, white-clad, on the tables giving their blood so that some soldier may live to fight again. There are five tables in each room with a doctor in charge and five nurses assisting. First the nurses cleanse the arm with disinfectant; then the doctor gently inserts a needle filled with novocain into the arm. The donor feels absolutely no pain. She has just had a cup of highly sweetened tea and she has had a fine gossip with her friends in the corridor and now she lies there unafraid and content. The doctor then inserts the needle, which has a long tube attached, and within a few seconds the blood begins to flow into a glass jar. No one donor is allowed to give more than a pint of blood. I have heard them plead with the doctor in charge to be allowed the privilege of giving twice that amount. "Come back in six weeks," the doctor laughs, "and we'll take the rest."

There is another clinic which has no patients. It houses 600 horses, 2,000 guinea pigs and thousands of white mice. This is the Bacteriological Institute, where serums and vaccine are prepared. Scarlet fever, dysentery, diphtheria, typhus, tetanus and gas gangrene are the enemies that the scientists of the Institute battle. Doctor Vladimir Pavlov, young and dynamic, leads these microbe hunters. By law all children in the Soviet Union have to be immunized against smallpox, scarlet fever and diphtheria. Soldiers must be made immune to typhus, tetanus and typhoid. Pavlov showed me through the immaculate but evil-smelling clinic from attic to cellar, from largest horse to smallest guinea pig. Some of the greatest research men and women of Russia are here making serum and vaccines, experimenting with animals, trying to pierce the veil of ignorance which hides the reason why the human race catches influenza and other diseases.

"Our production has tripled since the war," Pavlov explained. "No matter what the needs at the front, we are ready to supply them. We have a surplus of everything and are continuing to produce serum and vaccines at top speed."

The people of Russia remain calm and her sons and daughters whose lives are devoted to saving lives rather than to taking them go on working. They do not hear the bombs. They hear only one voice: the voice of science, the voice of the only master they know.

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Red Squire

Continued from page 23

legislature." And he continues with spinsterish severity: "I am sure no one would dare refute that very elementary Christian proposition. But if that proposition is accepted as a basis for Sunday worship, it must also be accepted as a basis for weekday practice."

When Cripps joined the Labor Party he joined his father. Lord Parmoor had reached the Labor Party by another route some years before, having, as the Morning Post caustically commented, "accepted a seat from the Conservatives, a peerage from the Liberals, and office from the Labor Party."

Of Parmoor's five children Sir Stafford is the only one politically active. His brothers do not agree with most of what he says, and one at least thinks his views are "cranky." But when the Honorable Member for East Bristol gets up to speak in an important debate in the House of Commons they are all sitting in the public gallery. They would not miss hearing Stafford, who was always giving unheeded advice in the nursery, stand there and tell a Conservative Prime Minister exactly what he ought to do.

Britain's Finest Lawyer

Conservative vexation that Cripps sits on the "wrong side" of the House is accentuated by their admiration for the finest legal mind in Britain. The Cripps mind is worth a million pounds sterling. As England's leading lawyer, for years past he is reputed to have earned 50,000 pounds annually—five per cent on a million pounds. Judges and barristers, asked who is the best advocate practicing in British courts, will name him, regretfully or enthusiastically according to their own political sympathies. Other lawyers have found that association with the Labor Movement has harmed their practice, but briefs marked with envy-provoking fees continue to pile up on Cripps' desk in Elm Court despite his outspoken Socialism.

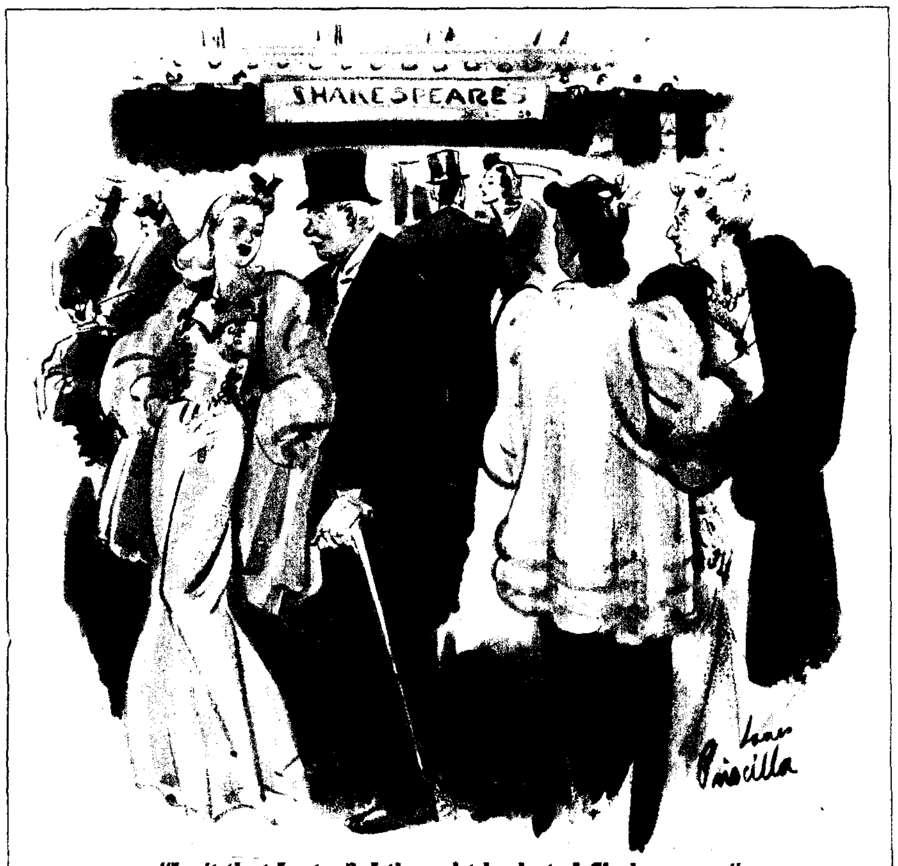
Judges consider Cripps an intellectual treat. He tackles a legal problem with confidence and deftness. Heartthrob is not in his line. His specialty is company and patent law, on which he is the greatest authority in England. His mind is the envy of the legal profession. He can become an overnight expert on any subject. If a case involves an industrial process or complicated invention of which he knows nothing, he sends for the standard works on the subject, assimilates rapidly the principles and acquires the technical jargon.

A wrangle over patent rights requiring a knowledge of science or chemistry is home ground to Cripps. He started life as a scientist. He won the Science Scholarship to New College, Oxford, but did not go there. The great chemist, Sir William Ramsay, was so impressed by his papers that he paid young Cripps the signal honor of inviting him to work in his own laboratory. Cripps did brilliant work.

Against everyone's advice he left the laboratory for law. But it was not the last of his scientific work. He had just moved into the Middle Temple when the 1914-18 war started. For the first year he drove a truck in France between Boulogne and the front line. When the government discovered that a distinguished young scientist was driving a truck they recalled him immediately to manage the vast government explosive factory at Queensferry.

It was not until the war ended, when he was nearly thirty, that he settled down to a law career. His success was spectacular. In two years he was "recognized." When he was still only thirty-eight he "took silk" and became a king's counsel. In 1930, at forty-one, he was elected Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple, named Solicitor-General in the Labor Government, and knighted by the king.

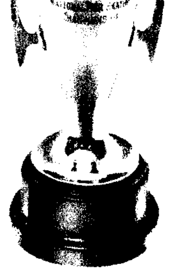
Twenty years at the bar has not enhanced his opinion of the "ruling class." "They pay me fabulous and fantastic sums to get them out of their difficul-



"Isn't that Lester? I thought he hated Shakespeare"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



HOWE MEMORIAL TROPHY. Few figure skaters in the country today can hope to win the cup shown at the right. It is emblematic of the U. S. Senior Pair Championship—awarded each year to the top pair in national competitions held by the U. S. Figure Skating Association. To merit the custody of the Howe Trophy for a year and to receive their own replicas of it, skating partners must be outstanding in the grace and skill the sport requires—they must be *better* than good!

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ties," he says. "I have no hesitation in saying that the working class of this country are more capable of ruling than they are."

People who have never seen him picture him as a wild "agitator," waving his arms about and calling for the overthrow of everything. "The House of Lords has got to be abolished," says Cripps emphatically. The son of Lord Parmoor, nephew of Lord Passfield, nephew of Lord Courtney, brother-in-law of an ex-duchess, he objects to a hereditary upper house having the right of veto over the elected House of Commons. "It is absolutely ludicrous," he says, "to speak of the House of Lords and democracy in the same breath."

When all England was indulging in an orgy of respectability over King Edward and Mrs. Simpson, he stated bluntly:

"If the lady in question had been a member of the English aristocracy under precisely similar circumstances, quite a different decision would have been come to by the government."

"Bunkum and bunting," he called the coronation. "Simply being run as a political stunt by the Conservative Party."

Like most revolutionaries, Cripps is a passionate defender of law and order. On March 11, 1933, six English technicians of the Metropolitan Vickers Company were arrested in Russia on charges of sabotage. While the men were in prison in Moscow awaiting trial, the British government asked the House of Commons for authority to prohibit Russian imports to Britain, as a reprisal action.

Cripps was appalled that the British government was suggesting a course which violated both international law and the principles of common law.

In a crowded, hostile and hysterical House of Commons he rose to speak. Members knew he would give a cold legal finding. It was the last thing they wanted to hear. Amid catcalls and interjections he stubbornly cited legal precedents. "If the Honorable Gentlemen are patient enough to allow me to give further citation I quote this time from Mr. Clay, who was Secretary of State to the United States of America in 1828."

Members watching Cripps struggling to speak to an unruly and antagonistic House sweated for him, but he remained outwardly calm throughout the ordeal. Little knowing that seven years later he would himself be ambassador in Moscow, he said, "I feel convinced that if we continue . . . to treat Russia in a way in which no country has ever been treated before . . . we are seriously jeopardizing . . . all future relations with Russia."

The "Common People" Take It

Cripps is the only man in England who can stand on a public platform and talk to a working-class audience about the "common people." If anyone else tried it the audience would be insulted. He makes it sound like the Magna Charta.

His standing with working people breaks all the rules. They know he is a "gentleman," they know he is wealthy, they can almost see the dim outlines of the stately home behind him. But they trust his political integrity.

The miners have held Cripps in especial esteem since 1934. In the early morning of September 22d of that year there was an explosion in the Gresford Colliery. The death roll was 265. A month later the government inquiry opened, with Sir Stafford Cripps, K. C., representing the North Wales Miners' Federation. Although he had never been down a mine in his life, by the time he reached the court he was an expert on colliery engineering, and carried in his mind a map of every nook and cranny of the Gresford Colliery. With Cripps conducting the case, determined to find out "the entire and complete truth as regards the condition of this mine," a routine inquiry into a regrettable disaster became a revelation of mining conditions that had far-reaching results.

It was the longest inquiry in the history of mining-disaster investigation. It lasted six weeks, 191 witnesses were called, 41,500 questions were asked. The mine manager was imprisoned, with salutary effect on the entire industry. A royal commission was set up to inquire into the whole question of safety in the mines. Although few people knew it, Cripps had given his services free.

Cripps' private life is simple. In London Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps live in a small, plainly furnished two-room apartment near Paddington Station. Lady Cripps prepares the meals, but there's no cooking to do. Cripps' truck-driving experience in France in the last war left him with a serious internal complaint from which he still suffers. The doctors ordered a strict diet, which he is convinced saved his life. For more than twenty years he has lived on raw fruit, raw vegetables, milk and cheese.

Publicly Sir Stafford appears a rather somber figure. A member of Parliament once said, "He looks as if he were in permanent mourning for a lost cause." He usually wears the conventional black coat and gray striped trousers of the barrister. His dark clothes, thin figure, and academic air combine to give him a funereal appearance.

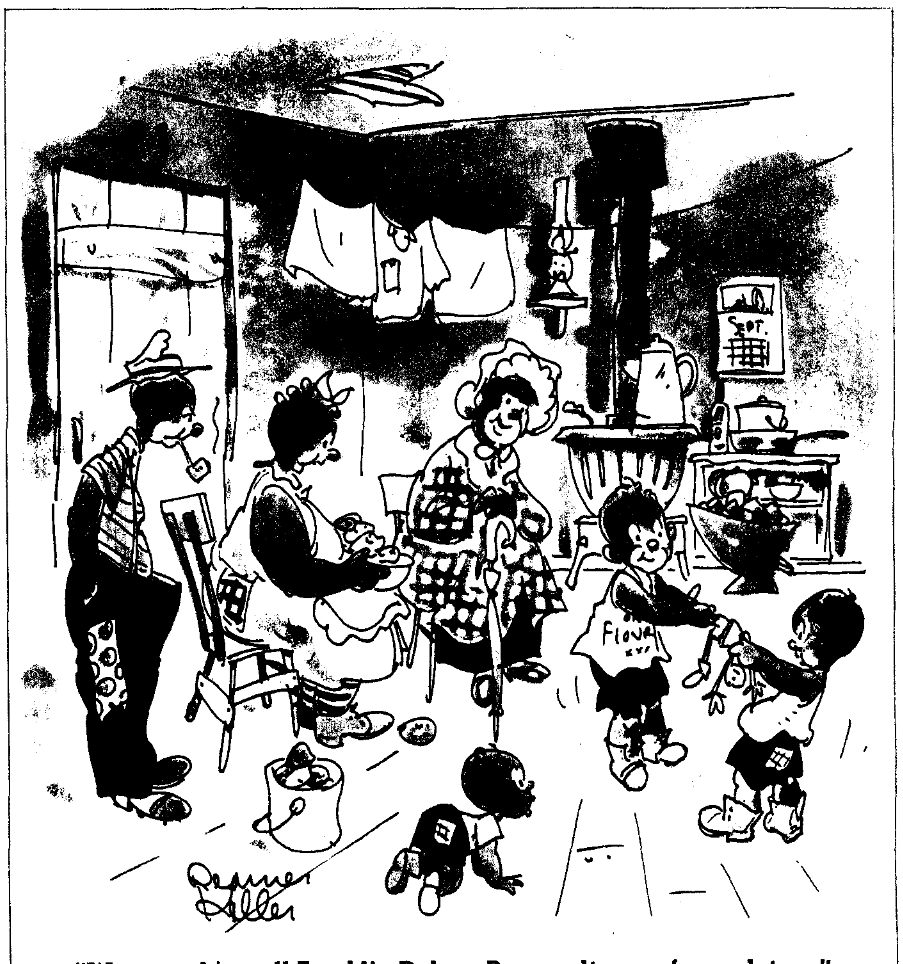
Privately he is an amusing, friendly, informal person. He has kept his personal life so separate that most of his colleagues do not really know him at all. They would be amazed if they could see him at home in an open-neck shirt romping on the lawn with the dogs, and joking and teasing with his children. Home is Goodfellows, a fifteenth-century stone house and farm in the Cotswolds which he bought after the last war. Here he lives the complete family life with Lady Cripps, their son and three daughters, and two adopted sons.

Sir Stafford is known for miles around as the "Red Squire of the Cotswolds." Country people are sparing of the word "Squire." Villagers always eye a newcomer to the district critically. They are not impressed by a person's achievements "up in London." Only a sound countryman earns their respect. Cripps got his first good mark from the villagers of Filkins because he ran the farm himself in a serious, scientific way, buying his own sheep in the ring and having particular success with his flock of pedigreed Ryelands. When they saw he was also a green-fingered gardener, with considerable knowledge of soil, crops and pests, they accepted him completely. Now his long walks across the Gloucestershire countryside are a series of discussions with farmers on pigs, cabbages, weather and wireworms.

The Man No One Liked

Between 1931, when the Labor Party became the official opposition in Parliament, and 1940, when Cripps went to Moscow, he carried on a spirited fight on two fronts, making himself always as much feared by "conservative" Labor as by the Conservative Party. The Tories smiled broadly when in well-modulated tones, with patient persistence, he urged the Labor Party to be less "mealy-mouthed" and more actively Socialist. Labor chiefs were exasperated by the continual call for a practical Socialist policy from the comparative newcomer Cripps. He turned from their tired disinterest and set about making the Labor Party more Socialist from below. He founded a Socialist League within the Labor Party and soon had a formidable following.

International affairs are his primary interest. In 1933 "Cassandra" Cripps was already warning "war is inevitable," and in 1934 that "the grave danger of Fascism is that it might precipitate a world war." Denounced as a pessimistic scaremonger, he continued unabashedly to point out the signs of an embryonic



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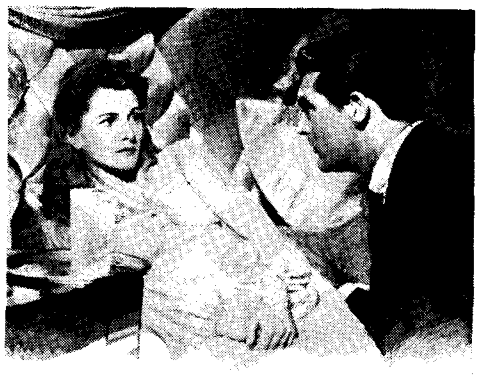

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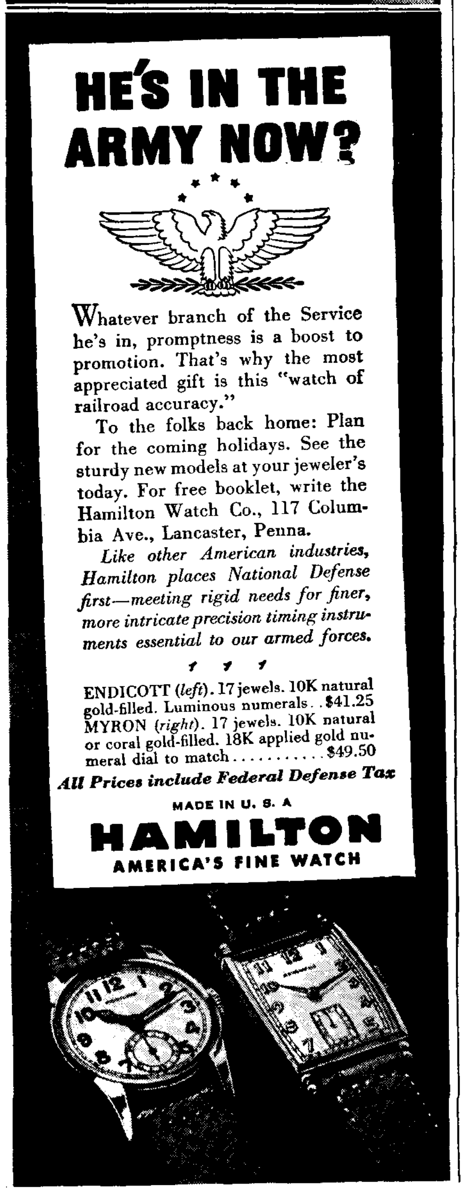

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"country-gentleman Fascism" at home. Conservatives denounced him angrily. The Times referred to his "viewy assumptions" as "nightmares." Labor leaders kept disapprovingly quiet. But he was elected to the National Executive Committee, the highest body of the Labor movement. Less than a year later he had resigned from the committee as a protest against Labor support of the Conservative Government's application (which he did not trust) of sanctions against Italy.

Conservatives in the House sit unmoved through passionate orations from the Labor benches, laugh at, and with, witty debaters on the other side, but Cripps' passionless, logical analysis infuriates them. Once, after Cripps had given the House a mercilessly factual, coldly withering speech on unemployment, a Conservative M. P. went into the bar for a drink, muttering savagely. "I wish he would eat a good juicy steak —just once. . . ."

Even after the announcement of the Nazi-Soviet pact and the declaration of war, Cripps went on pleading with the Chamberlain government to establish more cordial relations with Russia. Out of the Labor Party, though still a member of Parliament, he spent the winter of "phony war" doing a political tour of the world.

He was reported calling on Nehru, an old friend, in India; motoring from Mandalay to Kunming over the Burma Road; having "most friendly" chats with Chiang Kai-shek; visiting Urumchi, the Sinkiang capital, the first non-Russian Occidental allowed there in twenty years; suddenly flying from China to Moscow, talking to Molotov, flying back thirty-six hours later; seeing Arita, the Foreign Minister, in Tokyo, arriving by Clipper in San Francisco, always urging that the Nazi-Soviet pact could be broken if England and America would resume economic relations with Russia. In England six weeks later Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of the new Coalition Government, asked Cripps to attempt the course he had advocated.

But Churchill did not make him an ambassador. The Russians did that. While Cripps was in an airplane between England and Greece, Moscow sharply informed London they would not negotiate unless he came with full ambassadorial rank and powers. So while he waited in Athens, eating goat's-milk cheese and celery, he was changed from head of a trade mission to British ambassador.

History's Biggest Double Bluff

Cripps went to diplomatically frigid Moscow at considerable personal sacrifice. It meant being away from the House of Commons at a most critical time in English history. It meant leaving his family. And it meant leaving the most highly paid law practice in England for the unpaid job of ambassador. He has never saved nor invested any money. When the living expenses of the family were paid the balance was given away under strict pledge of secrecy to the Labor Party, for Loyalist Spain, to aid China, and for the relief of refugees. Now he has no income at all, expect his 600 pounds a year as a member of Parliament.

When he arrived at the British embassy Cripps walked slowly through the sitting rooms and carefully inspected the garden. Then he went shopping. When Lady Cripps and the two younger daughters joined him in October, carefully chosen pieces of Soviet handicraft had replaced the traditionally ornate *objects d'art* in the sitting rooms, and the garden already showed signs of green-fingered care. They settled down to a lonely life restricted by diplomatic status from the normal social contacts, and by the exigencies of war from the normal diplomatic contacts. The outside world heard little of Cripps' activities.

Then early in June of this year, amidst a storm of rumors that German troops were massing against Russia, Cripps turned up suddenly in London. Political observers saw in his unexpected return the key to the Hess mystery. They had never believed the story that Hess, the fanatical Nazi and fervent admirer of Hitler, had "fled" from Germany.

When Cripps stepped out of the airplane it was the answer to the riddle. The theorists decided Hess must have brought a "kindly" offer from Hitler to rid the world of the "red menace" if only Churchill would promise not to stab him in the back. Hitler, they hoped, would mistake Cripps in an airplane for a green light from Churchill. He did. Ten days later Germany attacked the Soviet Union. Almost immediately Churchill was at the microphone with a carefully prepared speech which strongly indicated that surprise was not an element in the situation for Britain's Prime Minister. Churchill is credited with the biggest double bluff in history. Cripps is credited with having made that double bluff possible.

The Great Change Their Minds

For Cripps the wheel had turned full circle. The political outcast of the year before was feted on all sides as the man who had thawed the ice in the Kremlin. People said his was the most brilliant appointment Churchill had made. The Conservative Times, which in the past had attacked him for the "indefatigable exercise of an irresponsible tongue," called for his inclusion in the inner war cabinet. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, publicly praised him in the House of Commons. The Labor Party basked in the reflected glory of the ex-member whom they had expelled for being "too left."

The Communists, who had roundly attacked him for condemning the Russian entry into Finland as aggression, rediscovered him as a courageous and upright Socialist.

As soon as he could escape from the acclamation and the visits to 10 Downing Street and the Foreign Office, Sir Stafford hurried to Henley-on-Thames to see the handsome white-haired old man whose approval meant more to him than any Times editorial. The eighty-eight-year-old Parmoor, weak with age, but with his mind as keen as ever, sat in the sun, his sensitive fingers stroking the blanket over his knees, and discussed the international situation with his successful son.

Cripps stayed in England only two weeks. On July 12th, a few days after his return to Moscow, the Christian in the Kremlin signed the Anglo-Soviet pact he had so long advocated. It was a dream come true under nightmare conditions. Behind the public acclaim there was, for Cripps, a deep personal sadness. Two days after his return to Moscow his father had died.

Sir Stafford is alone in Moscow now. Lady Cripps and the children were not allowed to return with him.

He is still a comparative youngster in politics. It is only thirteen years since he became politically active and he is still only fifty-two, which, compared with the average age in the House of Commons, makes him a parliamentary fledgling. There is much speculation as to his future role in British politics. His prestige is rising with all parties.

Ten years ago, shortly after the aristocratic Cripps first appeared in the House of Commons as the member of Parliament for the Bristol slums, Stanley Baldwin said to a friend in the smoking room, "Here comes a future Prime Minister of England."

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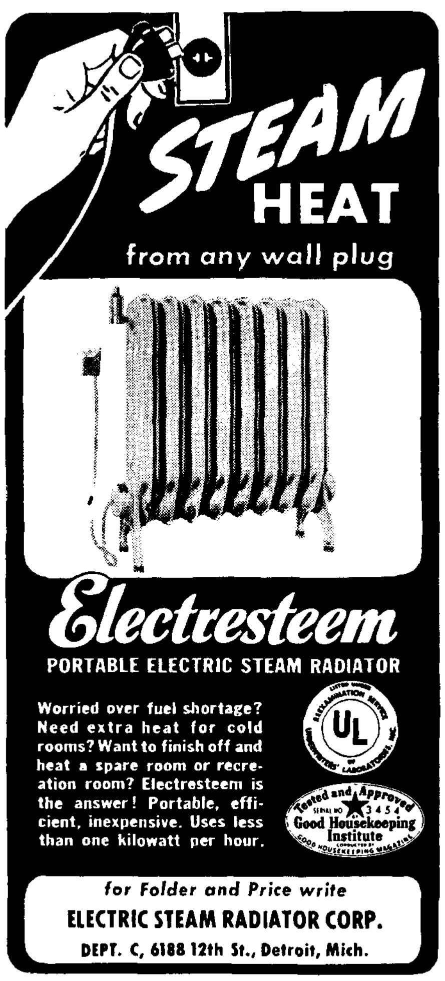

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Who's the Toughest?

Continued from page 24

Sisters. They've had a blind date with somebody with sore feet for some time and you're nominated, seconded and elected."

The Dolly Sisters aren't ladies. They're not gentlemen either. They're Boyle and Eggers, better known to the underworld as the Hard-boiled Eggers.

The name Dolly Sisters was originally tagged on the two stylish stout uniformed officers you see driving around in a squad car marked plainly "Police" so nobody will take them by mistake in the dark. But the title gradually narrowed down to the partners, Boyle and Eggers, after their terrific work in the Cathedral bombing case when Boyle scrubbed the Cathedral steps dressed as a washwoman and Eggers helped the blackmailers to make bombs in a cellar over in Newark.

That jumped them from punks to first-grade detectives, the Dolly Sisters, going anywhere they wanted, doing anything they desired and reporting to nobody but the commissioner. Naturally they wore no uniforms and drove no fingered car. Sometimes they would be in a town car with Boyle at the wheel, sometimes they would be in a taxi hacked by Eggers, and sometimes they drove up on foot.

When they used their siren they were on a curiosity call or showing a stranger the town. When they used the double siren they were going after the world's best chocolate malted on Ninth Avenue. When they tore along silently they were out on business.

And I know they thought a lot of each other. "Boyle," said Eggers, "reminds me that some men are like acorns. They start as a little nut and develop into a mighty monarch of the woods with spreading arms, shade for the tired, firewood for the cold and lumber for the homeless. Except that Boyle reversed the process. He started as a mighty oak and became a nut."

"EGGERS," said Boyle, "who was last year's honor man, will soon have the biggest wrists in the service from trying doorknobs in the suburbs. He would rather hang that left hook of his on his sweetheart's chin than wrap it around her waist where it belongs. He thinks there isn't a question in the world that can't be settled with a left hook and that includes lunch-wagon coffee. I know he stands pretty good now but Eggers and lightning bugs both look brightest when they are going away."

Although Boyle was the diplomat of the pair he had a pretty good overland right when he knocked out Eggers in the police-games welterweight finals in 1930. The next year Eggers' left hook evened things up in the middleweights when it knocked his partner colder than a well-digger's lunch. And, believe Ripley or the marching Chinese, it was a double kayo when they fought in the light heavyweights a year later. The hook and the swing crossed each other, there was a pop, pop, like bubble gum, and, as Eggers said, "We each got a loving cup for hating one another."

When I went down to the big store to get in touch with the Dolly Sisters the first one I bump into is Eggers in the gym where he is boxing with his shadow and trying to uppercut it. That's never been done. When I ask for Boyle he knows I have something hotter than third base in the Texas League. I never tell Eggers anything because Boyle will listen to reason long enough to enable you to beat the women and children to the lifeboats. When Eggers cocked that left hand he believed the customer was always ripe. The only way to talk with him was in an Army overcoat with the collar turned up.

I LOCATE Boyle in a side room where he is setting Oscar up with a left jab and banging him with a looping right. As Oscar is a sandbag he can take it like a burglar with a license to steal. I tell him that I have a line on the Out-of-Town Mob, and he bangs Oscar about waist high with a right. It was the first time I ever heard a sandbag say "Ouch."

I tell Boyle all I know from Eddie Miller and how the mob has scared him about his mother. Boyle calls in Eggers and they both shove me into their car and we're off for the Friars Club. Eggers is doing seventy miles per up Fifth Avenue, driving with his right hand, wiping off the windshield with a left hook and yelling, "If I catch up to those mugs I'll stop 'em quicker than a bricklayer in a thundershower."

The Dolly Sisters get a look at Eddie while he's still out like a hung jury. "He's the man we want," said Boyle, "he's going to talk if I have to vaccinate him with a phonograph needle."

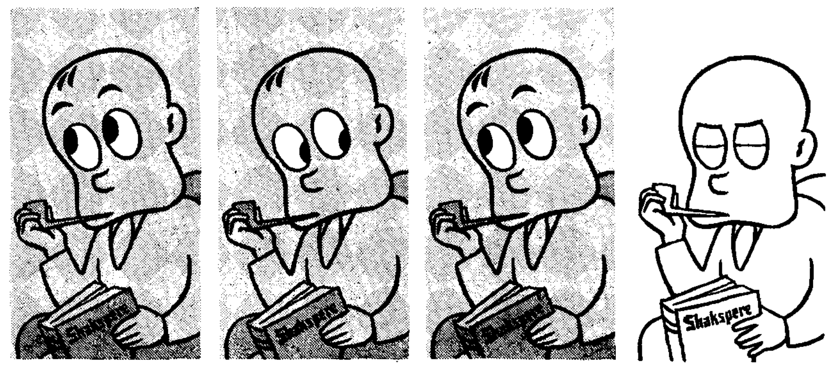
"That mob has him plenty scared," I said. "They promised him they would give it to his mother in spades. If there is anything on earth that Eddie loves it's his mother. He has to lay twenty-seven thousand on the line in two weeks or they will snatch her."

"He pays nothing," said Boyle, "and his mother is going to be as safe as a single over second. If there is any mob tougher than Boyle and Eggers then we resign and start life all over again as bouncers in an orphan asylum."

"Eddie will take some convincing," I said.

"Here's the convincer," Eggers remarked as he whistled a left hook at my chops. If I hadn't ducked he would have knocked me colder than a popsickle. "We're leaving," said Boyle. "Call us when he is strong enough to dial a radio with both hands. He's got a date to keep with the Out-of-Town Mob."

Well, two weeks later Eddie kept a date with the Out-of-Town Mob and the



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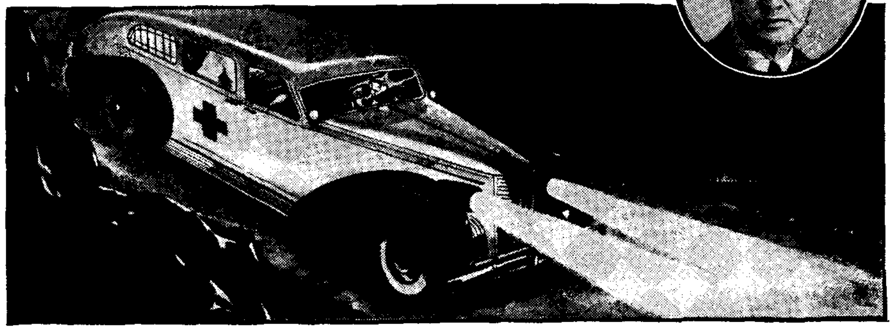
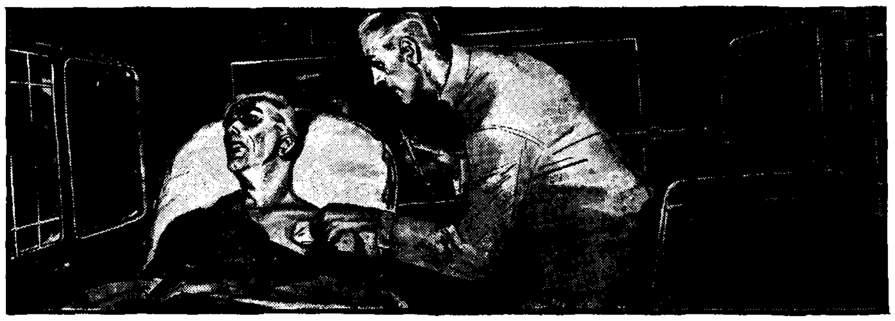
"WE RACED DEATH DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE!"

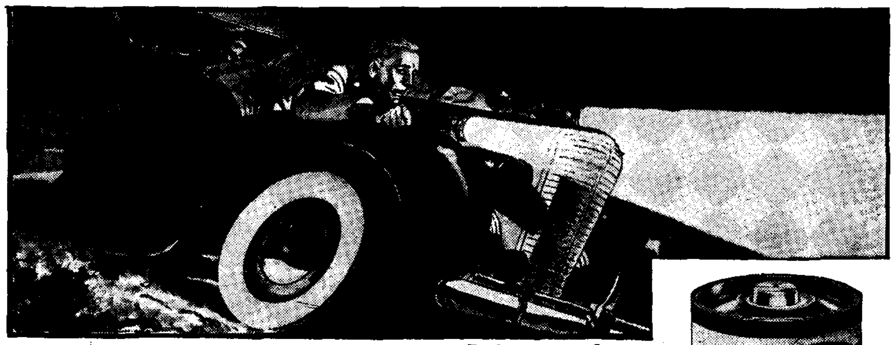
A true experience of male nurse GROVER C. BIRCHFIELD, *Los Angeles, Calif.*



"WE WERE RUSHING A CARDIAC CASE by ambulance to the hospital one dark night," writes Mr. Birchfield. "We were two thousand feet up on a winding mountain road and six miles from our goal, when all lights blew out.



"THE PATIENT WAS AT DEATH'S DOOR. I gave him a shot of adrenalin, but I knew with horrible certainty that unless he reached the hospital quickly he could not live. Yet we dared not move without lights.



"THEN, I REMEMBERED OUR FLASHLIGHTS! Lying on a front fender, I played their bright beams on the road while the car careened down the mountain. Thanks to dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, we won our race against death. *(Signed)* Grover C. Birchfield"

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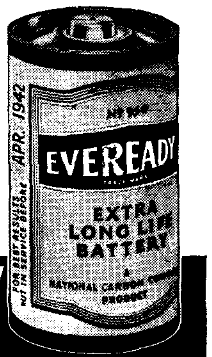
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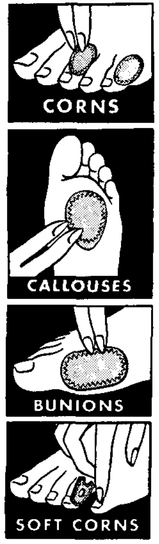

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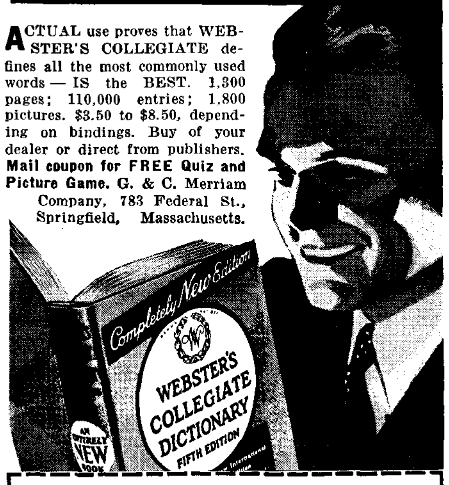

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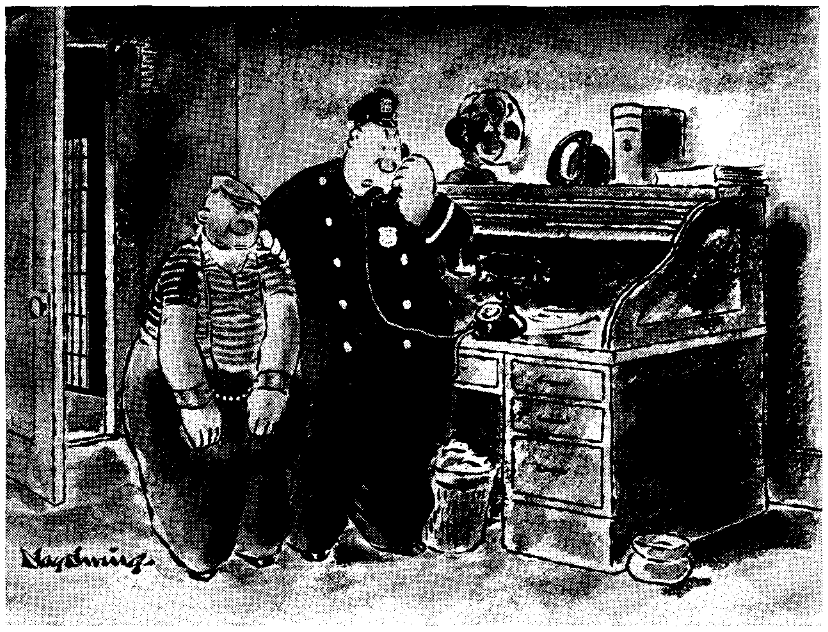

"They're all full up in th' cell block, Sarge. Is it okay if I lock this guy in your desk?"

JAY IRVING

Dolly Sisters grabbed the contact man. It was Little Nocky's brother, which meant that one snatch was a fake, staged to take the heat off the local boys. It also meant the Out-of-Town Mob had local contacts. By the time Little Nocky's brother had an audition with the Dolly Sisters he stopped more punches than the gong in Madison Square Garden. And he sang like a road company of Madame Butterfly. The Out-of-Town Mob was from Chicago and hotter than flannel underwear. Boyle and Eggers went out and grabbed them all and lumped them up like a sack of potatoes. But they missed Little Nocky, who had a sixth sense without the other five.

EVERYTHING was setting as neat as a nurse's cap with the Dolly Sisters congratulating themselves that they would send the Out-of-Town Mob away for so long a stretch that when they got out they would be frightened by an umbrella.

Their star witness is Eddie. And then Eddie dummies up. He has got a telephone call from Little Nocky, who tells him he will snatch Eddie's ma and give her the hotfoot with an acetylene torch.

Well, the Dolly Sisters are madder than a porcupine with ingrown quills. They take Eddie into executive session and Boyle asks, "Why are you scared of the Out-of-Town Mob when they're jugged like cider in October?"

Eddie says Little Nocky is looser than a busted axle and he is awful tough. "Is he tougher than me?" Boyle wants to know as Eggers clips Eddie with a left hook. To their surprise Eddie takes it standing up. A fellow who has been worked over by the Out-of-Town Mob can take it like a post-office blotter. Then Boyle wings over that right load of dynamite and down goes Eddie but he isn't out.

"Who's the toughest?" yells Eggers, "Me or Little Nocky?" as he gives Eddie the leather right in the ribs. "Do you mean to say you're more scared of the Out-of-Town Mob than you are of me?" Boyle hollered as he picks Eddie up with his left hand and smears him with a right. And by the time Eddie is ready to talk he can't. His lips are swelled like a busted sofa and his eyes are ace-deuce. He must have been awful scared of the Out-of-Town Mob, for it's two hours later that he nods his head when Eggers yells, "Who's the toughest?"

It was a question of professional pride with the Dolly Sisters. They had given Eddie a course in applied muscular psychology. They believed in fighting fire with fire insurance.

And a little later Eddie is in the reception room of the Friars Club, this time with shoes but more lumps. I call up his ma and say that Eddie has left for Hollywood and will be gone two weeks. He was up and walking in ten days *with his ribs taped in from left to* right and he goes over to see his ma. The rest has done him good and he's as dapper as a new-laid egg. But his ma says somebody has called her on the telephone and threatened her life. That sets Eddie right back on his goal line again, and the Dolly Sisters are only human. The beating they gave Eddie was more in sorrow than in anger. But they had to prove who was the toughest and they invite Eddie down to the big store. This time they take him down to the Goldfish Room. Some people will tell you there's no such thing as the Goldfish Room but I can describe it. The chairs, tables and rugs can be taken out of the room, which leaves the floor of white tile. So are the walls. The Goldfish Room can be washed up with a hose. *Then* they put the furniture back.

EDDIE is sitting in the room with his back to the door talking to Boyle when there's a scuffling sound out in the corridor and he can hear somebody yelling, "Giddap, you!" Eddie rounds and there is a fellow crawling into the room with Eggers standing on his back. The man doing the crawling is the Lump Man for the Out-of-Town Mob. He's the fellow who put the heat to Eddie's feet and stuck the toothpicks under his toenails. The fellow looks pretty scared.

Everything he does to Eddie they do to him. There's four in the Out-of-Town Mob not including the local contact, Little Nocky, who is still loose. Eggers goes out and rides them in one by one until they are all stretched out flatter than wet leaves on a slate walk.

While Eddie looks on, Boyle pours office mucilage on the floor and makes them rub their noses in it. "Who's the toughest?" he asks and they all say, "You are." Eggers yells, "Louder" and they start singing pretty loud for hoodlums. And when they crawl up one by one and lick mustard off Eddie's shoes, Eddie realizes they aren't so tough.

And he says he will go through with his testimony provided somebody guards his mother because Little Nocky is still loose and he is tough.

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"You can have your choice of us," says Boyle. "Take your pick. She won't be alone a minute until these birds are in the shade. And Little Nocky will be with them. Which one do you want?"

"I'll take you," Eddie said to Boyle; and Eggers screamed, "What, is he tougher than me?" He cocked that left hand and Boyle primed his right, but Eddie squared it by saying, "No, he's no tougher than you, but ma likes to go to night clubs and he's the best dancer."

The first night out ma and her bodyguard made the Barn Club, the Village Flea Bag, the Dipsy-Doo, the Barrel of Laughs and Heinie Kabboobles. Boyle saw her safely home at dawn and turned over the bodyguard job to the copper on the beat. Then he staggered up to my room at the club to get some sleep.

The second night ma starts in with a dinner dance at seven at the Starlight Room in the Waldorf, she swings and sways with Benny Mays at the Commodore, bobs and dips with Jimmy Bipps at the La Palomba and winds up in Hamburger Paradise whirling poor Boyle to the internal rumblings of a juke box. At seven the next morning he totters into the Friars Club with his shoes in his hand. Sitting on the edge of my bed, he says, "Look at those blisters on my feet. She's giving me the hotfoot to music. I can't stand it. She's too tough for me."

Boyle threatens to resign, but Eddie says it's no dice with Little Nocky still on the loose. And while the hunt goes on for the short lamster, Boyle continues to dance around the clock with Eddie's ma.

She is having the time of her life, not knowing that Boyle is protecting her from Little Nocky. All she knows is that Eddie has very nice friends who escort her in the evenings when Eddie is busy. It gets too much for one man and Boyle asks for a relief. Eddie's ma won't think of going out with anybody but Boyle so they give him another handsome young detective to spell him. Ma takes the two in her syncopated stride and by three in the morning they have been to Maison Blottz, the Gypsy Trail, Joe's Roach Ranch, La Toot Tavern, the Hashienda and three other circulating libraries where they read by the subdued glow of an electric light in a bass drum.

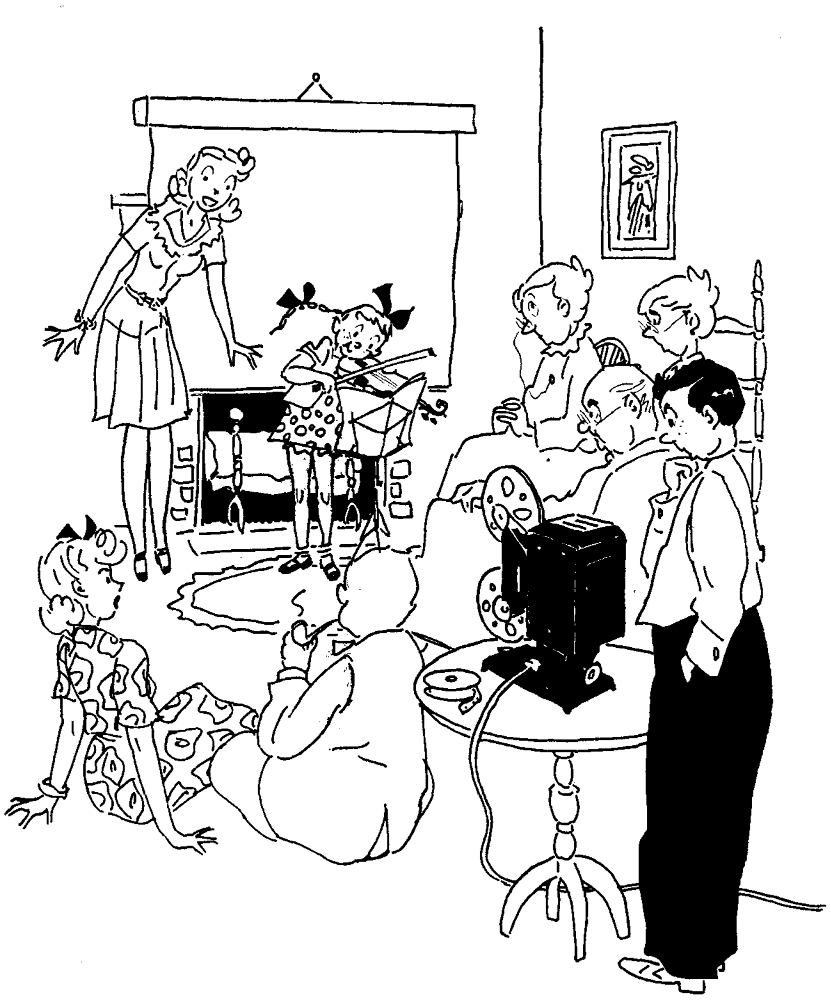
All the dancing and the attentions of two handsome young men is making Eddie's ma younger, slimmer and prettier. But it is wrecking Boyle, who is busy sending out for reinforcements. The only chance he has is that Eggers rounds up Little Nocky so that Ma's Eddie will not lose his nerve and have to get another working over. For by this time Boyle is about as tender-hearted as he is tender-footed. Eggers has a line on Little Nocky that takes him around the night-club circuit and one night he bumps into Eddie's ma and Boyle.

It's the old Villa Maxie's, which is now closed. It is the sixth stop for Boyle that night and by now he knows the spots better than a milkman's horse. In a month he has bought his overcoat twice. Once for cash and once in installments to hat-check girls. Well, Boyle is sure glad to see Eggers and an hour later Ma has danced them both down until their hip pockets are dipping sand.

IT'S three in the morning then and ma has no more intention of going home than she has of going over Niagara Falls in a telephone booth. Finally, Eggers can't take it any more. With Boyle pleading with tears in his big, brown eyes, Eggers forces his way to the coat room for his autumn flogger.

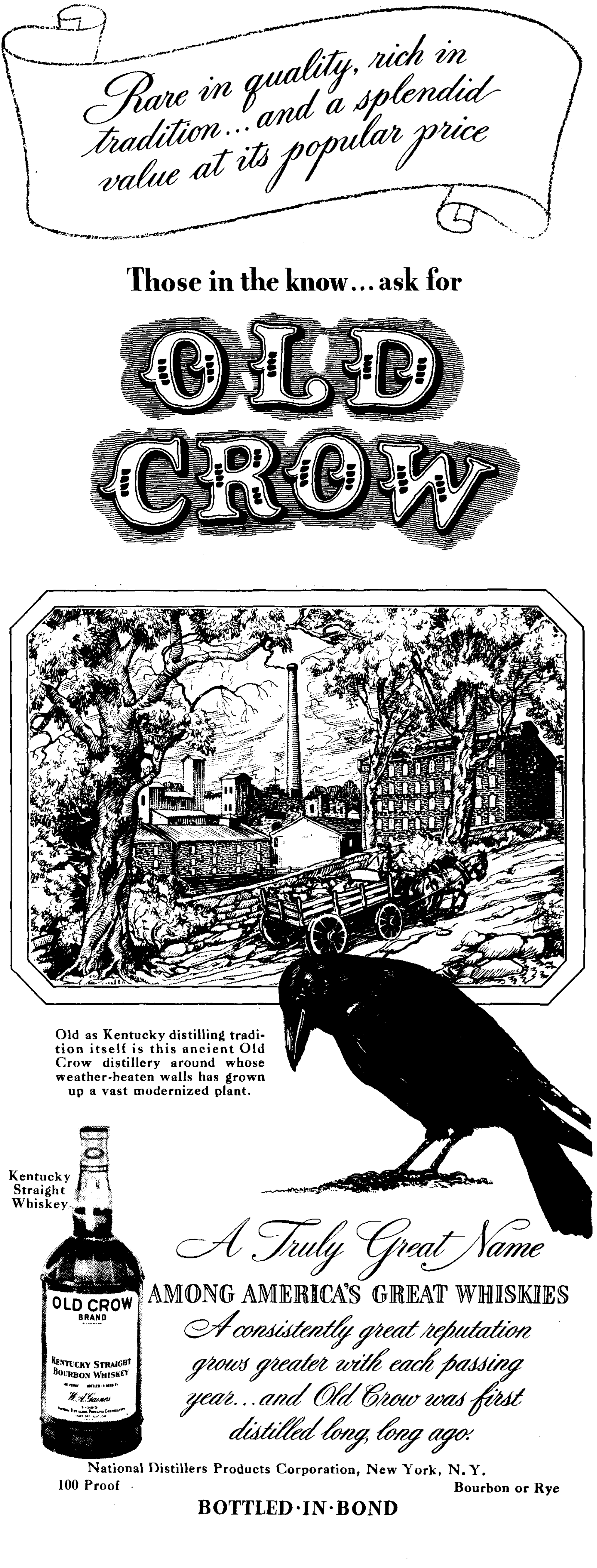
He hands in his check and then says to the girl, "That's a pretty nice benny over there," pointing to a terrific raccoon benjamin that seems a bit early in the season.

"A Dartmouth boy," the girl smiled, "went overboard last week celebrating



"The movies will go on right after Gertrude plays the overture"

REAMER KELLER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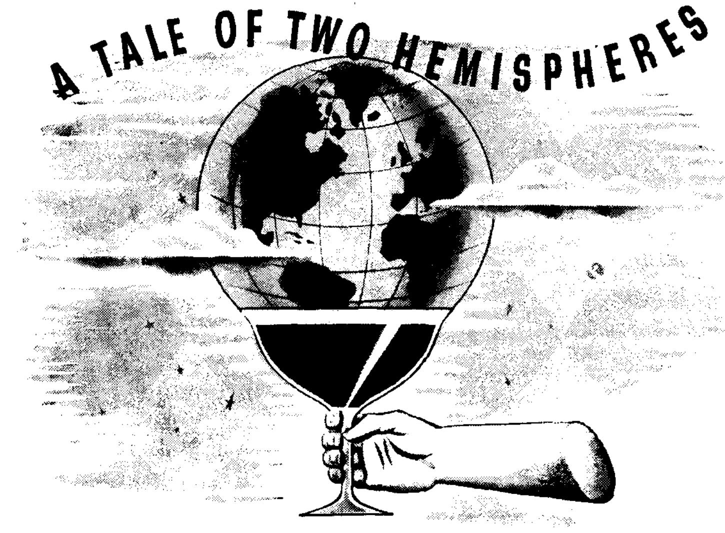
A TALE OF TWO HEMISPHERES



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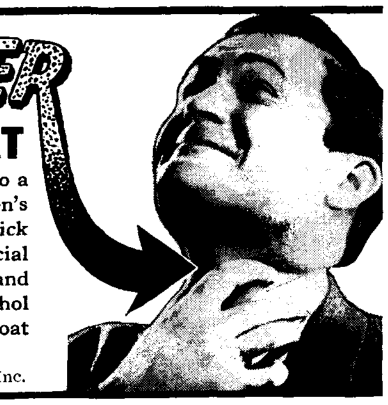

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and left it. He says he will be in next week and bail it out."

"That's strange," said Eggers, "there must be Dartmouth boys in hock all over town. That's the third raccoon flogger I've seen tonight and they're all for big men. Why, it reaches from the hook to the floor. Do you mind if I look at that one?" Eggers shoved his way past the girl and ran his hand over the fur. Then he hooked it about belt line with his left.

The overcoat said, "Ouch!"

Not to be outdone in Oriental courtesy Boyle reached over and slugged the raccoon about the third button with his overland right. This time the overcoat was silent but Little Nocky fell out.

"Well," said Eggers to the girl, "wives are checking their husbands these days."

Then he picks up Little Nocky and says, "A rat in a raccoon's clothing."

He's about to pop Little Nocky again when Boyle stops him: "Just a minute, we'll give him a touch of high life." They take him in the men's room, wash his face, comb his hair and bring him out as dapper as ever. Then they take him over to their table and say, "Mrs. Miller, I want you to meet one of Eddie's best friends, Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff. He's the best dancer in the country."

Naturally, Eddie's ma doesn't know about double talk but she thinks Mr. Tattistrat is a very nice fellow even if he doesn't seem to know the exact location of Porteroff. In the Villa Maxie's they use the double-band system so the music never stops. Neither does Eddie's ma and in about thirty or forty minutes Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff is commencing to wilt.

Eddie's ma is certain that Boyle knows the nicest kind of people. She isn't hep that the gorilla she's dancing with has gouged twenty-three thousand out of Eddie and is after twenty-seven more. She doesn't know that Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff stuck toothpicks under her boy's toenails. And she doesn't know that Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff would cut her throat for a wooden nickel just for the pleasure of throwing the nickel off a bridge and watching it float. Eddie's ma doesn't know a lot of things. But she does know she is having a wonderful evening.

She also doesn't know that dancing is the worst punishment you could give a gorilla because they all have crapshooter's feet. Their toes curl up from bending over and shooting dice on the floor. That hamstrings them after a year or so. In a few more minutes Mr. Tattistrat glides by Boyle and Eggers and says cater-cornered, "What do you want from me?". But they pay no attention.

The next time around Mr. Tattistrat sideswipes, "How about the full treatment in the Goldfish Room?" But they make him keep going until Eddie's ma is willing to go home.

That's something Eddie's ma has no intention of doing. And, finally Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff cried tantivy. With tears running down his face he pleads with the Dolly Sisters, "Boys, take me to the Goldfish Room. She's too tough for me."

"Have they got dancing there?" asked Eddie's ma.

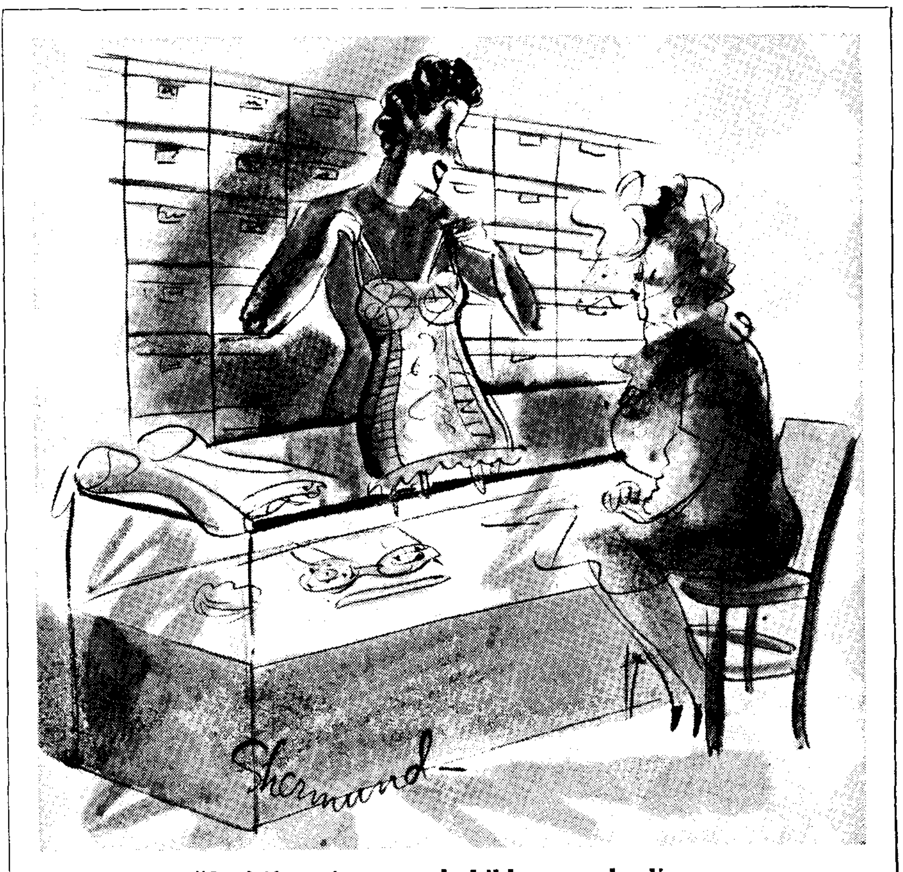
"Yes, they have," said Boyle, "but it's sort of one-sided."

WELL, the three of them see Eddie's ma home as usual in the dawn's useless light, and she thanks them all for a wonderful evening. Especially Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff.

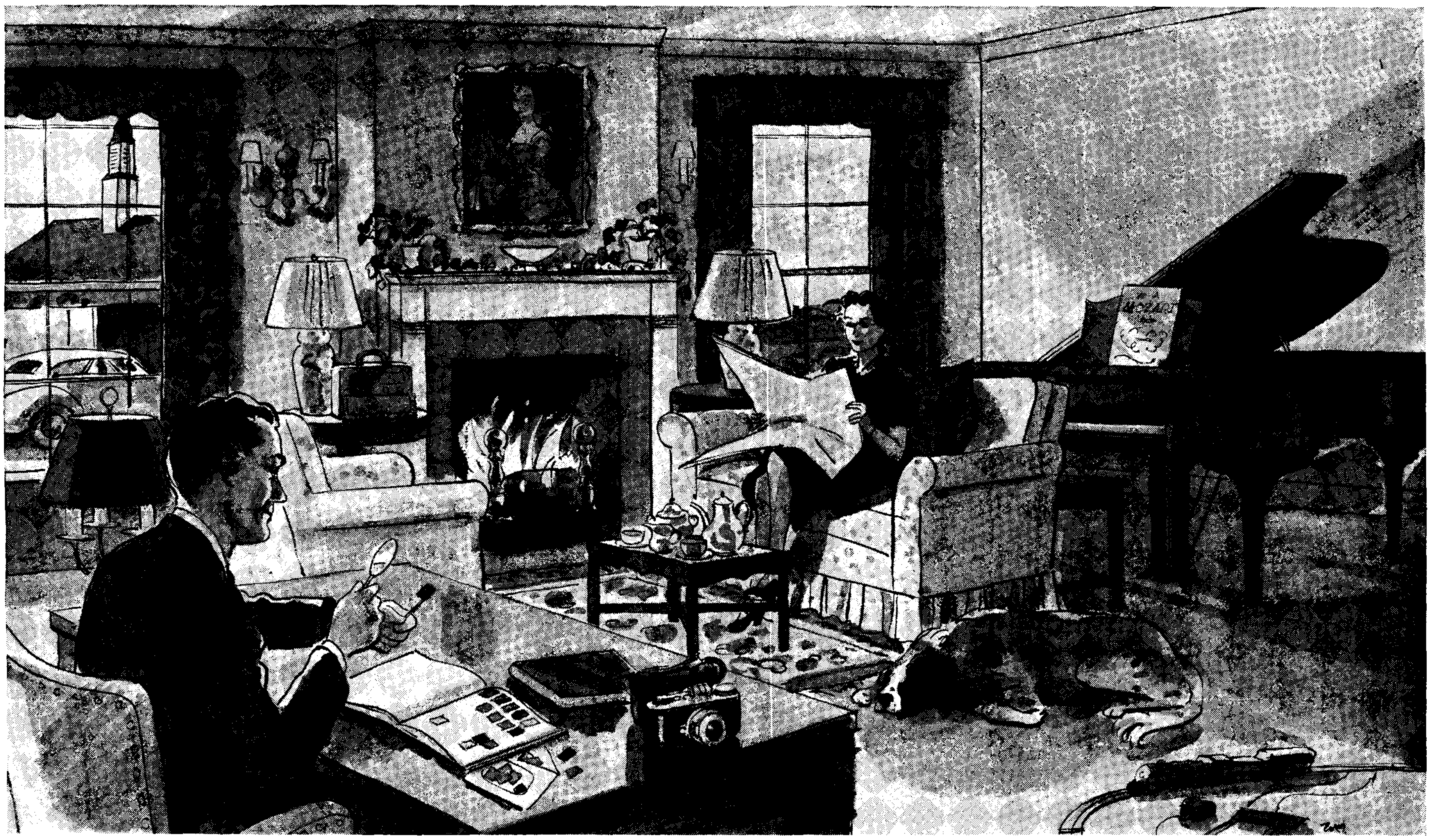
Then the Dolly Sisters escort Little Nocky to his new apartments down at the big store. About an hour later I get a phone call that Eggers is downstairs in the reception room and when he comes up he has a shiner that looks like an elephant's ear on a mouse. It seems that before stashing Little Nocky in his form-fitting cell they have an argument over their pet punches and decide that Little Nocky will catch and referee.

Boyle wins first serve and while Eggers holds Nocky from the back Boyle lets go. They don't realize that Little Nocky is now a dual personality. Anyway, Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff ducks and Boyle's overland right smacks Eggers right where the expression joins the face and knocks him colder than a screen door facing north.

So Eggers used my room in the Friars Club for a couple of weeks.



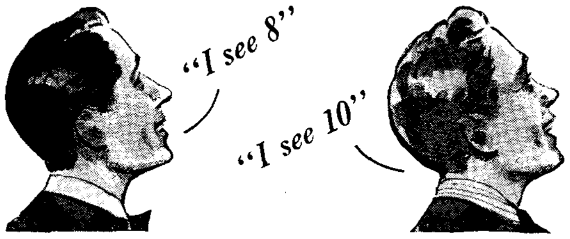
"And if you're around children much, sling-shot pebbles bounce off it harmlessly!" BARBARA SHERMUND



Look at this picture 30 seconds

How many risks do you see that can be insured in the Two Hartfords?*

**Risks of financial loss*



When a Hartford agent studies *your* insurance "picture" he can give you the right answer. He sees *all* your risks of financial loss—covers you first against *large losses* that might cripple you financially.

Let's look at the picture again

First, a fire insurance policy, endorsed to give broad protection against other hazards, should cover house, contents, garage and car. Next—and fully as important from a large loss standpoint—is liability insurance against damage suits resulting from ownership of home, car and dog.

Then comes burglary and theft insurance on household contents and car. This man should consider insuring his stamp collection and camera. If very valuable, the portrait should be insured under a fine arts policy.

Accidents do happen!

Mr. and Mrs. Home Owner should be vitally interested in personal accident insurance to cover medical and hospital bills. They should consider collision insurance, which pays for repairs to one's own car—and property damage insurance, which covers liability for damage to the other fellow's.

Should damage to the house make it temporarily unlivable, rent insurance would pay the rent elsewhere. And the windows of a house may be insured under a glass policy.

A fair answer to the headline question is "at least ten risks."

An analysis may surprise you

Do you know *all* the risks of financial loss in your own "*picture*"? Why not let the nearest Hartford agent study them? Just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for his name and address. Or talk with your own broker.

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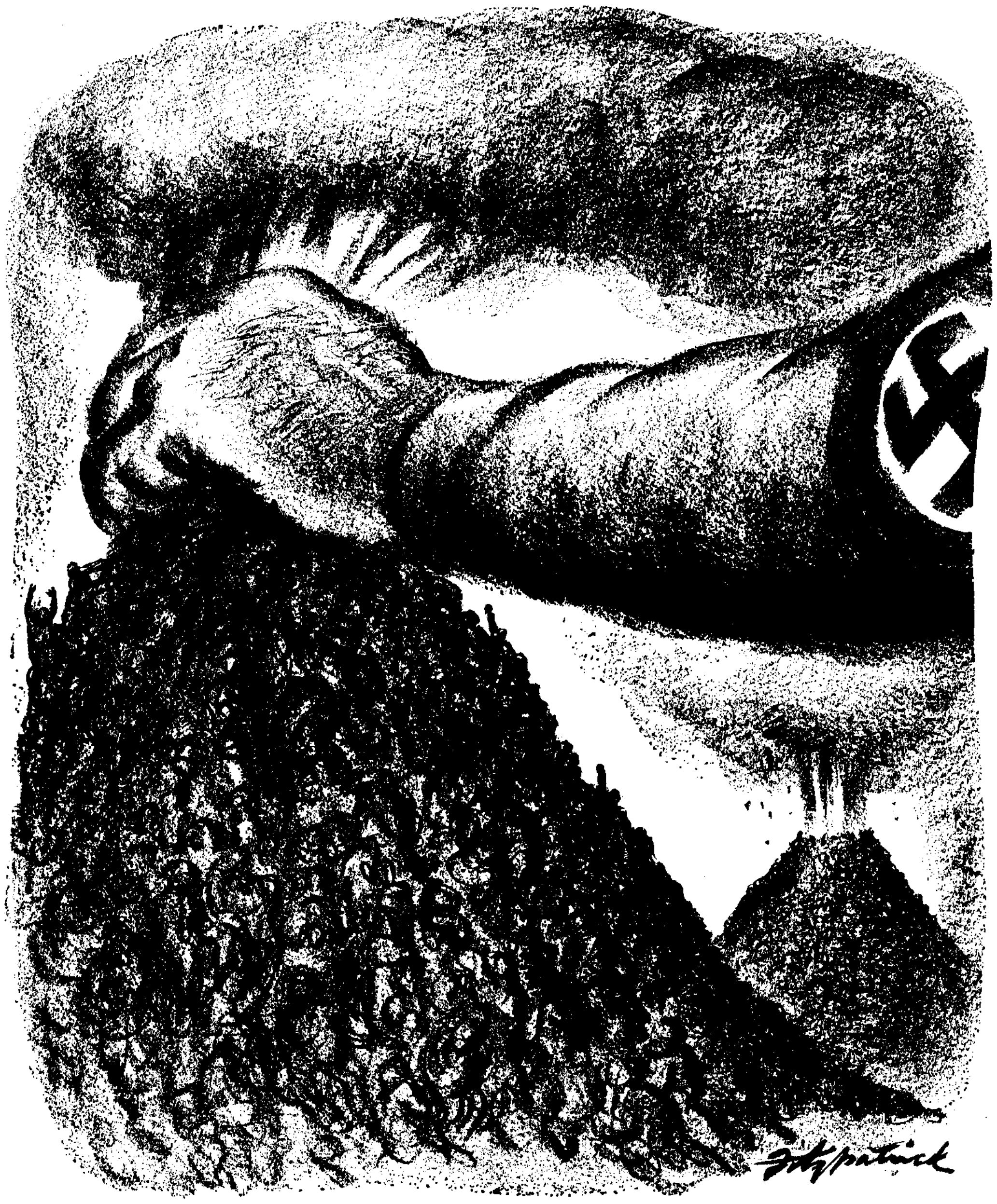


The New Disorder

BERLIN naturally is letting out only the most guarded reports of what is happening to Hitler's New Order in German-occupied Europe. Even so, those reports add up to a picture of seething discontent, frequent killings and maimings of German soldiers, defiance of the most ferocious reprisals yet thought up by Gauleiters Terboven in Norway, Stuelpnagel in Paris, Heydrich in what was Czechoslovakia.

The real picture must be a good deal more lurid. For one item, it is reported reliably that Hitler needs 2,000,000 soldiers and their equipment and ammunition to keep his slaves down. For another, the Serb guerrillas in Yugoslavia are evidently making good their promise to fight to the last man from the woods, rocks and caves. Same as to Greece; and the same, too, as to Italy's puppet kingdom of Croatia, some of whose coastal towns the Italians have felt called on to pacify with shells from fighting ships. Some news dispatches even speak of "the Balkan front" again.

It's the freedom-and-democracy angle of it all that interests us most.

In many parts of Europe, freedom and democracy before this war were only ideals. In other parts, such as Czechoslovakia and Poland, freedom and democracy were just getting up on wobbly legs, having been foaled only as recently as the peace conferences of 1919-20. Yet now the common man in all those territories is sabotaging the New Slavery, and often risking his life to do so.

As for Norway, which has a long tradition of freedom and democracy—well, it looks as if the Norwegians' bulldog stubbornness may yet compel Berlin to give them back their country in disgust.

Let us now briefly consider the United States. Here, we have had 166 years come next July 4th of the freedom-and-democracy tradition. It is ingrained in us. We may forget it now and then, but not for any great length of time. Witness what we did to federal prohibition as soon as a majority of us became convinced that it was no good.

Not naming any names or pointing any fingers of suspicion; but we thought we would mention these matters for the benefit of any who may be thinking that now is the time to start pushing the American people around.

Sanity and Censorship

THE Navy Department took a deep breath the other day and ordained that names of British naval vessels repaired in American ports might thenceforth be published.

Previously, the whole city of Philadelphia was supposed to keep secret the fact that H.M.S. Resolute had put in at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for repairs; no more than 7,000,000 New Yorkers, because there are no more, knew that H.M.S. Malaya had arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with a hole in her hull; the population of Newport News was supposed not to notice that the aircraft carrier Illustrious had been brought there for treatment.

It was a ridiculous situation, which kept no military secrets from the Nazis and was a vicious breeder of rumors and exaggerated gossip in this country.

To let the essentials of these news stories get into print, withholding only such details as might furnish leads to Germany's U-boat and long-range bomber dispatchers, is obviously common sense. It should help British and American morale, and hurt German morale. In some cases it will help to refute the exaggerated sinking claims for which both the Germans and the Italians have long been notorious.

It's a pleasure to hand Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox a pat on the back for this upsurge of common sense; and to wish him many happy returns of the same.

Kill this Pension Grab

IF YOU are opposed to unconscionable Treasury raids by lobbyists misrepresenting veterans of the previous war, better make a note of HR4 and HR4845 as a couple of bills about which to write your congressman and senators.

Both of these bills have passed the House, furtively. HR4 grants a pension to surviving dependents (wife or child) of any man who was in the service as long as 90 days and regardless of whether he ever did any fighting. HR4845 purports to step up compensation for totally disabled veterans, which would probably be okay if that were all. But 4845 also carries a joker granting a pension of $40 a month for every veteran at age 65, injured or uninjured during the war, provided only that he must show that his income is small. Anybody with the help of a capable shyster can skate around that proviso to this pension.

There is no justification for these bills. A House not terrified of lobbyists would have kicked them down the Capitol steps. It is doubtful that more than a handful of veterans want them made law. They will load additional billions on the taxpayers—who, after paying their World War soldiers the highest wages in the world during the conflict, have given them $8,000,000,000 in bonuses and other benefits since that war, plus $5,000,000,000 more in hospitalization, medical service, transportation, etc., etc.

We hope the Senate can dig up the courage to kill these and kindred pension grabs; or that if the Senate can't the President can. There is a limit to what the taxpayers can stand. The veterans' lobbyists nudge us closer to that limit.

Great Man's Monument

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI is gone, but the Paderewski Testimonial Fund carries on. An outgrowth of the Commission for Polish Relief, which was formed when Poland was caving under Hitler's planes and tanks, the Paderewski Fund has collected about $1,000,000. It has dealt out the money to Polish refugees and to a memorial hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland.

If you'd like to pay some concrete respects to a man whom Americans admired as a great statesman and a great artist, and at the same time help a lot of that man's dauntless countrymen, the Paderewski Testimonial Fund, Inc., 37 East 36th St., New York, N. Y., is the organization to which to contribute. Every dollar sent to it will do 100 cents' worth of good in the world.

Bullwhipping in SPAIN?

...THIS IS FIESTA IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!

1. "*Whack!*—and the ash was flicked from my cigarette by a tough-looking hombre's bull whip!" writes a friend. "If you think I wasn't startled, you're wrong! You're also wrong if the picture leads you to believe this disturbance took place in Spain—it all happened in Riverside, California!

You see—I went there for a non-participating spectator's · of the annual D'Anza Days Festival. But I'd no sooner ed than I was grabbed, manhandled into a Spanish cos- , given a sword—and told to 'use it!'

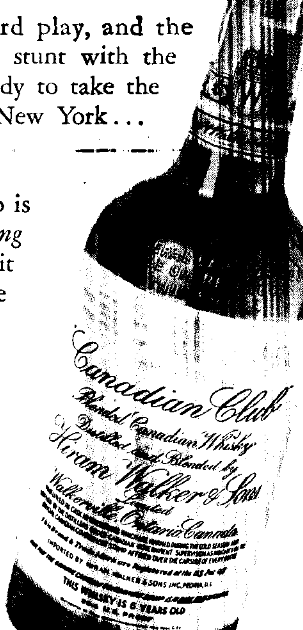
3. "*The next minute*—I was being backed against the wall like the villain in a movie! Believe me—I thought I must have committed some unpardonable sin! Unaware that I was being 'ribbed'—I fully expected to be run through!

4. "*After this* sword play, and the ashes-off-the-cigarette stunt with the bull whip, I was ready to take the next plane back to New York...

5. "*Suddenly* my friend laughed—and ordered Canadian Club Old-Fashioneds. The moment I tasted that famous flavor—all was forgiven! P.S.—I had the time of my life!"

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

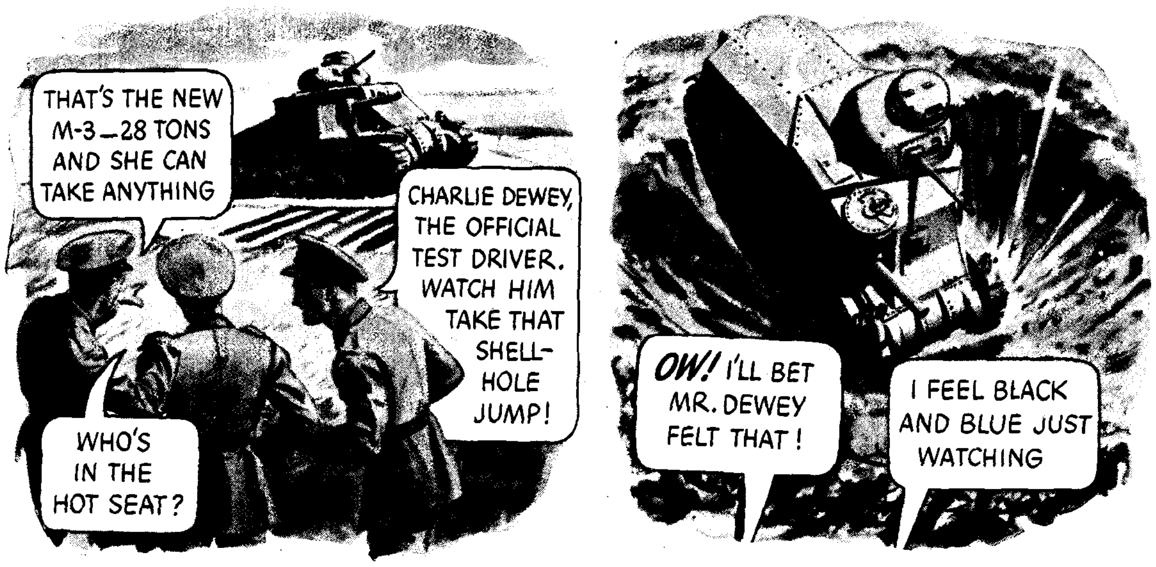
"Canadian Club"

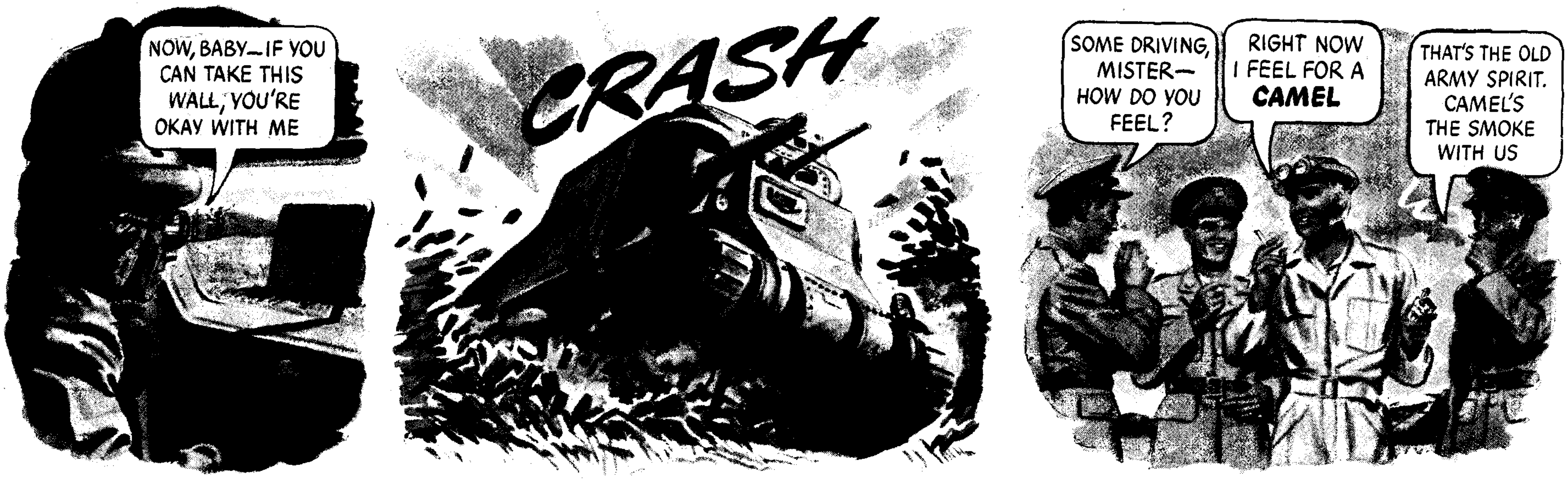
Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof.

Copyright, 1941

"I TORTURE TANKS"

YES, CHARLIE DEWEY'S JOB IS TESTING UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST BATTLE BUGGIES. HIS CIGARETTE IS THE ARMY MAN'S FAVORITE—**CAMEL**


THAT'S THE NEW M-3—28 TONS AND SHE CAN TAKE ANYTHING
CHARLIE DEWEY, THE OFFICIAL TEST DRIVER. WATCH HIM TAKE THAT SHELL-HOLE JUMP!
WHO'S IN THE HOT SEAT?
OW! I'LL BET MR. DEWEY FELT THAT!
I FEEL BLACK AND BLUE JUST WATCHING


NOW, BABY—IF YOU CAN TAKE THIS WALL, YOU'RE OKAY WITH ME
CRASH
SOME DRIVING, MISTER—HOW DO YOU FEEL?
RIGHT NOW I FEEL FOR A CAMEL
THAT'S THE OLD ARMY SPIRIT. CAMEL'S THE SMOKE WITH US

GIVE ME CAMELS EVERY TIME. THEY'RE EXTRA MILD AND THEY'VE REALLY GOT THE FLAVOR THAT HITS THE SPOT. 'I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL,' ANY DAY!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

● By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

ACTUAL SALES RECORDS FROM POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES, SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS SHOW THAT IN THE **ARMY**, IN THE **NAVY**, IN THE **MARINES**, AND IN THE **COAST GUARD** THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE IS

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS